THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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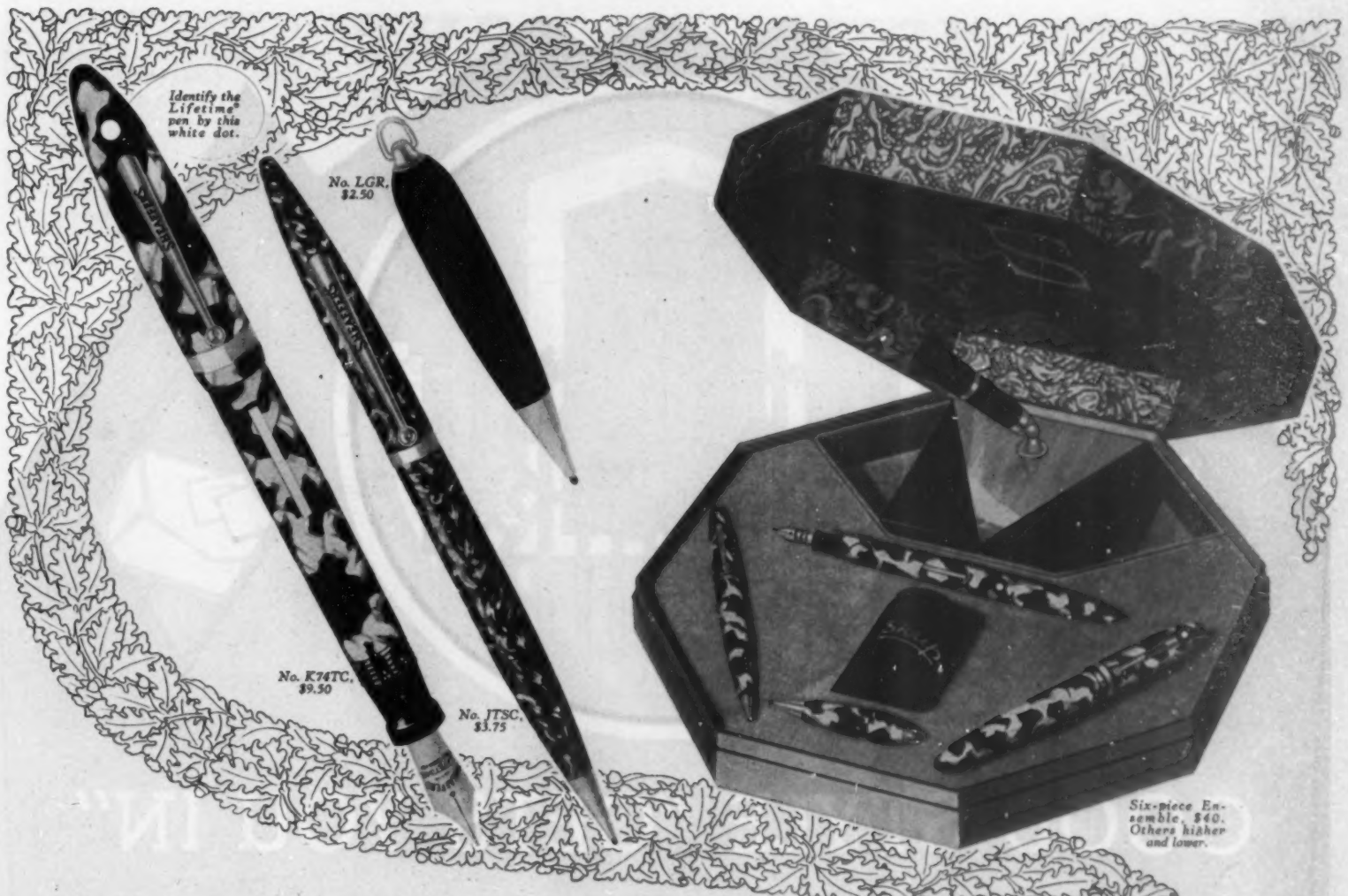
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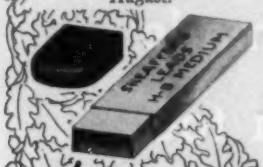

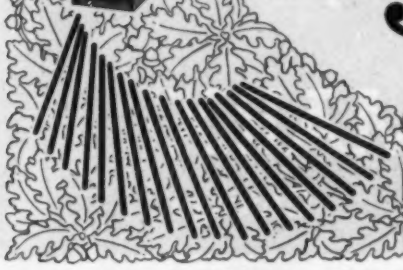

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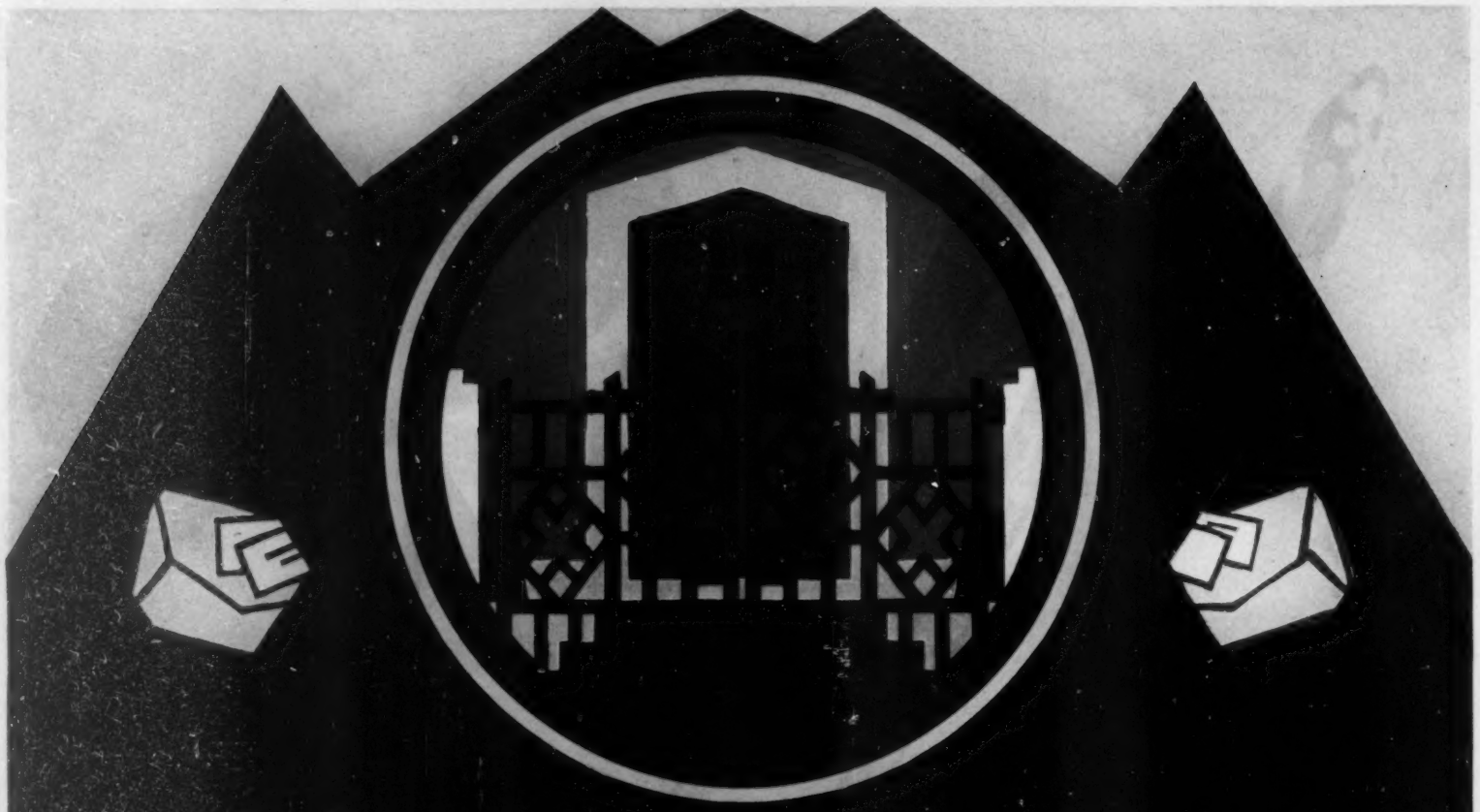

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall,
Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
Associate Editors

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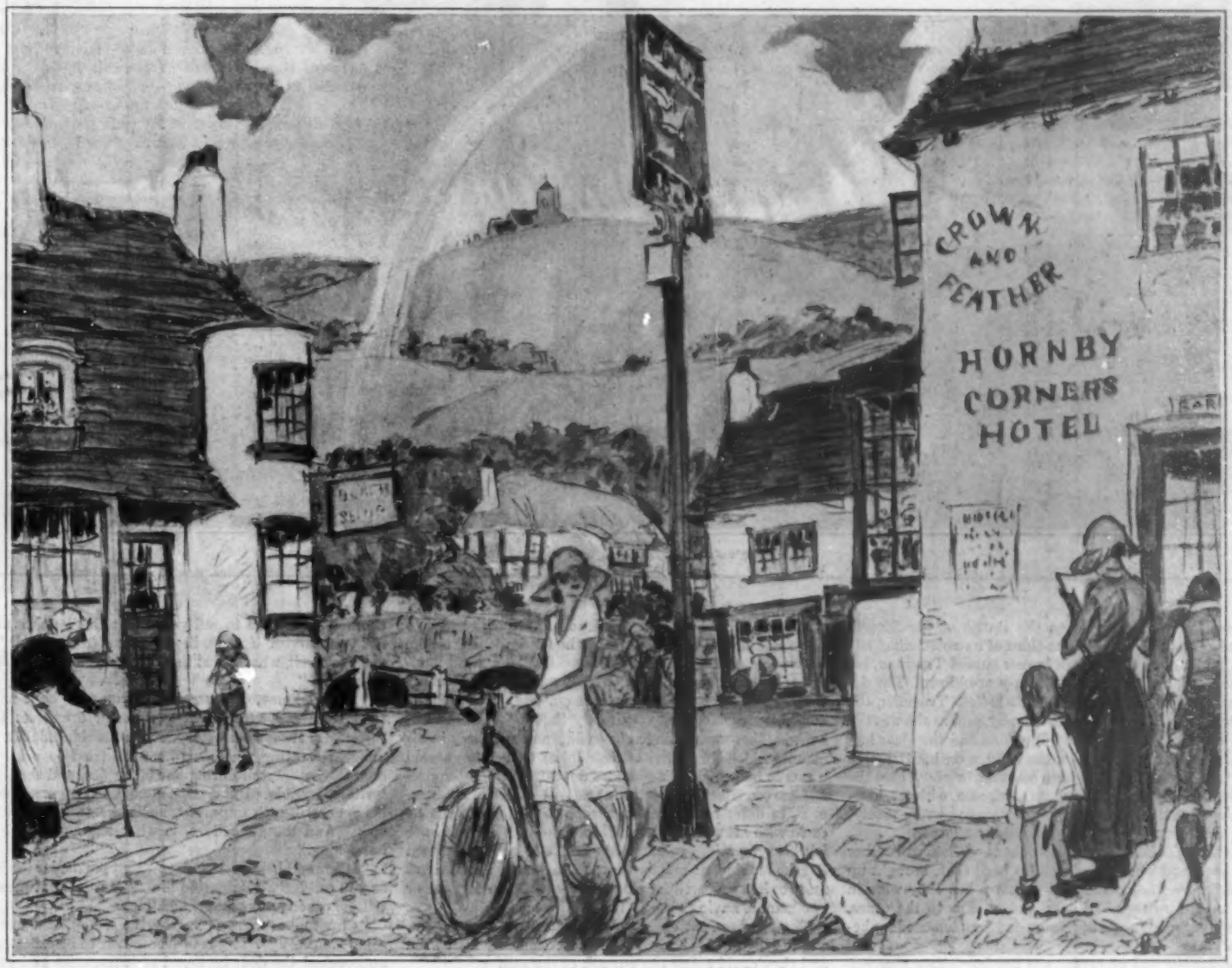
The Miracles at Hornby Corners



Hornby Corners is, Perhaps, as Remote a Village as Could be Found in Populous England

By SUSAN ERTZ

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

HORNBY CORNERS knows nothing at all of what novels and newspapers call "modern youth." There are young people there, but they are acquainted with cocktails only by hearsay, with jazz only through the cheap and unreliable radio owned by Mr. and Mrs. Pate, at the Crown and Feather, and of night clubs and bottle parties they know nothing at all. They are modern only in the sense that they are living today, and that they can remember, as children, the poisonous cloud of war that darkened their early youth. Hornby Corners is, perhaps, as remote a village as could be found in populous England. As the events about to be described brought it considerable notoriety and caused certain persons a good deal of pain, its real name is not given, and it shall only be said here that it is in one of the western counties, its scenery is unsurpassed in these islands, and it is seven miles from a cinema, four from a chemist, and eleven from a railway station.

Mr. Gradely, the vicar, was a good, pious, narrow, humorless man, with a face that, thanks to regular features and poor health, had a look of saintliness. He had married a woman of considerable intelligence and charm, who gave him two sons—the second after a long interval—and died at the age of thirty-eight. His life, after that, flowed sadly and uneventfully, its scope narrowed, and though he was not precisely embittered, he was damped and dimmed by his loss. His elder son, Humphrey, went away to Bournemouth and became a fairly prosperous estate agent. He married and bought a house and a bit of land, thought as his neighbors thought, and very rarely came to Hornby Corners. Christopher, fifteen years younger, remained at home and was sketchily educated at local schools. At the time the following events took place, he was nearly twenty, ignorant of the world, in a sense, but perceptive, sensitive, and possessing something of the inner illumination common to geniuses.

He Hadn't Said, "And You are Coming With Me"

When he was nearly seven the Battle of the Somme robbed Hornby Corners of one-third of its able-bodied citizens, and among them was a farmer named Trueman, his brother, and his brother's eighteen-year-old son. The destruction of these three deprived little Zeta Trueman, the farmer's only child, of her entire family, and as she was the same age as Christopher, and Trueman and the vicar had been friendly, the latter took the child, a dark, attractive little thing, away from the farm servants in whose care she had been left, and brought her up as his own, without, however, legally adopting her. She grew up to be very pretty, more than ordinarily intelligent and most lovable.

The vicar looked upon Christopher and Zeta as brother and sister, and it never entered his head that, brought up as they were, they would fall in love; but they were in love, though neither had ever spoken of it to the other. There was merely a tacit, "some day" understanding between them.

Christopher had no career, nor any immediate prospect of one, and the only thing he believed himself fitted for seemed to the vicar blasphemous and terrible. Zeta had studied chemistry, and was now assistant at the nearest chemist's shop, four miles away in Allerford, whither she daily went and returned on her bicycle.

What Mr. Gradely's face lacked, Christopher's possessed. He might have sat to a Renaissance painter as the young Saint Stephen. He was passionately fond of birds and animals and had a natural sympathy with all creatures, but especially children, who were invariably attracted to him. He was an untiring walker and runner, and would jog-trot over the countryside in sweater and shorts winter and summer. He often felt the need of complete solitude and would absent himself from the house from dawn till dark—a habit which irritated his father but had Zeta's sympathy and approval. On the whole, however, the vicar had little fault to find with his son until he got an idea into his head which so horrified him, which seemed to him so sinful and outrageous, that he felt impelled to take his trouble, finally, to Sir John Forcel, the big local landowner and magistrate. Mr. Gradely admired Sir John extremely and often went to him for counsel, even though the advice he received was very rarely that for which he had hoped. There was a tinge of servility and snobbery in his manner which always irritated Sir John; though he guessed it was an inherited failing handed down from the old squire-and-parson relationships of the past. It inclined him, however, to differ from him whenever possible, and when he came with his worries about Christopher, Sir John at once felt his sympathies go out to the boy, and he was disposed to take his side, no matter what he had done. Also he was more or less prepared for what the vicar had to say, one or two rumors having already reached him.

The two men sat down on a bench in the rose garden, where a high hedge sheltered them from a chilly little wind and they could enjoy the warmth of the sun.

"What's this I hear about Chris and that poor child of Martha Stebbings?" Sir John demanded in his genial, if authoritative way. "Any truth in it? They say in the village that the lad is completely cured."

"They'd believe anything in the village, I'm afraid," said Mr. Gradely, "provided it was sufficiently sensational and improbable. They're ready to swear to having seen the devil's hoof marks in the snow at least once a year, and churchyard ghosts any day in the week."

"You're partly to blame for that, my dear man," said Sir John—"you and your brethren. You fill them up with so many religious improbabilities that they acquire a taste for them, and they'll swallow any others that come their way as well."

The vicar looked uncomfortable.

"I'd prefer not to embark just now," he said, "upon an argument concerning Old Testament stories of symbolic character. I came to tell you about Christopher and to ask your advice, if you'll be good enough to give it."

"Very well, what about this Stebbings affair? Is it true or isn't it?"

"I don't know, of course, what you may have heard," the vicar began, "but the facts, I gather, are these: Christopher has always been sorry for the Stebbings lad, a poor, afflicted creature whom we have all tried to help. I've seen the boy myself during one of his fits, and the sight is terrible, terrible. But I trusted that as he grew older, as his general health improved, he might outgrow the tendency. And that, I believe, is what has happened—or is happening."

"It's rare, I believe, to outgrow that particular tendency, as you call it," Sir John told him. "But let that pass, and tell me exactly what happened."

"Christopher was walking by the schoolhouse one day, some months ago. It was in December, to be exact. As he approached the door he heard screams, cries and groans. He guessed at once what was taking place and ran in to find Jimmie Stebbings on the floor in one of his fits, Miss Godfrey tearing his collar open, and around them a group of terrified children. Christopher's story is—I hardly like to tell it in his own words, but I will—that he felt a sort of tingling in his arms and hands, as though they were charged with electricity and power. He said that almost of their own accord his hands went out to the child on the floor and rested on his head, and that certain words came to him, and almost before he realized what he was saying he was exhorting the sickness to depart out of the boy and was calming and soothing him. He says—and poor, silly Miss Godfrey upholds him—that Jimmie became quieter almost at once, that his eyes lost their crazed look and became conscious of what was going on, that his cries and groans ceased, and that within five minutes he was quite normal again. He took the boy home and turned him over

to his mother, after making her promise not to talk about it to anyone. The explanation is, naturally, that the fit had run its course. That is what I most firmly believe and maintain. But it so happens that there has been a marked improvement in the boy, and Christopher imagines ——" Mr. Gradely broke off, bowed his head, and looked down at his interlocked hands. Sir John was smoking a pipe, and his hat was tilted over his eyes.

"How long do those fits usually last?" he inquired.

"Anywhere from an hour and a half to four hours, the mother says."

"And this one lasted?"

"Less than twenty minutes, if I am to accept the testimony of Christopher and Miss Godfrey."

"I think you need have no hesitation in doing that. And how frequent were they?"

"I gather they occurred about four times a year, at tolerably regular intervals.

"Has he had any since then?"

"No," said the vicar in a low voice.

"And his general health has improved, you say?"

"Markedly, they tell me."

"And how has the story got about?"

"Mrs. Stebbings couldn't keep it to herself any longer. She would lie down in the mud and lick Christopher's boots, I believe."

"I don't wonder. Well, and now the sequel?"

"Now"—Mr. Gradely twisted his hands together as though he were suffering—"now Christopher believes he can—I hardly like to put it into words ——"

Sir John helped him: "Christopher believes he has the gift of healing by what's called 'laying on of hands.' Is that it?"

Mr. Gradely nodded.

"That a son of mine," he said in a low voice—"an ordinary, sinning, human boy—should arrogate to himself powers that only ——" He broke off.

"Come, come, Gradely," said Sir John, "must I quote Shakspere to you? 'There are more things in heaven and earth,' you know ——"

"'There are more things in heaven,' undoubtedly," replied the vicar, "but earth is earth and the divine is the divine. And that Christopher should dare—it's blasphemous and terrible. It is a form of conceit so shocking and outrageous that I can hardly find words to express the concern and anxiety I feel. If Christopher persists ——"

"What does that sensible girl, Zeta, think about it?" interrupted Sir John.

"Zeta says very little, whatever she thinks. I can't help feeling that she dislikes the whole proceeding as much as I do. But of course she's devoted to Christopher, and the young are loyal to one another."

"You spoke of Christopher just now," said Sir John, "as an ordinary, sinning, human boy. Well, I don't think he is, quite. He seems to me to have a particularly fine character; he seems to me to possess most of the virtues—too many, I sometimes think. Perhaps he has got some kind of healing power. How can we be sure he hasn't? Look how easily he tames animals, and birds—and children, by Jove! That little devil of a grandson of mine, for instance—Alec. The only time I had a moment's peace the last time he was here was when I turned him over to Chris."

"It's most kind and flattering of you to say so, Sir John," said Mr. Gradely, unable to conceal the fact that he took a certain pleasure in this praise of his son, "but surely you see how highly distressing all this is to me. Christopher, to put the matter plainly, is claiming what can only be described as divine powers ——"

"I'm never quite clear about the meaning of the word 'divine,'" interrupted Sir John, knocking the ashes out of his pipe against a corner of the seat. "It seems to me a loose, vague sort of word. I've heard it applied to all sorts of things—waltzes, weather, pretty girls, objects of religious worship. However, let that pass. Now tell me, if that Stebbings lad should have no more fits, would you concede that Christopher may have—I say 'may,' mark you—may have helped him?"

"No," said Mr. Gradely.

"Is that quite fair?"

"I believe it to be. And here is what I particularly want to say to you: Christopher, as you know, has not fitted himself for any sort of career. I gave him the best education I could afford and hoped that he would discover some talent, some bent. He has not. However, he is only twenty, and I have not despaired. Now, since this unfortunate happening of which we have spoken took place, he believes he has found his career. He wishes to be a—I suppose you would call it a faith healer. He wants me to allow him to go about the country making cures, healing the sick. In short, he believes himself capable of performing miracles"—his voice broke—"miracles that only One could perform." He covered his face with his hands.

"Miracles," said Sir John in his most matter-of-fact voice. "There's another loose, vague sort of word. What's a miracle to one age, you know, is often a commonplace to the next. Ask yourself, 'What is a miracle?' If it is something true, then it must be the operating of a natural law the secret of which we don't yet know. If it isn't true, if it isn't a fact, dismiss it. Christopher either did cure Jimmie Stebbings or he didn't. If he didn't—and personally, I wouldn't be greatly surprised to hear that the poor lad had another fit one day soon—if he didn't, Christopher has been mistaken, and it will probably make him very unhappy for a time. If he has cured him, we have witnessed the operation of a law of nature whose secret has so far escaped us. If Christopher can heal the sick, more power to him. Though I must confess that as a career, it seems to me precarious, and there you have my sympathy."

Mr. Gradely sighed deeply.

"If there were only some sort of work for which the boy were fitted," he said. "Anything—anything. Forgive me for troubling you with all this, Sir John, but really, I am greatly upset and hardly know which way to turn."

"I'm sorry for you," Sir John replied, "for I can see your difficulties. Tell Christopher that if he'd like to go away to London, I'll find him a berth there. I rather think I could get him something to do at the Natural History Museum. The curator is a friend of mine. But we'll wait

(Continued on Page 78)

Zeta Could Always Count Upon Christopher to Help Her With Any Digging or Cutting That Might be Required

ROMANCE IN COLLEGE

By Christian Gauss

Dean of the College, Princeton University

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

NOT very long ago the charming wife of one of our professors called me up at my office and in considerable embarrassment asked me to grant her a private interview. She could not possibly tell me her reasons over the telephone. I arranged to take tea with her the next afternoon. When I called she was more embarrassed than before, and regretted having made the appointment. She apologized and explained that it was not a pleasant subject, and since unpleasant subjects had long since ceased to be a treat to me I was quite willing to forgive and forget the apparently false alarm. For perhaps ten minutes we pretended that this was just a chance meeting of old friends. Try as we would, however, we could not plow under what was uppermost in her mind, and she finally came out with an astonishing story.

My hostess was herself a college graduate and reminded me that she had been a teacher of young men and women twenty-five years ago. She knew youth well as it had been at the turn of the century. She had just returned from a visit to one of her own classmates who was teaching in a large coeducational university. In the course of the visit her old friend had told her of the contemporary attitude of the young toward matters of sex. It was not merely a question of petting and necking. She had cited instances of more shocking types of delinquency. They would indicate that the attitude toward sex was ultra matter of fact, and the general code tolerated, if it did not encourage, a deplorable laxity. Love and romance were fast disappearing and giving place to a sensuality which was no longer touched or sublimated by any appreciable degree of sentiment.

Hard as it was for my hostess to tell me this, she explained that she was compelled to do so because her own position of ignorance was intolerable. Her husband's students frequently called at her house. She would never have dreamed they were guilty of this, but she was afraid it must be true of her friend's university, and she wished to know about the college world in which she herself was living. Were the undergraduates whom she knew and had respected like this?

The Relation is One of Matter-of-Fact Friendship and Camaraderie

The subject, alas, was not new to me. Once they declare themselves, social fears, like social practices, become contagious. Everybody's aunt has seen a ghost. Evidently many people felt this way, and even among older persons, not a few, in spite of their old-time repugnance, were beginning to discuss this real or imagined moral collapse. I remembered that an old friend of mine, a graduate of a coeducational university and once an ardent defender of that system, had told me a few weeks before that he had decided he could not send his daughter to his alma mater. He was an intelligent, highly successful chemist and he had been a professor in his own university.

The Way of Most Week-Ends

ONE of his former colleagues had told him of conditions there which were not altogether unlike what had been repeated to my hostess. A former student of my own whom I had taught twenty-five years before and who had a son about to enter college had also raised the same question with me. He had heard from more recent alumni a great deal about this increasing undergraduate laxity. It was evidently a matter of general concern. Was it true that the Age of Romance was dead?

Of course we must admit that men's colleges and women's colleges do not now in the slightest degree resemble monasteries or nunneries. No such thing as the secluded college of the past for men or for women any longer exists anywhere. The student in the once-remote country college today remains a member of his social world. Unlike Oxford or Cambridge, our institutions for young men have been unable or unwilling to insist that the undergraduate shall not absent himself during term time. In most of them, therefore, he comes and goes as he chooses, subject only to such indirect restrictions as are imposed by the demand that he attend a certain percentage of his classes or a certain number of Sunday chapel services. Where there is no Sunday chapel requirement—and in many cases there is none—he is always free to absent himself over the week-ends. In not a few cases he has been known to choose his studies in such fashion that his last recitation of the week would fall on Thursday morning and he would be free to spend from Thursday to Monday wherever he chose. He might, of course, and he often did, choose to spend a considerable part of this time with the young ladies of his acquaintance.

What was to me an amusing illustration of this tendency happened last spring. A junior had asked me for an appointment. He was in doubt about his future profession and wished to discuss this problem of his choice of a career with me. If he elected to go into medicine it would mean serious changes in the course of study he had planned. As this was a more important matter than could be settled in the few minutes I had been able to keep free for him, I asked him to come around Saturday afternoon. It was impossible. I suggested the following Saturday. "Well, you know," he told me, "I am never here on Saturdays." This privilege of leaving whenever he had no set classes had come to be regarded by this undergraduate as so sacred and inalienable a right that it must not be interfered with even in his own interest. It amounted to an obligation. He felt that on Saturdays he just had to leave the campus on principle. There are some few like him in most men's colleges.

The women's colleges have not gone quite so far in recognizing this real or supposed right of undergraduates. They restrict the number of week-ends a girl may spend away from college and allow her anywhere from one to four prom leaves per term. These she often spends in the young man's college town at the dances following football games, at his fraternity's house parties or at the official social functions of his university. Since, in addition to this, there are, as we have seen, virtually no restrictions upon the number of times the young man may visit her, his larger freedom makes it possible for him to be at her college when she is not at his.

Dean Cupid

IN CERTAIN groups such visiting goes on so incessantly that one of our distinguished pulpit orators, who is an alumnus of one of the great American men's universities which have abolished compulsory chapel, was heard to say that when he wished to address the male undergraduates of his own institution he found more of them to preach to on the Sundays when he conducted the service in a neighboring women's college than when he spoke in the almost deserted chapel of his and their alma mater.

There have been other unmistakable indices of this increasing freedom of social intercourse between undergraduates in once supposedly segregated men's or women's colleges. Though it is more serious in some than in others, in some degree it is common to them all. I was forced against my will to admit this after an odd experience some time ago.

I had gone to bed after a heavy day, when, at about midnight, I was called to answer a long-distance telephone call. The agitated feminine voice was that of a young lady in a women's college. She excused her untimely summons by informing me that she was Tom Worthington's fiancée. Did I know him? It so happened that I did. He was expecting her down for the prom three days later, but she had just figured it all out and was terribly upset to discover that her prom leaves had all been used up and she was now convinced that her dean would not allow her to come. Our telegraph office had refused to deliver telegrams on the campus at that hour. I would, of course, understand how important it was that Tom should know at once. She asked me if I would send the message to his room and, "Will you be good enough," she added without a flutter, "to give him my love?"

I must admit that I had been called out of bed on other occasions for other less important errands, but this was the first time that I had ever been awakened to convey a young lady's love to her undergraduate fiancé. I was taken off balance and afraid that I might fumble, so, to steady myself, I pleaded for time to get a pad and pencil and asked her please to repeat the message. She did so in the most matter-of-fact fashion, ending with the same affectionate tailpiece.

I took it down word for word, put it in quotation marks, signed her name and sent it to Tom by the night watchman. This was a few years ago, and at that time evidently young men were still a little bit more sensitive about publicly receiving a message of love than were young women about sending one. It has become more customary on both sides, and though I do not know whether this pair

were ever married, I do know that my former friend, Tom, was a bit distant with me for the rest of his senior year.

Not only do they occasionally become engaged but they enter into marriage with a delightful confidence in the future. In this respect one of the fundamental rules of the older men's colleges began, some years ago, to weaken and in some places disappeared altogether. Before the war nearly all of them had in their regulations a provision which forbade a student under any circumstances to marry before graduation. The penalty of dismissal was drastically enforced and I still recall the excitement caused a dozen years ago when a famous college football star was expelled on the eve of a big game after it had been discovered that he had contracted a secret marriage during the summer. This is, of course, the rule which was recently invoked at West Point. Though it was attacked by libertarians and feminists, I always felt there were sound, practical reasons for it.

The older men's colleges were usually isolated residential communities in small towns, and the student was expected to live in a dormitory and to share in the life of the college with his classmates. If he were allowed to marry, this phase of his education would have to be waived and he would cease to participate as director in the campus life. My own objection was not so much against having married men in the undergraduate group as it was against having young and attractive women on its fringes. They would constitute what might be called a serious marginal problem. Though it is too easy to escape from a campus over week-ends, a men's college still remains a community composed in workaday times almost exclusively of males.

Bliss?

THE undergraduate is nearly always a stranger in the town, without close feminine acquaintances, and if he brings down a wife, there is no circle of her own sex to which she can naturally attach herself. I always held that one of two things would happen: If the girl was of the popular sort the rooms of the new ménage would be forever thronged by all her husband's classmates. Or, if she were retiring and demure, which I admit now happens somewhat rarely, she would for long stretches at a time have to be left to her own devices, and what, at creation's dawn, the Lord told Adam, He might still tell the modern Eve. It is not good for woman to be left too much alone. In either case the husband would have to give many hours called for by his studies to distracting social or marital obligations.

Undergraduates who wished to marry never agreed with my discouraging prognosis. With the optimism of youth, they saw the future through rose-colored glasses. They always insisted that their case was different, and I became familiar with the picture of the undergraduate bride mutely darning her undergraduate husband's golf stockings while he sat across the table absorbed in the intricacies of higher mathematics. This was often painted for me in glowing colors by undergraduates earnestly pleading for a dispensation. It was attractive, certainly, but to me unconvincing, and I simply had to steel my heart against it. All I could do was to say no, and no, and no, and be a villain. You might cynically tell yourself that matrimony for the young nowadays was not quite like that. But the undergraduate, in this respect, is still like other young and some older men. Even today you cannot argue with him when he is in love.

The war which swept so many old rules and customs out of the colleges was for a time, at least, to shake this one also. As soon as our country had entered the conflict many young men who were only juniors or sophomores, and occasionally even freshmen, dropped their books and left for training camps and the Front. In some cases they were gone three or four years before being finally demobilized. The colleges naturally felt that they had a special obligation to such patriotic sons and made concessions to allow them to return and finish their studies. Some of them, for financial reasons, could not return immediately and came back after intervals of five or six years. Marriage, after all, is not a sin, and those who had married while away could not be disqualified. Occasionally such a man was engaged to marry shortly. The old rule had to be waived. It still forbade all runaway marriages and elopements, but the dean's office in many cases became a limited license bureau for war veterans and a few stragglers.

These Social Occasions Have Become Almost Nightly Affairs

Forfeiting His Bachelor's Degree

WAIVING the case of the actual war brides, our own experience, though I knew it only at secondhand, was not a happy one and tended to bear out the conclusions I had previously reached. The practice could not, however, be abruptly discontinued.

I remember, for instance, the case of Jim Rand, a highly plausible suitor, but not a brilliant student. When he presented himself as a candidate for marriage I offered my usual objections. He countered them all and printed again that prophetic picture of post marital bliss which I have sketched above. When I suggested that his low scholastic standing constituted an additional negative factor he had an explanation for that also. He had to spend many hours in writing to his fiancée; all this time would be saved and devoted to his studies. Georgette was such a competent person; her family was enthusiastic over the proposed wedding and I would be astonished at the improvement in his grades. We were all being so rapidly modernized in those days that I decided that, like Jim, I ought to be willing to try anything once, and weakly consented to this experiment. Jim's marks dropped like the barometer before a storm. When he finally found it necessary to leave us before graduation we chatted gloomily at parting. It was, of course, he told me ruefully, hard to be married in a college town; it took you out of the life; it queered you. He had quite evidently forgotten the picture he had painted for me a year before. I, of course, would understand that it was a scramble to find the time for study. There is very little that just two people can do after dinner, and he had often sat down and played chess

(Continued on Page 139)

WHAT HAVE YOU?

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

Uncle Peter

IT WAS unseasonable weather. Even the forsythias in the park had an uncomfortable look, as though, standing on the doorstep of the year, suddenly they weren't sure they'd been invited for that day. Malcolm Clement and Beatrice Trent hadn't a suspicion that it was cold, however, and were as convinced as the calendar that it was spring.

"Did you ever think you could be so happy?" Bee asked.

"I didn't think anybody could. Ought we to go into the practical side?"

"No."

Nevertheless, Mal did: "I've got about three thousand dollars, and I make a fair salary, with bonuses now and then, but I warn you I'm no go-getter. Very little midnight oil has splashed on the head of this young engineer, or ever will. It's my plan to enjoy myself when I'm young."

"It's mine too. And I warn you that I want to keep my job with Miss Greene, Inc. I love it."

"I was afraid I couldn't win you away from Green Ink."

"My salary will let us keep a maid, so that you won't suffer, and I'll adore having somebody to order about."

"Besides me?" Mal laughed. "Isn't it great, though?"

"It's perfect," Bee said—"or almost."

"What's this 'almost' business?"

"Something that doesn't concern us directly, and I'm too selfish to let it bother me much."

"But what is it?"

"Mother and father. The ridiculous darlings are going to be disappointed. They've always cherished some idea that a dream multimillionaire was going to appear at the psychological moment and lay his fortune at my feet. I'm afraid you won't qualify as that, my dear."

"I don't think that's so darned ridiculous, considering you," Mal told her. "Where would a multimillionaire find a girl to compare with you for looks and loveliness and brains, and everything?"

"Do you honestly feel that way? You don't realize that I'm just a stock model, and nothing special at all?"

"That's blasphemous," he informed her. "If you were anybody else I'd knock you down."

Instead, he kissed her there in the park walk, which the forsythias made fairly private. Her face felt and smelled like a cold flower. She closed her eyes.

"I don't believe your parents half appreciate you," Mal said.

"Not when I've confessed their expectations to you?"

"All parents are like that if their children have the standard number of features. Believe it or not, Mrs. Lawrence Clement of East Orange has been expecting momentarily to learn that a Park Avenue belle has snapped up her son Malcolm."

"And she'll be disappointed too. Oh, Malcolm, our wedding is going to be drenched in tears."

"We'd better go down to the city hall this afternoon and get it over with quickly."

"That would hurt them a little more, and I'm awfully sorry, but I can't be modern and hate my parents, or even be indifferent to them. They're both sweet, pathetic darlings."

"I like Minnie Clement too," Malcolm said.

"But this money complex older people have is so stupid!" Bee stormed. "Suppose I did marry a multimillionaire. He might lose every cent he had within a week. You can't lose the things I love you for."

"Darling!"

"Just the same, for their sakes I wish you had an eccentric old grandfather rumored to be hiding an oil well in his back yard."

"I'm afraid I haven't."

"The best I can offer is Great-Uncle Peter. He's so stingy we all take it for granted that he's rich. He lives at Poughkeepsie. My family let me come East so that he'd get interested in me. I've seen him exactly once. He was in town between trains and we had luncheon at Childs, and he fumbled so long I paid the check."

"He doesn't sound too promising, but I'll mention him to mother."

"I wish you had even as vague a —— Mal, I've got it!"

"What?"

"Let's not be disappointments to anyone. Let's have our families dance at our wedding and accept it as the marvelous thing it is."

"Fine. But how do we do it?"

"What they want isn't money for themselves. It's the idea of money in the offing for us. We can give them that, and I say let's do it."

"I don't see how we can, unless we just plain lie."

"There'll be nothing plain about this lie. It won't even be white. It will be a rich cream color with gilt edges. But it will be awfully easy to make them believe. Is there anything about you that doesn't suggest a young man with a handsome fortune behind him?"

"My bank account," Mal murmured.

"A rich young man might very well not have more than three thousand dollars in his checking account. And is there anything about me that belies the idea of the daughter of a quiet merchant prince with advanced ideas on self-support?"

Beatrice, Meeting Her Father and Mother, Said: "Oh, Dear! I'm Glad You Look So Rich"

"Not a thing," Mal agreed, "and I begin to get your drift. If you want to budget the rest of our expenses, and go easy on our honeymoon, we can stage a wedding that will knock their eyes out and tell half our lie for us. That is, if they don't arrive in too great quantities."

"There'll be only dad and mother for me."

"And mother for me. And your Great-Uncle Peter."

"He'll never come down from Poughkeepsie."

"Not for a swell wedding breakfast?"

"Chewing it would cost too much in wear and tear on his false teeth."

"With Miss Greene and my boss and the minister, that would be eight; but there's one thing you haven't considered: How are we going to keep our families from comparing notes?"

"I have considered it," Bee returned. "And that will be as easy as pie."

Mrs. Lawrence Clement was a dry, bright little widow who had not enjoyed living on an income which only with care could be made to cover the necessities, any more than most people do.

"I haven't told Bee any lies," her son informed her, following his fiancée's instructions, "but I don't want to seem an adventurer to her people, and while they're on I think we might as well keep off the subject of money. What's your idea?"

"My idea is that you're getting sense. It isn't as though they were being cheated. You'll make the best husband a girl could have."

Mal stifled a filial instinct to gag his parent.

"The wedding will be small but nice, I imagine," he said. "They're that sort."

"The right sort," Mrs. Clement summed it up contentedly.

Beatrice, meeting her father and mother, who got off the train wearing neat new clothes such as they hadn't had simultaneously for years, said: "Oh, dear! I'm glad you look so rich. I'm trying to make this seem not too much like King Cophetua and the beggar maid."

"But can you, Bee? We're so frightened for fear Malcolm and his mother will be terribly grand."

"Malcolm's helping wonderfully. So far as anyone knows, the wedding will be our party."

"But if his mother asks us questions?"

"Fine substantial people like the Clements don't talk about money," Beatrice said. "We mustn't either."

The Trents gave guilty, happy little laughs. "We'll trust you," they said.

With those preliminaries, the three elders were plunged into what seemed to them like splendor from the Arabian Nights.

Mal had taken a suite at the Plenipotentiary for the two days Bee's parents were to be in New York. It was only sitting room, bedroom and bath, but it was so much sweller than anything the Trents had ever expected to happen to them that they were a little groggy from excitement when Mal and his mother joined them there for dinner. After dinner the five went to a play, and from the play to Miss Greene's apartment, which, due to the fact that Miss Greene used it for storing superfluous stock, gave an impression of vast riches.

The next morning a florist banked palms and ferns about the fireplace of the sitting room of the suite, mysterious packages kept arriving, and an atmosphere of delightful hysteria prevailed until just before high noon, when Great-Uncle Peter appeared. That didn't stop the hysteria, but changed its character for the Trents.

Uncle Peter could be seen contracting with horror at the evidences of waste which confronted him.

"Crazy," he mumbled. "Absolutely crazy. Don't they know what bread costs a loaf?"

At high noon the wedding was solemnized to the liquid murmur of The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden on a harp played by a man temporarily released from his duties with the hotel orchestra.

Bee wore a suit, but the orchids Mal had sent her turned it into a wedding dress to satisfy any mother's heart. One of the mysterious packages had contained orchids for Mrs. Trent, and Mrs. Clement was decorated with a long spray of them. In fact, orchids may be said to have flowed like water.

After the ceremony there were chicken patties and ice cream and *petits fours*. It all cost exactly four hundred and eighty-seven dollars, but the impression was one of limitless prodigality.

"Wasn't it worth it, Mal?" Bee asked as the train for Atlantic City pulled out and left a little group waving frantically from the platform. "Weren't they sweet? And didn't they have a good time?"

"There has probably never been so much competitive conservatism contained within four walls"—Malcolm laughed—"or so much rich indifference to money."

"They were all magnificent except Great-Uncle Peter."

"And if you ask me, Great-Uncle Peter gave the most convincing performance of the lot."

"I'm afraid we'd better break the bubble pretty soon though, Mal. The feeling of affluence they all got is apt to be dangerous. At least, I'm afraid of its effect on people who've had to pinch along as dad and mother have."

Mal was silent.

"Don't you agree?" Bee asked.

"To tell you the truth," he confessed, "I've already felt the effect of the bubble a little."

"How?"

"Mother confided to me that she's decided to go abroad. She's wanted to for years but never has felt that she could. Now that I have something solid to fall back on, she's going to sell a bond and venture it."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I thought I'd let her dream for a while. When we get back I'll tell her that your dad has had serious losses. You see, it would mean that I'd have to help her out. She never could make the whole trip on what that little bond would bring."

"What frightened me, Mal, was mother's eloquence on how little father is appreciated at the office and how he ought to insist on a raise in salary," Bee said.

"Maybe he should."

"Optimist. A person as frail as dad must cling to what he's got. We'll have to watch the papers for a stock that drops terrifically. All the mythical fortune will have been in that."

Included in the budget of the Malcolm Clements were a few hundred dollars for a used automobile which they could use on their ten days of honeymoon vacation, drive back to New York, and sell for what it would bring there.

The next morning they went to the huge garage of a used-car company, but Bee was strangely hard to please. Mal had to say that they'd decide which machine they wanted and come back later. When they were on the boardwalk he questioned her:

"What is it, honey? Would you rather put the money away and, when we get more, buy a brand-new car?"

Bee looked shamefaced.

"It sounds as though I were making a play to the gallery," she said. "You'll just have to believe that I'm not. I'd much rather have your mother have that trip. So far as I'm concerned, lying on the sand in the sun is enough while we're here. It seems to me that an automobile would be more of a bother than anything. Do you mind?"

"I've been tempted that way myself," Mal told her. "I was afraid to tell you for fear you'd think I had an Œdipus complex or something. Mother was magnificent all the time she was sending me through Tech, and I've never been able to get her to accept a cent since." That was settled, and most satisfactorily, for they told each other daily that a honeymoon couldn't have been better if it had been equipped with the most expensive foreign cars. On the day before it was over, Bee received a letter.

"Well, dad delivered an ultimatum," she reported.

"Good for dad. Did he get the raise?"

"Dad is out. Mother thinks that Mr. Prentiss, in whose office he worked, is jealous because I married so well. Belle Prentiss is the most unattractive girl you ever saw."

"What does this mean for your parents?"

"Dad's going to look around for something better. They've got some savings they can live on for a time. I guess I'd better write and say that you've been cleaned out in the market, Mal. Perhaps he could go back to Mr. Prentiss at the same figure."

"You mustn't now. This is just when he needs a sense of support."

"Well, I'd hate to, because mother says he's been miserable."

"Let it ride for a time."

Shortly after they got back to New York, Mrs. Lawrence Clement sailed for Europe in a cozy cabin on a one-class boat and Bee settled to the ecstasy of furnishing the apartment she and Mal had taken.

Her job had taught her the ropes and, combing the Third Avenue shops, where there is still a blessed confusion between secondhand furniture and antiques, she did wonders with what was left of Mal's savings and the sum in her own special account.

Miss Greene was so enthusiastic over the resultant interior that she asked to have photographs taken of it for the magazines: Some Views of the Manhattan Apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Clement, Decorated by Miss Greene, Inc.

There was also the excitement of trapping and training Nanny, a coal-black matron, whom Bee transformed from a scrabbling slavey into a very presentable *bonne à tout faire*.

Their friends had entertained them when they first got back. They began giving little dinners, with cards afterward. When they were alone they dined early and went to the theater or to hear music. Entirely apart from the happiness of fulfilled love, neither of them had ever had so good a time before.

The pictures of their apartment came out on a Monday. On going home for dinner the following Thursday, Mal found Bee very glum indeed.

"Don't tell me you've had a row with the black pearl," he said.

Miss Greene Asked to Have Photographs Taken of it for the Magazines

"Did You Ever Think You Could be So Happy?" Bee Asked

"Worse than that. I've had a letter from mother. It seems she's been concealing something, but our grandeur in Garden and Dwelling House has given her courage."

"What is it, honey?"

"Dad's really ill. His lungs. The best specialist in Columbus says he can be cured if he has six or eight months of complete rest some place in the mountains. Of course they can't afford it."

"Well, thank the Lord she told us," Mal said. "How much will they need a month?"

"I won't have my burdens put on you, Mal," Bee told him. "I simply won't. If you'll be so good as to support me, I'll send my salary to them every week. But that's all the assistance I'll accept."

"I'll be very honored to support you, Mrs. Clement," Mal said, "but I'd think it more pally of you if you'd let me shell out a little too."

"Don't even suggest such a thing, or I'll develop feelings," Bee warned him. "We can let Nanny go, and I'll do the work here after business hours."

"That won't be necessary," Mal said. "We can cut down other ways. Without Nanny, you'd have to waste evenings on dishes and things. Gee, I'm glad we didn't explode the bubble, aren't you? The thought that he doesn't have to worry about money will do your dad more good than any medicine."

"I don't believe anyone else in the world would take this as nicely as you have," Bee declared. "But don't you regret that Park Avenue belle now?"

"Not one bit. She was a holy terror."

It was the first time Bee realized that there had actually been such a person.

Entertaining was out for the time being, and to avoid social debts, they accepted very few invitations. Bee set her mind to economizing on food in such a way that Mal shouldn't suspect her of economy.

They'd grown accustomed to a slower tempo before Mrs Lawrence Clement returned from her travels: One play a week, a movie whenever they felt like one, bridge with two intimates who didn't mind playing for a tenth of a cent.

Mrs. Lawrence Clement came down the gangplank looking somewhat droll in that slightly too jaunty hat elderly ladies are apt to buy in Paris, but so radiant that it was a delight to see her.

"I've spent money right and left," she whispered to Bee and Mal as they kissed her. "I don't know whether I'll have enough for the customs. Do you suppose fifteen dollars will cover this?"

She held out a declaration two pages long, consisting mostly of the items: "*Parfum 15 francs. Mouchoir 20 francs.*"

"I came stocked with money," Mal told her. "Look out for that man with a truck."

"You don't have to baby a world traveler like me," Mrs. Clement informed her son, and, stepping back, fell over her own small bag and lay on the planks of the pier, moaning.

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THE PLACE OF WAGES

By Henry Ford and Samuel Crowther

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

THE paying and the receiving of wages involve a great deal more than the mere transferring of a sum of money. The whole paying of wages as well as the hiring out for a wage has been clouded by tradition. There is, on the one hand, the master-and-servant tradition in which the master is supposed to be kind and appreciative and the servant to be dependent and grateful. On the other hand is the big-family conception in which equality, harmony and democracy of management figure.

In my view of wages and the relation of the employer and the employe, they are not a small universe in themselves; both are part of and dependent on the larger social world. The amount of work done for society and the amount of money society may profitably pay for that work determine the industrial relation, although that in turn is determined by the quality and extent of the service which industry may render. Improvement in these relations is always possible where the will to improvement exists.

But it is necessary to get away entirely from the thought that the relation between employers and employes has in it anything of meniality. Employers and employes are to be judged by the same standard—are they efficient or are they inefficient? An employer who is not fit for his job comes under the same law as any other inefficient worker. There is nothing in his status as employer that will save him. He has responsibilities but no divine right. If he is a good man in his job he will pay good wages, just as he will make a good product. And his workmen, directed by him, will be enabled to earn good wages. It is a matter of efficiency, not philanthropy. The only pride or satisfaction either may have in it, or even gratitude, is the feeling that this is a world that yields right results to right efforts.

But the relation between employer and employe is not in the least a sentimental one and the artificial cultivation of good feeling only tends to obscure the real objectives. An artfully arranged attempt to stimulate good feeling usually has for its purpose the concealment of some deep source of bad feeling. Good feeling arises from the situation, or not at all. The paying and receiving of money are the paying and receiving of money. If it be not earned, it cannot be paid, and it should not be paid if it could be. If it be earned, then there is no reason for the employe being grateful for being paid what is justly due, nor for the employer being self-righteously proud for paying it. This view of the relation between the employer and the employe has many consequences which flow counter to the accepted tradition. Yet you will hear the duties of employers and the rights of employes discussed as if this were the only relation in the world that mattered—as if these two comprehended all society instead of being only a part of it. It is a curious fact that those who most denounce the industrial order are also those who most insistently try to root it into the very heart of society by making the relation between employer and employe the deepest and most embracing relation between men. It cannot be done. We are all part of a larger order.

The Right Time to Scrap

LOOK at this in the light of a concrete instance. It is our belief that the shop is not a permanent thing and that it can exist only so long as it serves. The moment that it has ceased serving, good management will scrap it, or else inexorable social disapproval will. If the obstacle to service is not fundamental, then it may not be necessary to scrap the whole shop, but merely to reconstruct it. We ourselves, although we regard nothing in our shops or the shops themselves as permanent, and everything is continuously changing, reached a point where it was necessary fundamentally to change our product and its method of making. So we scrapped what was then held to be the largest automobile plant in the world, saved and removed what machinery could be used or adapted for use, placed some of it in another plant, which at the same time we reconstructed, and then distributed the balance of the machinery through plants in this country and throughout the world. The whole tractor plant was sent to Ireland.

This may seem to have nothing to do with wages. It has everything to do with wages, for these changes enabled us better to serve the public and, therefore, to pay higher wages. While these changes were going on, some of the men who had worked in the departments that were being dismantled were temporarily without jobs, others had to go into jobs very different from what they had been accustomed to, while others could not fit themselves into the new series of jobs that the new set-up brought about. If we had acted under the theorist's conception that the employer's primary duty is to the man employed instead of to the public, we should not have made the changes, with the net result that today, instead of having more jobs than ever before and higher wages than ever before, we should have fewer jobs because we should have less business. And we should have a lowering scale of wages instead of a rising, and everyone would be worse off and no one would be better off.

If a company operates on the theory that it owes a living to those who work for it, then in the course of time it will pass out and be unable to pay the debt it thinks it owes. Exactly the same condition will be brought about by acting on the theory that the stockholders must always have dividends. Unless the primary service be to the public, no one will be served. This principle does not seem thoroughly to be understood and it is often difficult to apply, for sometimes its application seems harsh. It seems to imply an indifference to human beings. But in truth it has human welfare as its motive. The plight of the men who become temporarily unemployed in the process seems much more important to the unthinking observer than the eventually increased service to all. It is difficult to see the whole picture and to realize that the fortunes of any individual or of any group are always best served when they are made part of a larger service. The individual or the group through a shortsighted view of their interests may be wholly blameless of intentionally retarding progress, yet that is the result of any preference of private before public good. The right of a man to work is a sacred right, but to preserve a job just because it is a job may seem to be kindness to an individual, but it will be at the expense of a great many others who do not appear in the picture but who are just as worthy and conscientious as he is. Such reasoning, however, seems hard, not because there is any harshness in progress itself, but only because we view progress against a background of so many fallacies. When applied to wage earners it seems hard only because of our traditional conception of master and servant, and that, somehow, the workman is a menial dependent on his employer.

In Terms of Service Rendered

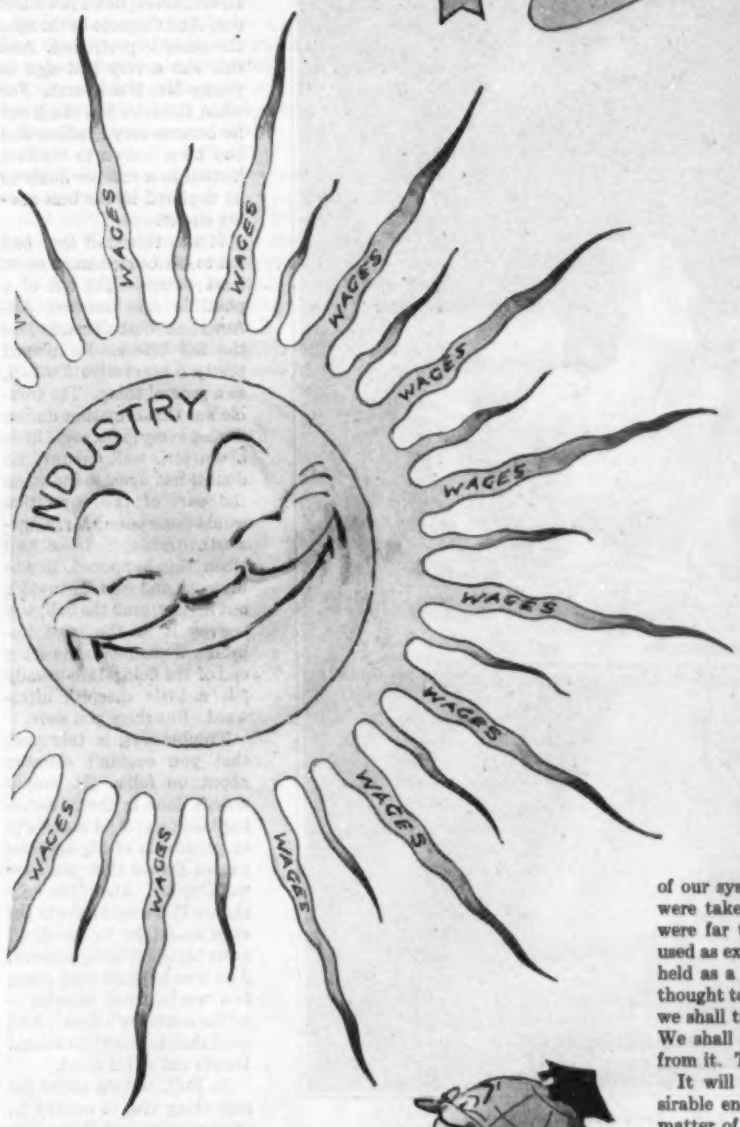
INDEED, many worthy people cannot comprehend any other relation and, during those periods when the men who should be leading business fail to lead and consequently work is slack, the cry, "Give men jobs," arises. Everyone would recognize the absurdity of employers parading bearing signs: "Give us orders." There is essentially no difference between the actual position of the employer and the employe. That is the point. If an employer gets his orders through favors and believes that because he has served certain customers for a long time this is in itself a reason for having their orders continue, he is acting on the same false principle as the employe who thinks that his having held a job establishes upon his employer the duty of always providing him with a job. It is a poor rule that will not work for both alike. Long service by either employer or employe should be a reason for continued service—for the experience gained should render their service better than that which anyone else can give. A worker should have so profited by length of service as to make himself more valuable than any man without his experience. The same applies to an employer. But the test of a company, of a workman—of anybody or anything—is solely to be found in the service rendered. And in the end I think that it will be discovered that if all of us—no matter what may at the moment be our respective situations—rid ourselves of the notion that the world or anyone else owes us a living, we shall be the better for it. The approach of dependency, whether in a man or in a corporation, is the approach of helplessness and leads to the asking of a living by favor instead of a living by merit. The corporation which goes out seeking only profits does not get far, and neither does the man who goes out seeking only wages instead of work.

There is no natural level of wages, just as there is no natural level of profits. The conception of a natural level of wages arises out of a state of society in which everything is hallowed by tradition. If the inventiveness of an industry comes to a standstill—and this happens whenever an industry gets solely in the control of the financial point of view—then there will be a level of wages and for a time there will be a level of profits. But this level will be only temporary and will steadily be lowered. Industry that has found its level will soon be out of tune with the public—which never finds a level—and will cease to render a service, and then both profits and wages will begin to diminish, and finally will reach the vanishing point.

It cannot be too often emphasized that just as

there are no essential businesses, also there are no essential industries. If an industry does not serve us, we find ourselves involuntarily turning to something else, and what is at first taken as a substitute for the essential turns out to be better than the essential. Gasoline and rubber are at present essentials to the automobile industry, but if either became very poor in quality or very high in price over any considerable period, the automobile industry would find substitutes which would quickly be developed to a point that would forever bar gasoline and rubber, no matter how high the quality or how fair the price. I do not know what those substitutes would be and probably we shall never have to discover them. I only know that if we must have them, we shall have them.

The talking about a natural and stable level of wages and profits is a sign of sick business.



It is equally a sign of sick business to talk about *arbitrarily* raising wages. That is not different from *arbitrarily* raising prices. A *high* wage is as destructive as a *high* price. What is felt to be *high* is out of relation. Right wages are never felt to be high any more than right prices are felt to be high. Right wages and right prices leave everyone with a sense of satisfaction. The best wages are not high so far as manufacturing costs are concerned. The wages which bring prosperity are those which develop out of the inventiveness and engineering skill of the management, combined with the adaptability and cooperation of the men. If the wage comprehension of the management does not extend beyond having the men take a low wage, and the wage comprehension of the men does not extend beyond the management paying a high wage, it will be a case of stalemate, and it really does not make much difference what wages are paid, for the industry and all the jobs in it will soon be at an end.

In all this our country, as a whole, is making a great deal of progress toward a better comprehension of the situation. No one can say that the industry of today is not producing more comfort and leisure for the world than that of yesterday. Anyone who prefers to break the ice in his water pitcher in the morning rather than take hot water from a tap can do so without being punished by the industrial system. It is a very free system.

The general condition of prosperity is always a subject of disagreement. There are always those who say that it will not last. The prosperity of the country has always gone forward, even while it was very generally being decided that it was going back. Prosperity is not an accident but something to be cultivated. But it would be very unfortunate to have everyone satisfied with his state of being, for then we should be in great danger.

The Disease of Poverty

YET surely we have moved forward. This is proved by the very nature of the current criticism. Once upon a time people asked only for food; now the critics say that our prosperity is harmful because the people's minds are not developing. Never before has the country been well enough fed to inquire into the state of its mind. And also it is encouraging to note that poverty here and there is brought forward as an exhibit of the weakness of our system. Formerly the poor were taken for granted, and there were far too many of them to be used as exhibits. Poverty was then held as a natural state. Now it is thought to be unnatural. And soon we shall treat poverty as a disease. We shall create a social immunity from it. That is progress.

It will not accomplish this desirable end to pay low wages as a matter of national policy and then to provide against poverty by public services financed out of taxes. Such a program really never reduces poverty. It accepts poverty as a natural condition and then provides against destitution. But in the long run this plan will not even provide against destitution in an industrial state. The low wages will prevent any expansion of the home market, for the standard of living will be at the subsistence point. The low wages will do more harm than that, for they will make the goods expensive. If an employer can have as many men as he likes at low wages, he will be inclined to limit his expenditures for machinery and new designs, for on the low-wage scale they apparently will not pay. And so he will produce out-of-date goods at high prices. The home market for these will be limited. He may gain a foreign market, but this, too, will be limited by price, and so, in the end, the source of wages and of taxation will dry up.

The only effective wage policy is one that presses forward toward higher wages, lower costs and lower prices, and in all this we have a long distance still to go, for everything in this country is much too high except wages. They are too low. In the old business system everything but profits was considered in the light of a necessary evil. A sales price was nearly always fixed in the hope of selling somebody something for more than it was worth. The older business man aimed to sell to a rather narrow circle which he called his trade, and it never occurred to him that he could sell to a whole nation. Therefore, he very naturally saw his product in the terms of a very few people, and could bargain with those people. Those who sold him his materials had exactly the same outlook and bargained with him on prices. And when it came to employing assistants and workmen, he followed the same procedure. If a customer needed his goods, that customer was jacked up to pay a high price, but if, on the contrary, the manufacturer needed the money, the customer had the whip hand. If there were more workmen around than jobs, wages were low, while if there were more jobs than workmen, wages were high. It never occurred to the older employers—and this is the condition in Europe today—that high wages were anything more than an additional cost of production.

Wages are a cost of production, but it does not follow that merely by paying low wages one will achieve low costs of production. The way to low costs is through the intelligent provision of power and machinery and the keeping of the various factors of business in balance. No employer has the right to ask a man to work with intelligence unless he pays him for that intelligence. Good workmanship has to be paid for, and good workmanship is cheap at almost any price. It is simply a waste of time and money to erect an elaborate manufacturing equipment and then expect that it can be run by low-paid men.

There is nothing sentimental about wages. Hiring men because they are cheap will ruin a business as quickly as buying material just because it is cheap. There is something like a natural law which makes sharing not only instinctive but also compulsory. It would not be possible, for instance, to run our

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HEADED FOR THE STARS

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FOR one thing, the cover of the catalogue depicted a maiden poised upon a springboard. For another—though Bob would never have admitted this to be a major inducement—a young blond girl, name of Polly Drake, was spending the summer there.

Still, this Drake girl, Bob would freely concede, was the type likely to interfere with a fellow's plans, if not carefully watched. And it was probably just as well that he happened to decide to spend his vacation at Seaview, where he could be around to watch her carefully.

And Seaview, from the bus which was taking him from the station, showed every evidence of being a great place for it. There was, for instance, on the right as they rounded the curve, an elderly gentleman situated in a bevy of bushes, whose spirited flailings and virile snorts left no doubt that golf was being shot. There was a red roadster that slid by them, maneuvered by a girl who yelled "Hi!" There were tennis courts, briskly employed, and a big black horse conveying a lady from the pages of Spur.

Ahead was the hotel, giving an astonishingly authentic imitation of the colored lithograph, with just the right kind of cars parked in the drive and the right sort of people being amused in rehearsed, decorative poses on lawns of a particular green. Beyond was a beach, with great umbrellas like calculated explosions of pigment, and ultrasubversive pajamas and a collection of people sizzling on the sands. And at the very verge of the beach, Bob noted, with satisfaction, an ocean had been appropriately arranged.

Yes, Seaview was emphatically a spot, and Bob was going to get a kick out of every minute of it. Certainly he wasn't going to have his vacation curdled by thinking about what had happened yesterday.

After all, he, Robert, must have seemed pretty darned callow, sitting there on the rim of his chair, snapping his arms and legs around and telling the president of a big agency how he'd landed a half-million-dollar advertising account.

Polly Had Said, "Oh, I Know What Let's. Let's Hold Hands!"

Still, Dawes might have been a little human about it. That crack about the golf grounds was really brutal business. Golf grounds!

"When next you encounter," Mr. Dawes had said—"not necessarily upon the golf grounds—some individual who appears to be worth cultivating, Mr. Wentworth, take us a little into your confidence. Before spending your—I might even say our—time in boning up an advertising plan, as I believe you phrased it, consider the possibility that I or one of the other principals might possibly have something constructive to suggest."

And poor Bob, with his hopes tumbling about him like a structure of Arab acrobats, had groped his way to the office of his friend, the copy chief, for an explanation.

"Remember you're just a young fellow, young fella," Graham had said, "and you're probably the umteenth young fella who has gone to the boss all steamed up about the advertising possibilities for Downer's Varnish. The boss becomes ennuied."

"But what's the dope?" Bob asked. "Downer certainly ought to advertise. One of the oldest firms in the business. And young competitors simply swiping their market. Franklin, the sales manager—I met him on the golf grounds, as cheery old Dawes put it—started talking advertising himself, soon as he found out I was with an agency. And I did work up a pretty swell plan—new appeal—if I do say it myself. Franklin certainly seemed interested when I discussed it. Seemed to be sold, I tell you."

"Sure he is, Bobby. But your pal, Franklin, is only the sales manager. And there's a joker, Bobby. A joker in the form of a little old lady who hasn't a thing to keep the wolf from the door except a matter of some 50 per cent of the Downer stock. A little, old, aged, ancient lady who has herself wheeled into every directors' meeting just to vote against advertising."

"But what for?"

"Lord knows. Just for the octogenarian hell of it, I guess. Anyway, everybody knows it's a fact. Even the office boy. Even the vice presidents. Everybody, probably, in the whole rummy advertising business but you, my good man."

Still, Bob thought, there wasn't any excuse for rubbing it in the way Dawes had done—without any explanation—even if he had made a hundred-proof chump of himself. Whenever he thought about Dawes, Bob's jaw stuck out. And the more he thought the more it protruded. And this was a very bad sign in young Mr. Wentworth. For when Robert's jaw stuck out he became very heedless and had been known to conduct himself in a manner likely to be deplored in the best sewing circles.

It was this trait that had led to his being named on at least twenty-eight out of a possible six hundred All-American football teams just the fall before. He played pretty conservative football, as a general thing. The trouble was that sometime during almost every game some little attention, well meant, no doubt, but oversolicitous, on the part of the opposition would cause young Mr. Wentworth to mislay his poise. And when this happened, it was his wont and custom to stick out his jaw, grab the ball, and convey it in the most impromptu manner to the other end of the field. Bob usually felt a little sheepish afterward. But there you were.

Trouble was, in this case, that you couldn't clamber about on folks. It simply wasn't done in the advertising business. And especially to presidents of big agencies named Dawes that you were working for. About the only chance Bob would have to get even would be to knock off some big advertising account. And that he could start doing two weeks from Monday—on the company's time. And until then he'd get this animal Dawes out of his mind.

So Bob, casting about for something else to occupy it, strangely enough happened to think about the Drake girl. All right then; he'd think about the Drake girl, and nobody could stop him. He'd think, right now, about the time he met her, two weeks before, at the Baileys' dance for their goofy daughter.

He had been standing in the line, bored just about bald, when suddenly a herd of stags galloped out on the floor and seemed to converge, as one man, upon something in blue who changed partners with every off beat of the traps.

"Why the charge of the tight brigade?" he had asked Perry Stokes.

"Why, it's Polly Drake!" Perry had answered. "She's just come."

Bob had heard of Polly Drake, of course, ever since he had come to town. It was Polly did this, and Polly said that, and Polly was abroad now ——

Bob had decided long ago that he was slightly too sophisticated for the village-belle type. And then, somehow, he found himself dancing with her.

"So you're the village queen," he said.

"How could you tell," Polly answered, "when I haven't got my a-cor-deen?"

And then someone tapped. But before he had released her, she had done things with her eyes. And a little while later, after looking for himself high and low, he finally found himself dancing with Polly again. And the music was very sultry, and before he could think of anything particularly startling to say, Polly had looked at him again, and murmured, "I just adore All-Americans."

"I'll take your application," said Bob.

And then someone tapped, and tapped again, and finally practically beat his back off.

A little while later, somehow, they were sitting in Bob's roadster, talking of this and that, and love. And Bob had arrived at the point in his most successful line where he always fell silent and moodily lighted a cigarette. This was the cue, if the girl knew her onions, to fall silent, too, look up at him and sigh, kind of, so things could move smoothly on from there. But this Polly hadn't seemed to get it. She looked up at him all right, but instead of sighing, kind of, she said brightly, "Gimme one."

So Bob had lighted it for her and started all over again. This time he omitted the cigarette when he came to the silent part and sneaked carefully up on her hand. But before he could do anything about it, Polly had said, "Oh, I know what let's. Let's hold hands!"

And that certainly soured that.

"Look here," Bob had said. "How do you suppose it would look if somebody came along here and saw we weren't necking?"

And Polly had laughed, "Oh, let's be unconventional. I love to. If people only knew how many men I hadn't played post office with, my reputation would be sunk."

"But I don't want to be one of the many to you," Bob had answered, and felt that that was pretty good for the spur of the moment. "Please."

And this improbable girl hadn't even struggled when he put his arms around her. She had just looked at him with those eyes again, and said, "Oh, you great big rugged thing."

Bob had had to laugh. And Polly laughed too.

Then there came to be, quite suddenly, something very special about this night. A special kind of stillness, through which the music drifted to them like a faint far fragrance. From another car there was a murmur and a silence and a low, sweet laugh that was all a part of this disturbing, hushed expectancy—as if the pulse of night was throbbing out a message they must be very quiet to receive. And then, in a minute, or an hour, and from another world, some animal had loped down the drive, yelling, "Polly! Poll-e-e-e-e! Come out of those shrubs! It's my dance!"

Bob didn't see her again. And when he phoned next day he'd been told that she and an aunt, he'd gathered, had departed for Seaview.

Bob arrived at the hotel with just time to unpack before dinner. He didn't see Polly in the lobby when he descended, so he put himself into the hands of the head waiter, who, after consulting a list, led him to a table where sat an elderly lady with young eyes, an intricate complexion and a marvelous white coiffure. This personage took advantage of the head waiter's presence to express unqualified disapproval of an entrée, and his stealthy departure during a lull, did not at all restrict the flow of her narration.

"The food, young man," she said to Bob, "is simply incredible. Such dishes could be only the resentful concoctions of an embittered soul. Under no circumstances order this guinea hen."

"Guinea hen," repeated Bob, who was trying to give a polite ear to the lady and an interested eye to the menu, and came to just as the waiter was about to depart. "I mean anything but guinea hen. Some of this and some potatoes or something."

"I can't imagine why I submit to such a place," went on the lady. "The beds are travesties—brutal travesties. The rooms have all the spacious luxury of an upper berth, and the service is simply cynical. There is no other word for it! And yet I remain here, suffering indignities and extortion, all for the sake of a brusque and giddy niece whom I encounter only on the most infrequent and casual occasions. . . . Do you play bridge, young man?"

"Yes," yessed Bob.

"I suppose you are a follower of Work?"

"Right on its heels," muttered the harassed young man.

"About this four-card-suit bid in the original—— There she is now."

And there she was! Polly Drake, snapping them to attention as she came down the room, with the head waiter putting that extra touch into his stuff as he preceded her, and the other girl being just the other girl as she accompanied her, and the cloud of suitors being ubiquitous and inevitable as they brought up the rear. On down the room where she turned to waggle a hand at her aunt while the head waiter and the youths scuffled about her chair.

"The one in red," said Polly's aunt. "How unselfish of her to wave at me. I treasure those little evidences of affection. Only this morning the sweetest thing happened. I went into her room and said, 'Polly, dear, shall I have your breakfast sent up?' and the darling, without even opening her eyes, answered, 'Pull down that blind, will you?' The News pays a dollar for cute sayings like that."

"I know her," said Bob.

"Not like I do," said her aunt.

"I mean, I've met her."

"Not too difficult a feat. The rapidity with which ——"

"At a dance," said Bob.

"You could hardly have failed to," answered the lady without enthusiasm. "But about this four-card-suit bid in the original—if you like, we shall have an opportunity of testing the soundness of the theory this evening. My niece has consented to forgo her amours for an hour or so, and I am sure you are the sensible type who would prefer a rubber

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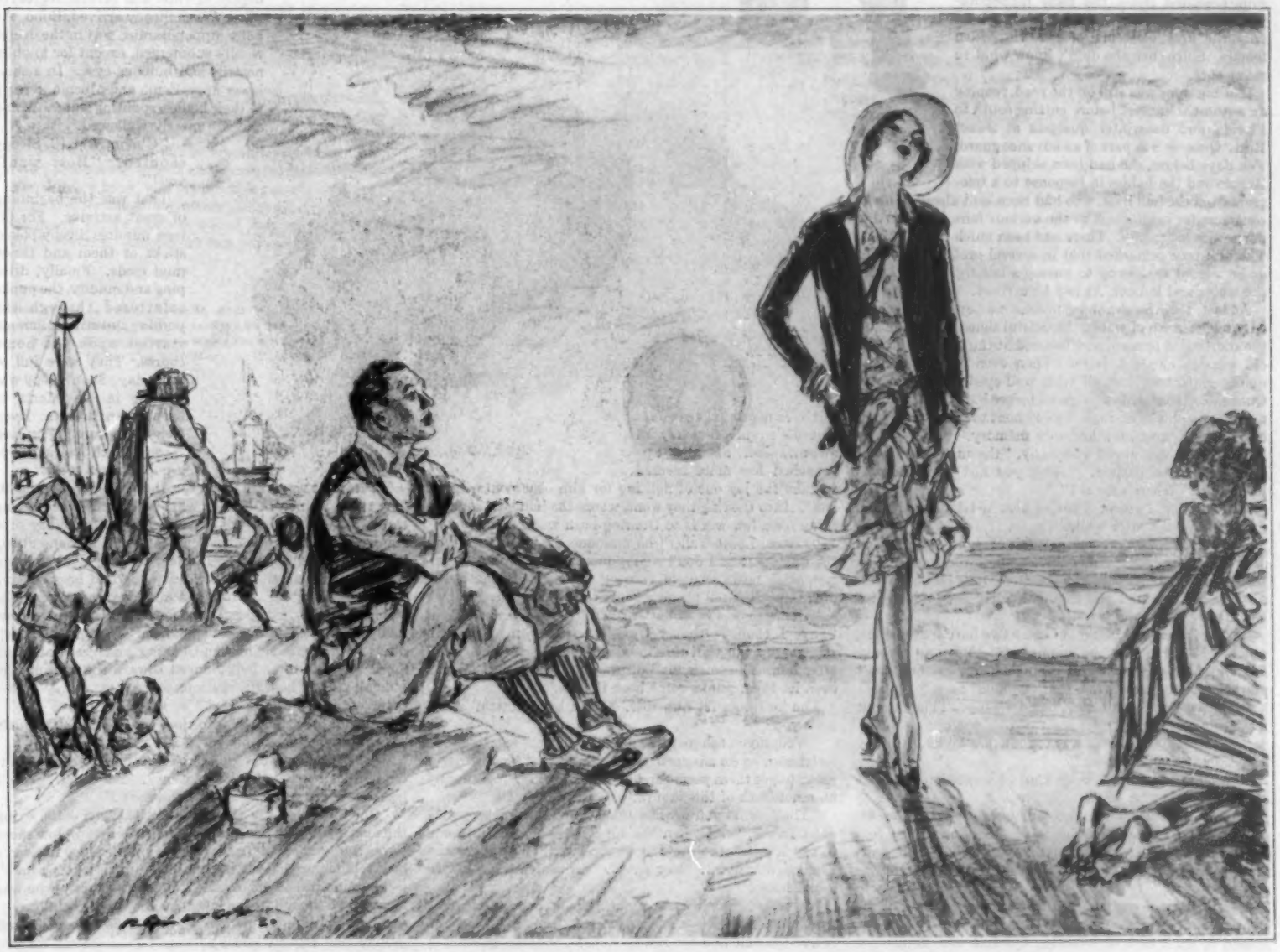

But She Didn't See Him, for She Was Walking By With Her Head in the Air, Humming "Frankie and Johnnie"

THE MUD CURE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

QUEENIE always had been a lowly bull, in spite of elephantine traits which should have made her outstanding. She was huge, for one thing; far larger than the ill-tempered, bullying Romeo who was her mate. She was willing and eager and quick to learn. At the present moment she was also thoroughly miserable. Romeo had just swung on her with a blow of his trunk that had knocked her owl-eyed.

After the turmoil of attack was over, the boss elephant man sent his assistant, Sleepy, for a bucket of water and a bottle of iodine. There was a cut over Queenie's right eye and bruises about her mouth. Then, hands on hips and cap pulled low, he stood before her in an attitude of prime disgust.

"So," he said acridly, "you'd cause me all this trouble for a measly mouthful of hay!"

Naturally Queenie made no answer, except a doleful chirrup. Her head was low and the curl gone from her trunk. Queenie didn't know why she had refused to submit when Romeo had attempted to yank a hunk of fodder out of her trunk. She never had done a thing like this before.

So many things were different lately. There were queer ravages of fear which she never before had experienced, incessant watchfulness and irritation, slow-burning excitement. She couldn't diagnose them. She only knew they had been growing ever since the beginning of rehearsals for a new act called The Happy Family, in which five babies also took part: Eenie, Meenie, Minie and Mo—the four twins of the Grand Amalgamated Baby Elephant Herd—together with slow-witted, square-headed Bobo, the baby hippopotamus. Until that time Queenie's life had been only the drab existence of a downtrodden female. Since then she didn't know what to make of it.

The big show was still on the road, reaping an autumnal harvest before cutting south to Florida and its winter quarters at Sweet Rest. Queenie was part of an advance guard. Ten days before, she had been shipped with Romeo and the babies in response to a telegram from the bull boss, who had been sent ahead to make contracts for exhibitions at the various fairs, thus cutting down winter expense. There had been much trouble since. The bull boss remarked that in several profane languages as he waited for Sleepy to pursue a lethargic return with the water and iodine. At last he arrived.

At last, too, the swabbing process was over, carried out only to the swish of water, the doleful sighs of Queenie and the snorting of Romeo, now fettered at the other end of the old wooden elephant barn. Then even Romeo became quiet, contenting himself with wall-eyed dirty looks at Queenie or the guards who paced before him. The bull boss tossed away his swab rags. Sleepy bent to pick up his pail, only to halt, open-mouthed with memory.

"Say," he announced vacuously, "the supe's in town."

The bull boss gasped. "Ain't you fast with your information? Where's he at?"

"Downtown, I guess. That's where he telephoned from. Said he'd be out after while."

It was disconcerting news. This was no time for an ancient enemy like the menagerie superintendent to view the unhappy events of winter quarters. The bull boss took a dizzy turn around the elephant barn, then snapped a command.

"Well, guess we'd better get these two battlers together, quick. Like nothing had happened." Then to Sleepy: "Bring them punks in and chain 'em up, so they can't start no rough-house while that guy's out here."

"Oh, the punks ain't here," said Sleepy. "They're out at the mudhole."

"The mudhole?" This was too much. "Who said they could go to the mudhole?"

"Well, nobody. But they kind of wanted to go, so I opened the gate for 'em."

"You would!" Then the bull boss grew belligerent. "Well, you just double-quick it out there and bring 'em back. Think I want 'em spread all over the landscape with the supe here? Get movin'," he snapped. "Are you cemented down?"

Sleepy gawked and shuffled away. The head elephant man swung an arm to new commands, and assistants leaped to their task of reuniting Queenie and Romeo for another turn in the training ring. It was accomplished with comparative ease. Queenie's quivering cry of submission as she approached her mate seemed to take the joy out of fighting for him—momentarily, at least. Into the ring they went, where the bull boss squared away for a few words to the ring-barn watchman.

Even Bobo Was Running at Top Speed, Mouth Open and Eyes A-Pop. It Was Great Fun

"Listen, Loose Talk!" he announced. "The supe's on the way out, and I don't want you making no volunteer information bureau out of yourself. If he asks you, that's different. Just tell him it's going to be a swell act."

"Going to be a swell battle royal," gibed the watchman. "Say, I thought that baby hippo was going to climb straight up the wall this morning when ole Romeo took after him. Queenie's kind of nuts, too, ain't she? Won't even let them punks come near Romeo."

The bull boss let him ride. "You been noticin' a lot, ain't you?"

"Well, if you ask me, I've noticed plenty," answered the watchman as he snapped his suspenders. "You're never going to get them punks and old bulls working together by no nineteenth of this month."

"That's what you say now," answered the bull boss with quiet fervor, "but when the supe shows up you're going to say it's just the same as in the bag. You understand English, don't you?" he queried. "Or shall I tell you with a bull hook?"

After that there was heavy and silent coöperation. The watchman moved out entirely. Into the ring went the cowed Queenie and the rowdy Romeo, to the beginning of an ordinary elephant routine. While this went on, Sleepy ambled far afield, toward the very edge of the heavy jungle of palmetto, cypress and tangled vine growths which fringed the horse pastures of the Grand Amalgamated's winter quarters. There lay the mudhole.

Indeed, it was more than a mudhole. A jutting arm of swamp, with deep water on three sides and a shallows on the fourth, it formed for the five babies a swimming pool, jousting arena, playground, mud pot and a little bit of heaven. There was a sward on the jungle side, for snoozing and mud baking in the sun. There were a dozen depths of water and several degrees of mire. When Sleepy arrived, Bobo, the baby hippopotamus, was in the deeps, wholly submerged, except for knobby nostrils and bulbous eyes. In a shallower area, Eenie and Meenie were up to their bellies, spouting water. Minie and Mo merely wallowed.

"C'mon, kids!" Sleepy shouted. "Boss wants you!"

That was the beginning of great activity. For fifteen minutes Sleepy poked sticks at them and threw mud clods. Finally, dripping and muddy, the punks splattered through the puddle, and still frolicking, started upon the home course. They were full of fire today. Soon Sleepy was panting in his efforts to keep pace with them. Even Bobo was running at top speed, mouth open and eyes a-pop. It was great fun.

Back in the ring barn, however, there was no enjoyment. The surly Romeo and his downtrodden mate were going through their part of the act with all the geniality of a shipwreck. There wasn't much that could be done about it; without the punks the routine was sadly lacking, like a short-cast rehearsal. But suddenly the bull boss became extremely energetic, shouting commands and forcing the elephants to harried speed. The menagerie superintendent had just strolled within the ring barn. They greeted each other with extravagant handshaking and great acclaim. Then the superintendent glanced toward the waiting elephants, tightly held by cautious assistants.

"Well, how's the big act?" he asked.

The bull boss slouched into close confidence. "Couldn't ask no better," he admitted. "It's a knock-out."

"Ain't that great?" answered the menagerie superintendent. "I'll tell that to the boys. You know, there's been some dirty cracks around the show."

"Oh, they has, has they?" asked the bull boss, eying the menagerie superintendent from his bright yellow shoes to his last year's straw hat. "I guess some lousy fathead's been telling the Old Man he can train animals better'n me?"

The superintendent blinked. He knew exactly who was meant by a lousy fathead. But he answered genially:

"Yeh, you know how it is. The word's kind of passed around that regular circus acts ain't good enough for you no more, and that you've gone in for elephant drameys."

"So I've gone in for drameys, have I? Listen, I'll tell you what I've gone in for—somethin' that some guys I know ain't got. Brains! The guy at the booking office says he wants something new. I suppose I should fold right up and tell him there ain't nothing new. Know what I do? I knock him for a row of elephant tubs with The Happy Family."

"That's the act, is it?"

"You ain't never seen a better one," scorned the bull boss. "It's got brains behind it. I take two regular circus routines—one for the big bulls and one for the punks. I mix 'em up, see? I put a pair of overalls on Romeo for the papa, and a pink skirt on Queenie for the mamma. Then I put dunce caps on all the punks. I put the big bulls up on the tubs and make the punks go through their act. Then Romeo and Queenie come down and the punks do a roundabout under their bellies. Finally I work a bunch of routine numbers all together, and then, at the finish, run in between Romeo and Queenie with five Maypole strings on a stick. Eenie and Meenie take two on one side, Minie and Mo take two on the other, and Bobo, the baby hippo, leads off the grand exit with the longest one hooked to his back. If that don't panic the customers, there ain't no justice."

"Suppose it don't work?" asked the superintendent.

"Me with a cracked lip," bantered the bull boss, "and you spring that!" He had raised his voice considerably; strange noises had sounded from the near distance.

"Well, it's an awful good idea. But I was just wondering." He glanced toward the outer door. Somewhere Sleepy was yelling vociferously. "Old bulls and punks don't hitch up sometimes."

"There goes my lip!" answered his adversary, raising a hand to cover an imaginary guffaw. "Say, you'd think they was father and mother an' five babies. Why ——"

"Head off them punks!" came the wild voice of Sleepy from the big door. "Gangway!"

The menagerie superintendent scrambled for a hay ladder. The bull boss shouted and assistants ran for their hooks. In came the punks, Bobo in the lead. For an instant they piled up in the narrow door, only to unscramble again. Then, mud-smeared, squealing, they continued their charge, speeding on for another twenty feet before the double blast of giant trunks should send them into a wide-legged skid.

Instantly, Romeo lowered his head and swung forward, while shouting men strove vainly to halt him. But before he could reach the edge of the ring, Queenie had preceded him, head down, butting punks precipitately before her. There were squeals and grunts and bawling outcries. Bobo, half over the ring bank, lost his tractive powers and hung there for a horrible instant, his peglike legs swimming, before Queenie tossed him into scrambling freedom. Around the ring barn went the punks in wild circles, at last to hit the door again and crash the gate beyond for a return to the mudhole. Then four men took a ride on Romeo's ears, two more hooked into the snorting, quivering Queenie, and led them away to the picket line. The menagerie superintendent came down from the hayloft.

"The Happy Family!" he announced with a wide smirk, and reached for a cigar.

The bull boss fenced desperately. "You know how it is," he said. "Full of life an' everything."

"Yeh?" asked the superintendent. "I know how it's going to be if you ever let that madhouse loose on a fair grounds. So all it takes is brains!"

"You ought to know; you ain't got none."

"Oh, no?" The superintendent lit his cigar with the air of a plutocrat. "I got enough to let you go hang yourself. You're the guy that knows all about fair acts, ain't you?"

"I don't see you showin' 'em nothing."

"I ain't had time yet." He walked toward the door, standing for a long moment in contemplation of the broken gate leading to the pasture and the mudhole. "But watch me about the nineteenth, when the Old Man needs a life-saver act to save his fair contracts. In place of The Happy Family."

Then, with a guffaw, he walked away, while the bull boss stared and muttered in the dim light of the ring barn. So that had been the reason the menagerie superintendent had suggested that the bull boss go to Miami to make those contracts!

He saw so much now. For one thing, he understood exactly why the general fair secretary had insisted upon a guaranty clause in that contract, and why he had seemingly been so anxious for a new act. He remembered now that the general fair secretary and the menagerie superintendent had spent much time together in previous years. Then, too, there was the matter of Queenie and Romeo; evidently the menagerie superintendent had tried out the whole herd to pick the two elephants least amenable to the association of punks.

There was nothing left now but desperate things. When at last the enemy had driven away, the head elephant man sent out a rescue crew for the gang at the mudhole, and shuffled Queenie and Romeo in from the elephant house for another effort at training. It didn't work.

Something was wrong with Queenie. Even Romeo was calmer than she; like a home-run artist, he merely took his stance beside an elephant tub, blasting defiance and flexing his trunk in readiness to bat out any and all comers. But Queenie was more restive. She heard the commands of the bull boss only intuitively; her every consciousness was on the punks, particularly the baby hippopotamus. Bobo was a friendly soul and slow on his feet; he insisted on waddling into a position directly in front of the sulking Romeo and blinking up at him in a dull-brained effort to discern the cause of his anger. But before Romeo could swing on him, Queenie would lash forward, squealing with anger, and swat him, squawking, out of the way. As the morning progressed her interference grew worse; the punks were in a constant turmoil.

"I wonder is she jealous?" asked Sleepy vaguely.

"I wonder what difference it makes?" asked the bull boss. His head had begun to ache and his eyes were heavy. "Go get a couple of gunny sacks. We'll see what a blindfold will do."

They wrapped it over Queenie's good eye and her sad one, and led her back to her elephant tub. The punks were herded forward for their entrance to the ring. It was merely a march around the circle, but it got no farther than Bobo's approach to the watchful Romeo. The male flapped his ears angrily. He trumpeted, and in that instant Queenie came off her elephant tub, dragging two assistants with her.

She worked wholly by instinct, but she accomplished her purpose. She rammed Bobo, knocking him over the ring curb; she padded wildly in the direction of the scattering four twins; she circled blindly, her trunk in the air, and bumped into Romeo. Instantly the male leaped to action. The punks went out the door unnoticed and pursued a fevered return to the mudhole, while Queenie bawled her pain and the reserve assistants danced wildly at the ends of their bull hooks before they finally dragged Romeo back to the barn and his stake chain. Again the bull boss ordered water and iodine. Queenie was considerably mussed up.

What it was all about, she did not know. Back at the picket line, again cowering beside her bullying mate, she blinked and stared, or wound her trunk loosely about a wisp of hay—only to glance dolorously at her elephantine master and drop it again. At last, squealing and grunting, the punks were shuffled in, and her manner changed. She stiffened her trunk and a rasping scold came from her throat. But she didn't know why.

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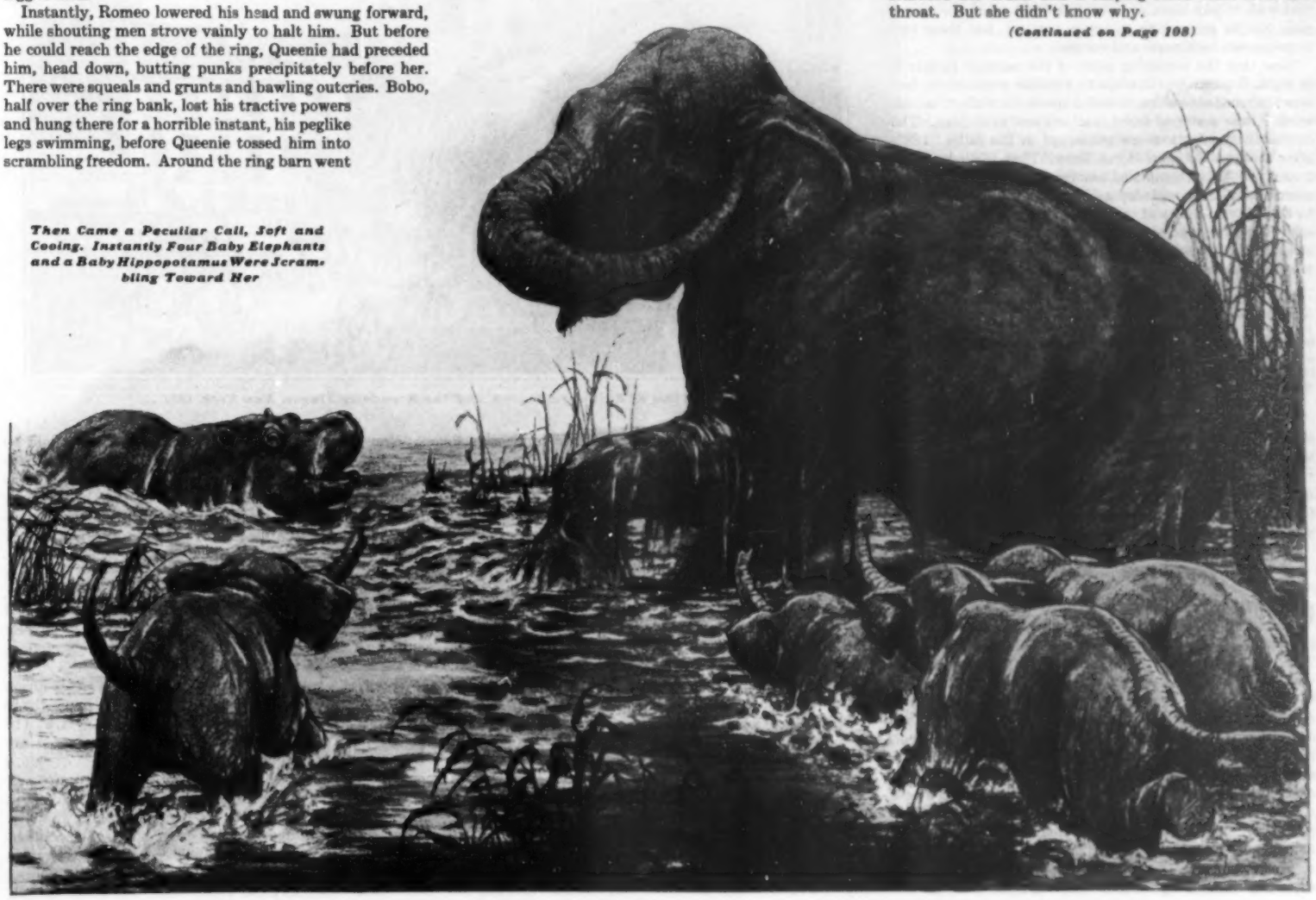


Then Came a Peculiar Call, Soft and Cooing. Instantly Four Baby Elephants and a Baby Hippopotamus Were Scrambling Toward Her

CITY HORSES—By Boyden Sparkes

HOOF beats on the Avenue! The sound is an anomaly in the orchestration of traffic sounds. The ears of the multitude on the sidewalks are filled with the clamor of thousands of automobile engines—some that purr, some that throb and some that clank; warnings strident, raucous and shrill can be distinguished, and always there is an overtone caused by the circular kissing of rubber tires and asphalt. Strangely, none of this is consciously heard by the living units in the traffic river. All that they hear is the unusual, the anachronous slap of eight rubber hoof pads striking the street with hackney exaggeration.

The black brougham that rolls behind these two sleek and iridescent bays catches many eyes. For some the horse-drawn vehicle is comic; for others it is dramatic. It is dramatic for those who remember the vanished pageant behind which it straggles defiantly in the year 1930.

There are only two left, and for them Fifth Avenue is a private corridor. Others that may appear will have as little claim to authenticity as a department-store copy of a Colonial piece of furniture. These two are genuine. The Thoroughbred teams, each coachman and groom in pink-topped boots, the vehicles and the elderly female enigmas who ride within are a living part of the past. Any that seek to join them or to replace them when they have gone will be pretending as actors pretend, but these two turnouts are legitimate and correct.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Familiar Character in the Plaza District

Now that the vanishing point of the carriage parade is in sight, it seems worth while to consider some of the factors that made it such a splendid spectacle while it lasted, when it was a sort of free-for-all contest in display. The contest began forty-seven years ago in the fall of 1883, after the first National Horse Show. That 1883 show was a cause of bitter complaint among those natives who resented what they regarded as an attitude of subservience to English manners and customs. This was an offense not easily forgiven, and the newspapers printed many words, of which the following, from the Times of October 27, 1883, is a precious sample:

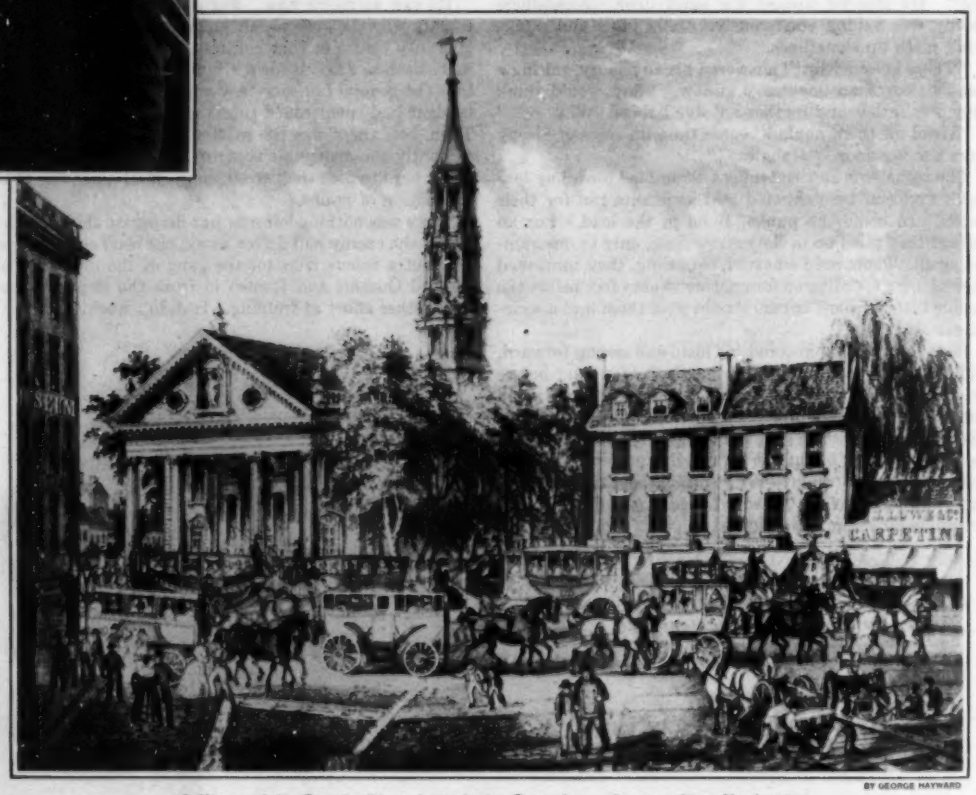
> The most glaring error has been an attempt to introduce the Anglomania, which pervades certain circles here, and, fortunately, has no existence outside the city among horse owners and breeders. . . . The management was unfortunate in selecting as the judge of the brougham, coaching and carriage Col. Delancey A. Kane, the acknowledged representative of the ultra Anglomania in horses.

Ten thousand persons saw the close of that first horse show, and the effect of the judges' decisions was to last while there were horses and carriages in the city. Not only English horses but English manners, English, or Irish, coachmen and grooms and other appointments were by that act given priority in a rich market. The demand extended into other cities.

Diamonds Banished to the Basement

GENERAL GRANT had attended that show, wearing an exhibitor's badge. The horses he showed were a pair of Arabs that had been given to him by the Sultan of Turkey. One of these was Lindentree, a gray stallion, fifteen hands high, of the breed which the Arabs call El Horr. He had an astounding width of forehead, a liquid eye, a finely cut muzzle and a neck magnificently arched. Among other exhibitors were William H. Vanderbilt, James R. Keene and Griswold Lorillard. W P. Douglass' coach rumbled about the tanbark ellipse, drawn by Roy and Rob, Dandy and Donald. There were several classes for children's pets that brought into view a variety of donkeys, Syrian asses and other long-eared creatures panoplied with velvet housings and tinkling bells. There were numerous ponies. Several times each day there was an exhibition of speedy harnessing by various crack companies of the fire department. Engine Company No. 24 hitched and started into the arena in less than two seconds after the sounding of an alarm bell, and other companies did nearly as well. Once, though, when the horses rebelled, Gilmore's Band slyly altered the musical program to play Dear, Dear, What Can the Matter Be. Miss Melluish, one of three equestriennes from abroad whose beauty overcame the rather common complaints about English ideas of horsemanship, rode in once just to display an elegant Moorish saddle covered with green velvet trimmed with gold, her tiny feet thrust into coal-scuttle stirrups of silver.

The second show was held the following spring, the only occasion in its history when this event was cast in another season than the fall. President Chester A. Arthur came from Washington to attend, accompanied by Gen. Phil Sheridan, Secretary Teller and Attorney-General Brewster.



BY GEORGE HAYWARD

A View of St. Paul's Church and the Broadway Stages, New York, 1831

By 1885 the National Horse Show was well established as an event of society. In Mr. Vanderbilt's box sat a lady whose dress fitted her, according to a reporter, like a glove. Henry L. Grant, in a road gig, exhibited his mare, Kitty, who wore in each rosette at the ends of the brow band thousand-dollar diamonds "as large as filberts," according to The Sun. The mare's jewelry did not dazzle the judges. One of them banished Kitty to the downstairs stalls with a gesture of a hand incased in a glove the color of terra cotta.

At the next year's show, if you had kept your eyes on the tanbark, you would have seen W. E. D. Stokes' tandem team, Devil and Duke, black geldings, win a first. If you were more interested in people than in horses you might have seen what happened not far from the boxes occupied by Perry and August Belmont and Mr. and Mrs. Prescot Lawrence. In the promenade between boxes and rail, Mrs. Lillie Langtry was leaning on the arm of Ed Gilmore. Frederick Gebhard approached. Instead of stopping, he bowed coldly and passed on. Mrs. Langtry sent Gilmore after Gebhard, and when he reported failure to the Jersey Lily, with the further comment that Gebhard had left the building, she hurried away in pursuit to adjust the matter herself.

Soon afterward all the eyes that had witnessed this scene were focused on a trial of road horses in single wagons. Half a dozen upright posts, seven feet apart, had been placed in the tanbark. The drivers were required to guide their spirited animals on a course that wove in and out of those posts without so much as even scratching a bit of vermilion paint. Theodore A. Havemeyer's driver, William A. Matthews, succeeded best in that contest and won a prize for himself. Francis T. Underhill's carriage horses, Fairy and Goblin, driven by the owner's coachman, soon afterward won a first over the Havemeyer team, Aristocrat and Helpmate.

Riding With a Vanderbilt

IN THAT year, 1886, the effect of four years of the National Horse Show had worked a change in the character of the horses that drew New York carriages; it had changed as well the coachmen and grooms. No longer was a mere hired man good enough for such a job.

"You were broke the same as a horse," I was told by John Ryan, who, in 1886, newly landed from Ireland, entered the proud caste of rich men's coachmen by way of the stables of Cornelius Vanderbilt. "Yes, sir, that was my first horse job in this country, with old Cornelius Vanderbilt. The one that's General Vanderbilt now was a boy then, with shoe-button eyes, riding around on a bicycle.

"John Doyle was the coachman. You spell it D-o-y-l-e, not D-i-a-l, as I say it. I started in the stable as a groom, cleaning harness, washing and dusting carriages. They had to be spick-and-span when Doyle came around, or he'd hit you over the head with something. He was a fine fellow, very strict, who wouldn't make free with anybody.

"The stable was in Fifty-eighth Street between Madison and Park, on the south side of the street. We had eight to ten horses in the winter, but in summer at Newport, at The Breakers, we'd have about twenty-five, and when I say 'horse,' though I pronounce it with an *a* instead of an *o*, I mean horse. Blooded animals every one, of course.

"I never rode on the box with the Vanderbilts, except at Newport to the races, when we had guests from the city. We all had livery and uniform stable suits. The Vanderbilt livery was maroon with white breeches. The brougham was maroon, too, with red pencil stripes. Boots, of course, were black, with pink tops. There was no cockade on the hat.

"The old Vanderbilt would drive himself mornings in a dog cart, sitting back to back with a second man. I've been that second man, and the instant he stopped, you'd jump down and take the horse's head. Starting the instant he had the lines, you'd have to be up on your seat, or he'd go off without you. At the best, he'd be going while you were getting on. 'Twas adventure to be riding in America with a Vanderbilt.

"If you rode as footman in them days, the instant the brougham stopped, you must be down off the box, run around to the rear so as not to frighten the horses. You opened the door and took the carriage robe, being careful to keep your head turned so as not to breathe on the lady. You wouldn't go grab her then, like I've seen chauffeurs do, but you'd put your hand out stiffly and if she wanted assistance she'd lay her hand on your arm.

"In them days, during summer, sometimes at night the stable was cleared out for a dance. Mr. and Mrs. would come down and look things over. Maybe they'd enter the grand march. Plenty of stuff would be sent down from the big house. Nearly every night there was a racket to go to when there was no work to be done.

"You couldn't go to a school a few nights in them days and get a license, as you can now, for an auto. It took years to be a coachman. To be a coachman you had to know things. You weren't really a coachman till you could take a horse's temperature by putting your hand in its mouth, like John Doyle could do."

Losing a Race and Three Hundred Dollars

"ONCE a vet was called to see a lame horse when Doyle was away. 'It's his ankle that's twisted,' said the vet. Then Doyle came in. 'The horse is standing on his toe,' he said. 'It's something in his hoof.' He took the shoe off, explored with a knife and found a nail, which he took out with pincers. Then he washed out the hole with spirits of salts. They got a new name for it now, though it's the same stuff when you call it muriatic acid. When we called a vet it was out of friendship. Many a vet, when he was puzzled, would ask a coachman to look at an ailing horse.

"The most of the coachmen were Irish, Scotch-Irish or English, with the Irish in a majority, but all things were done in an English manner. It was John Doyle who got me my place as a coachman with Theodore W. Myers. He was a banker and broker and Comptroller of New York City. I used to ride in them days. Would you think it now that forty years ago I weighed but a hundred pounds? I rode Tormenter, a Myers horse.

"In one race, neck and neck was a gentleman polo rider I won't name to you. 'Three hundred to you if you lose, Ryan,' he said. I kept riding, and then, through no fault of mine, the horse tripped and the gentleman polo rider came in first. 'How about that three hundred?' I said to him. 'You can go to hell, Ryan,' he said. Afterward, at Staten Island, I brought Tormenter in first, but we'd lost ten pounds of lead out of the saddle, and because we came in light we lost the race.

"They had a gray and a chestnut in the carriage team when I went with them. When that gray knew Mrs. Myers was in the carriage, he would not pull a pound. She wouldn't let you hit him and he knew it. Afterward it was a team of bays that ran away with her. They were green horses, and once the elevated train had frightened them. That was near the stable and she was not inside. One reared and came down on the pole, cracking it. I put a foot on each rump until I could stop them, which was not for several blocks. The next time they ran away she was inside. The horses had grown cold while she was visiting her sister, in Fifth Avenue near Seventy-second Street. When those bays heard the door slam they wanted to get home. They ran from Seventy-second Street to Fifty-ninth. After that I put the reins from plain cheek to lower bar, and I could hold them. While I did it, Mrs. Myers was leaning out of the brougham telling me I'd saved her life."

A Fashionable Four-in-Hand Passing the Vanderbilt Mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York City

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

Sight-Seeing in New York City Twenty Years Ago

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

Winter Recreation in Central Park at the Turn of the Century

Beau Brummell on the Box

"AFTER eight years with Comptroller Myers I went to Mrs. Margaret Plant, the stepmother of Morton Plant. I was there twenty years, though she was held hard to please and had had five or six coachmen in a short while before I went with her. I think that was when the carriage parade was finest. People used to sit for hours and hours just watching the horses and turnouts going in and out of the park.

"Mrs. Plant was in 586 Fifth Avenue, across the street from Helen Gould. You would go for orders to the mistress every morning at nine, Sundays and all. She'd say: 'I want nothing today,' or, 'Come at three, weather permitting,' or whatever she had on her mind. When she did come out you touched your hat with your finger and there'd be no word from you, but she would examine you from head to foot when she came down the steps. 'Your hat doesn't look so good,' she might say. 'Take it to the cleaners' tomorrow and have it ironed.' Or maybe she'd look twice, and hard the second time, and you'd have to guess what was wrong with you.

"I wore a low-crowned black silk hat summer and winter. Summers my coat was blue broadcloth with silver buttons. The starched white collar lay flat to the coat collar, and there was a white puff tie which had an extra virtue in that it concealed your shirt. Spring and fall the breeches were white buckskin, and cost twenty dollars a pair. The breeches of stockinet for summer cost twelve dollars. Boots, patent leather, tops included, cost twenty-five dollars. The five inch of pink top was detachable and had to be treated with a dressing from England. Fawn gloves for summer were five dollars, and the fur ones for winter cost thirty. The winter overcoat of heavy blue broadcloth with astrakhan collar and military frogs cost one hundred and forty dollars. A coachman's pay was seventy-five dollars a month, and a second man got fifty or sixty.

"It was the custom of most coachmen to part their hair at the back, brushing it forward toward their ears. We did not read newspapers or gossip with one another in front of stores, like the chauffeurs today. We did not smoke or chew or relax at all; and if we

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THE RED FLAG

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

DANTON LAUGHS

IT WAS a pleasant evening in the late autumn of 1788. At the overhanging street corners of that picturesque old Paris of the left bank, the bracketed oil lamps were being lit, yet ineffectual in the hardly commenced dusk. Vigorously huge of frame, corpulent for his twenty-nine years, he towered immensely amid the young men with whom he walked, laughing with that stentor-lunged, exuberantly boisterous mirth characteristic of him, in uproarious enjoyment of his own joke. He had labeled Marie Antoinette "*Madame l'autre chienne*" in coarse play upon her derisively popular designation as "*l'Autrichienne.*" People turned to stare at that big-headed, formidable ugliness of feature, pitted with smallpox and deformed from infancy by those twofold injuries from infuriated bulls which had permanently retracted his upper lip and smashed his nose upon his face. Their curiosity flattered him while he affected to ignore it. It was pleasant to imagine them whispering to one another: "That is young Monsieur d'Anton, *avocat ès Conseils du Roy!*"

With these comrades he returned now from the lodge of the *Neuf Sœurs*—the Nine Muses—where Monsieur Bailly, the celebrated philosopher astronomer, had talked magniloquently of liberty, and Monsieur Condorcet, the not less celebrated philosopher inspector of the mint, had wittily ridiculed the corrupt régime that was now evidently at last collapsing to the revolution currently predicted for the past forty years.

He himself, an undistinguished very junior lawyer, had not attempted to speak in the presence of these illustrious men, had merely been the loudest in the enthusiastic applause of the initiates. Now, in the street, amid his equals, he found again his vehement and inexhaustible loquacity, convulsed them with laughter by his audacious sallies.

One of them, Desmoulins, slightly built, with large brilliant eyes in a thin face, a poverty-stricken, utterly briefless advocate but a year junior to himself, although seeming much younger, looked up to him admiringly. The young man stuttered with that nervous impediment of speech which had earned him the nickname of "Monsieur Honhon."

"Jacques, I would—hon-hon—I could—talk like—you. Surely—hon-hon—one day—will you be—famous. While I—hon-hon—shall be always—but a penniless—poor devil."

He laughed complacently. He, Georges Jacques Danton, had done fairly well already since he had come from his native Arcis-sur-Aube in Champagne.

"*Sais-tu, Camille,*" he said, with superb patronage, "the only thing necessary to make a way in the world? Audacity, my friend. Audacity! When eight years ago I arrived in Paris, my sole fortune was the impudence with which I pushed open the door of the worthy Maître Vinot, told him that my script was so atrocious that I could not possibly be a clerk, and asked him to employ me. And now—*me voilà*—a practice of my own, a charming wife, my own fireside!"

He forbore to add that—save for the fifteen thousand livres repaid from the wedding portion of Antoinette Gabrielle Charpentier, daughter of the proprietor of the Café de Parnasse—he still owed entirely for that practice bought on credit for sixty-eight thousand livres net. Nor did he add that, partly thanks to his own joyously careless laziness, clients were so few that without the subsidies of a flattered father-in-law they could not have existed.

"Yes, Jacques," replied young Desmoulins, "but—hon-hon—I am not—like you. I have audacity—only with the pen—in my hand. Were it not—hon-hon—for this cursed—licensing—I would make myself—journalist—but never will I write—save in the cause—hon-hon—of liberty!"

He clapped his great hand encouragingly upon the shoulder of this puny admirer.

"You will have your chance, Camille! I prophesy it! The avalanche approaches. *Mon Dieu,* what opportunities there will be!"

From the Street Below Came the Roar of a Mob, a Wildly Confused Shouting

They arrived outside the Café de Procope, the rendezvous of all these young men turbulently eloquent for liberty and civic virtue. The foremost of the group pushed open the door to a brightly lighted interior, noisy with voices and the click-click of dominoes.

"Come along, d'Anton!" they cried. "A good hot coffee and a game!"

He hesitated. Nothing did he like better than those vociferous arguments over a cup of coffee and the dominoes outspread. But he remembered that he had only a few small coins in his pocket, remembered also that he had faithfully promised Gabrielle to be back for supper. She would surely have something delicious awaiting him, would be so terribly disappointed if, as only too often, he did not appear.

"Not tonight, *les camarades!*" he cried, boisterously masking that difficult resolution. "I have work to do—devil take their old papers, but what would you? *On est avocat!*"

They accepted his excuse, though skeptically, accusing him of an amorous assignation which fatuously he but half denied, marched noisily into the café. He turned to see young Desmoulins, diffidently drawn back, certainly without a sou in his pocket. He put his arm affectionately round the thin, badly clothed youth.

"*Allons, Camille!*" he said. "A plate awaits you also! My Gabrielle is surpassing herself tonight. If ever you marry, *mon vieux,* see that your wife is a good cook! It is the foundation of domestic virtue."

He laughed again, formidably, drew young Desmoulins along with him. For all that, it was a cursed nuisance that he had but those insufficiently few coins in his pocket. He hankered after that joyous company in the café.

Discussing those exciting politics with which all France was now in a ferment—the King had summoned the States-General for next year, had invited his faithful subjects to present *cahiers* of their grievances—they turned into the Rue des Cordeliers. A poor old woman clutched at him, begging. Without counting, he took out those few coins, gave them to her.

"*Voilà, ma mère,*" he said magnificently. "'Tis all I have. Thus does d'Anton yield to the greater need of honest poverty."

Voluble blessings followed him. Young Desmoulins looked at him with large shining eyes.

"Jacques," he said, in humble admiration, "you are the most virtuous of men!"

They arrived at a dark archway, leading into the long Cour du Commerce, turned under it. At the first house—No. 1 Cour du Commerce—they stopped. A dim oil lamp illumined a name plate: M. d'Anton. Avocat ès Conseils. He glanced at it with a naïve pride, as always he did. A good idea had been that usurpation of nobility denoted by the particle. It gave him consideration in the quarter; perhaps brought him a client or two.

He led Desmoulins up the stone staircase, narrower after the first floor, until he reached at the top the door which was his own, opened it with a boisterously jovial shout: "*Holà, p'tite maman! Viens vite que je t' embrasse!*"

Gabrielle, plumply pretty, a spotless apron over her gown, ran happily from the adjacent kitchen into that somewhat exiguously furnished salon where they stood. He caught her in his arms, kissed her tempestuously, careless of a witness. He adored her, adored this comfort she gave him, adored this bourgeois home, despite his irregular outside habits, with a love of his own possessions which was the fundamental peasant in him. And she adored him for himself alone, her great man—this prestigious, gigantically ugly advocate who had lifted her from presiding at the counter of her father's café to the glory of a professional sphere.

"Oh, Jacques, Jacques!" she said radiantly. "I am so glad you came home. We have a superb chicken!"

His great laugh resounded in the little room.

"Magnificent!" he cried. "And I have brought Camille to share it. Camille has decided to be a journalist when the revolution comes; and I, I am going to be, I know not what!"

He laughed again, filling the little room with his huge, ugly, jovial presence.

Gabrielle looked up to him from his arms.

"And you will love me always, *gros laid?* Even when the revolution comes?"

He looked into those adorable honest eyes.

"Always shall I love you, Gabrielle! Always!" He spoke with emphatic sincerity, laughed again. "But now to table—to table! I could eat the whole of one of those bulls to whom I owe my beauty." Perpetually was he conscious of that ugliness, passed it off by boldly proclaiming it. "Ha-ha! They knew not what advantages they gave me. 'Tis something to be the ugliest man in Paris! People will not forget me!"

It was the night of the fifteenth of July, 1789. Paris was in a paroxysm of that fever, half ecstatic patriotism, half wild unreasoning panic, which increasingly had maddened it for weeks past. Yesterday, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, young Camille Desmoulins had snatched a chair from the Café Foy, had mounted it, had—all but inarticulate in his stuttering frenzy—harangued the surging, clamorous crowd. "To arms! To arms!" The mob, already

worked upon by similarly hired agents of the Duc d'Orléans, sticking at nothing to overthrow a throne he coveted, had surged into the streets, reënforced by deserters from the royal regiments, had enforced the tame surrender of the Bastille, had massacred its garrison in a novel ferocious blood-lust. All Paris had hailed the event in a delirium of joy. Now surely for all time liberty was won! The fall of that superannuated royal fortress, become a symbol of ancient oppression, was plain evidence that the new era of universal happiness had commenced.

He, Georges Jacques Danton, had missed participation in that glorious deed—of which, like the majority of the Parisian population, he had been unaware till all was over. It was going to be a little awkward to explain to Chloderlos de Laclos, that sardonic genius organizing the Orléanist conspiracy. Laclos expected service in return for the gold he so lavishly distributed. It would hardly be enough that on the preceding evening—the thirteenth—he had assisted in whipping up the people to the necessary excitement, had at the Cordeliers Convent frenziedly called the citizens to arms to repulse fifteen thousand brigands assembled at Montmartre, and an army of thirty thousand men ready to storm Paris, to put it to the sack and massacre all its inhabitants. A lawyer of his acquaintance—Lavaux—had caught his arm and stupidly said that all his news was false, that there was nothing to fear.

"You don't understand," he had replied, for a moment dropping that tremendous voice. "The sovereign people has risen against despotism. Be on our side. The throne is overturned." He had been a little premature. The throne was not yet overturned. But July fourteenth had been an immense day. And, exasperatingly, he had missed rendering himself conspicuous among those patriot heroes now being fêted from one end to the other of an intoxicated Paris.

Now, on this night of the fifteenth, he endeavored to repair that omission. On a table in that same Convent of the Cordeliers, headquarters of one of the electoral districts into which Paris had newly been divided, he thundered with that mighty voice already becoming familiar:

"Citizens, you are betrayed! Your enemies still weave cunning plots for your ruin! Yesterday by your heroism, with the blood of patriots, you captured the Bastille, that den of an infamous tyranny! You believe it to be yours! You believe the victory is now won! Nothing of the kind! The Bastille is in the hands of traitors leagued with that bloodthirsty court which dreams only of massacring peaceful citizens! Citizens! The treacherous Lafayette has once more closed the gates of the Bastille against the people. Who knows what patriots have been made prisoners, have been thrust to languish out of sight in those dungeons! Citizens, liberty is still in danger; was never more in danger than it is now when pretended patriots deceive you! Citizens, to arms! To arms! Let us march to release those patriots imprisoned in that lair of despotism! Let us march at once! I put myself at your head! To arms! To arms!"

They answered him in a ferocious howl of mass madness, waved pikes and improvised weapons: "To arms! To arms! March with Monsieur Danton! To arms! To arms! To the Bastille! Rescue the patriot prisoners! To the Bastille!"

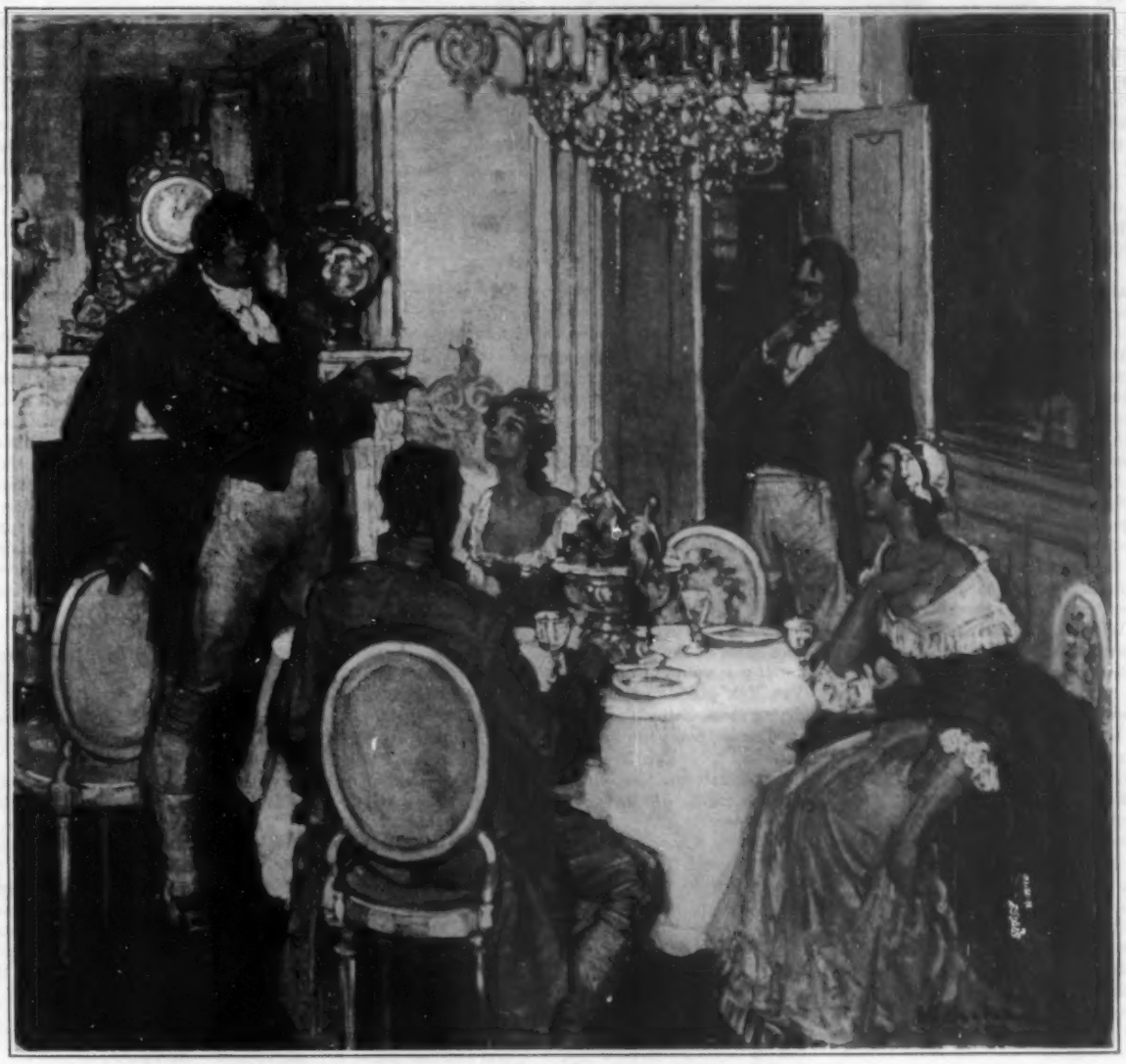
He laughed joyously, formidably, as he dashed to put himself at the head of that mob which swarmed out of the Cordeliers into the street, singing wild patriotic songs as they marched tumultuously across the Seine toward the Bastille.

"Forward, citizens! Forward! I lead you! Danton leads you!" He laughed again. Well he knew that every word he had uttered was false, that the Bastille was guarded in the interests of the Revolution by the honest nonentity Soulès, appointed by Lafayette. What mattered it? Whatever the result, it would make him conspicuous for his revolutionary zeal, "purer" even than that of Lafayette himself, hated by the Orléans faction. Moreover, the orders from the Orléanist headquarters were to stir up as much tumult as possible. Chloderlos de Laclos would gladly pay something for this further weakening of constituted authority. "Forward! Forward, patriots! Danton leads you! Rescue our imprisoned brothers from this den of tyranny!"

It was a splendid farce. He laughed with the exuberant joy of it as he played it through to the end, forced the frightened Soulès to admit that shrieking mob to search anew the dungeons, which disappointingly were empty, even sent the wretched governor under escort to the Hôtel de Ville, where of course he was immediately released and these overzealous patriots reproved. What mattered it? In every one of the labyrinthine streets and alleys of the Cordeliers district would run the thrilling story that "their" Monsieur Danton, the big, ugly lawyer, had defeated another atrocious plot for the massacre of the people. With a little luck it would be the beginning of a legend—like the legend of Camille Desmoulins yesterday.

He laughed still as he climbed the winding stairs to the apartment high up in No. 1 Cour du Commerce, where Gabrielle awaited him with a white, anxious face, running to fling her arms around him in a flood of tears. He consoled her, reassured her in a genuine tenderness, suddenly restored to his real self from all that rodomontade, laughed again in a magnificent contempt. "What a mud one must stir up to make a revolution!"

It was the night of the ninth of August, 1792. An immense tricolored cockade in his hat, a huge saber belted to his waist, his pockets bulging with pistols, he returned from the hurried visit to the headquarters of the section where he had given his final orders. How those fanaticized patriots had vociferated around him! How hideously ferocious had been those drunken brigands of Marseillais, with bare arms brandishing their weapons, who had been specially brought across France for the work that was to do! Those cowardly Girondists had sent for them, had been afraid of them when they arrived. But they were just the men he, Danton, needed. This business was no child's play. Failure, almost certainly, meant death. He was aware of it, with a secret sinking of apprehension, an extreme of suspense, as he ascended the stone stairs, entered that larger and better apartment on the first floor of No. 1 Cour du Commerce significant of his improving fortunes. How much had they paid him in these three fantastic years—the court idiotically to drive the Revolution into excesses that would discredit it; England fishing in troubled waters; the Duc d'Orléans, to whom alone he had been approximately loyal? He did not have the faintest idea; had carelessly thrown that gold around in handfuls, retaining only enough to pay off his debts, to purchase a fine estate at Arcis-sur-Aube. To a reproach, his reply had been grandiose: "Willingly do they pay eighty thousand livres for a man like me, but they do not get a man like me for eighty thousand livres." More fools they, to pay him!



She Was Not Yet Reassured. "Nothing Terrible is Happening, Jacques?"

The salon was full of people: Gabrielle, deathly pale with anxiety, as now she so often was. Camille Desmoulins, haggardly handsome, holding a musket with hands that shook, his pretty young wife Lucile clinging to him. Fat Robert Keralio with the fanatically republican wife to whom he was but a submissive puppet. That loathsome dwarf Marat. Fabre d'Eglantine, the tall, dissolute failed actor and unexpectedly successful poet. Legendre, the brutal butcher, with bare bloodstained arms he affected as evidence of patriotic zeal. Fréron, Billaud Varenne. The cobbler Simon. All members of the Club des Cordeliers, outdoing in revolutionary fervor the Club des Jacobins, where he, Danton, was supreme. All leaders in this ultrarevolutionary Section du Théâtre Français subsequently to be the Odéon. All leaders in this conspiracy which in a few minutes would put itself to the life-or-death test of insurrection.

(Continued on Page 69)

HE HAD ANOTHER APPLE

She Could Sit Any Horse Down in the Red Brick Stables, and His Father Doted on Her

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ANDERSON

LUPUS pretended to be asleep when Mary began stroking his shoulder, and gradually opened one eye to observe that she knew he was only pretending. He had often deluded his first wife in this way, but you couldn't fool Red.

"It's eight o'clock, my darling. The old chief's sitting downstairs waiting for someone to have breakfast with him. Carolus is still sunk. And you'll be glad to hear it's turned hot again."

"Why'd I be glad, Red? Gee, it was fine an' cold last night! Else we'd ha' all suff'cated in 'at hall. I never knew so many people to turn out for an amateur show in this town."

"I gather," said his wife, "that there was a rumor to the effect that the Constance girl was to appear stark naked in the last scene."

"Go on!"

Mary laughed, crossing two red braids on her breast. Her funny smile came and went.

"She probably said something rococo about it herself, Lupus."

"What's rococo, Red?"

"Overdone. She goes in for daring conversation. Matter of fact, Lupus, the three goddesses had too many clothes on. There's a point between prudery and vulgarity. Your first-born son and the golden apple were the only things in that scene that looked right."

But Lupus was not listening to this last.

"You don't mean Sally Constance told folks she was comin' out on the stage with nothin' on, Red? Aw, no!"

"She probably said something kittenish—skittish. However, let's be thankful for the spread of culture. Two boys at the dance were asking each other what this show was all about, and one of them was going to the library today to look it up in a book. When I was a baby in Boston, we all knew the story of Paris and the golden apple. Perhaps, when Henricus and Pete are adolescents, kids will know these things again."

"Yes'm," Lupus meekly said, sitting up in bed. "An' now you tell me what 'at was all about, honey. I got fired outa high school when you was in pigtails."

"Someone gave Paris a golden apple, and ——"

"'N' who was this Paris person, Red?"

"He was the son of Priam, king of Troy. And the business in the last scene last night was a beauty competition between Hera—Mrs. Zeus, she was—and Pallas, representing intellect, and Aphrodite. Aphrodite won out, of course. This caused trouble when the Greeks came to besiege Troy, because Hera and Pallas took sides against Mr. Paris' town."

"'N' there was the wooden horse an' all that? I remember now. Well, it was a pretty good show for the kids to put on in just one week. 'N' Carolus looked swell in 'at scene, I thought. He's an awful dignified pup. Always has been. And he's got good legs."

"All Van Ecks have beautiful legs, Lupus. They have rather large feet too. But I was proud of my stepson. It was a pity to hide his beautiful hair under that Phrygian cap. Caro's just a little vain of his hair, Lupus. He'll never be as handsome as you, though, when he's asleep. His hair gets all down over his eyes and he rumples his nose up. And ——"

"Hey," said Lupus, "look! Smoke comin' out of Paramore's chimney!"

From this bedroom you could see almost straight up the driveway of the Paramore estate, across the highroad. Lupus grinned at smoke ascending against a tattered white cloud in the sky. It would be fun to have Sid Paramore and his kids home again, after a year abroad. Paramore talked books to Red and Carolus, and his kids were fine. Lupus swung out of bed and grabbed a bathrobe. He whistled himself down to the telephone in the living room, where he had to step over Henricus Abram, playing with a gilded wax apple on the gray rug.

"If you wanted to phone, you dumb an'mal," said Mr. Van Eck placidly, from beyond the white arch of the dining room, "why'n't you do it upstairs?"

"Dunno, pop. I'm dumb. . . . Gimme three-three, sister. . . . Yeh, it was a nice show, wasn't it? Made the hospital two thousand and somethin', Randy Dent said las' night. He was countin' tickets. . . . Gimme three-three."

Henricus Abram rolled the golden apple on the floor. Lupus shoved the thing with a toe and his second son gravely crawled after it through a welter of hot sunlight on the ancient Persian rug, which had been here since the Civil War, although you wouldn't know it.

"Hello, is 'at —— Oh, hello, Claire! How are you, honey?"

"I'm all right, Uncle Lupus."

"When'd you folks get here, sweetheart?"

"I'm all the folks, Uncle Lupus," the girl said. "The rest of them are in New York. I came up last night to catch a cook and open the house."

"Hey, you ain't been there all night 'lone, kid?"

"Why not? I'm eighteen, Uncle Lupus."

"Well, you're a card! Most women wouldn't stay in 'at big place alone all night for —— Hey, come over an' have breakfast?"

"Oh, how gladly! I was just trying to make the kitchen stove behave."

"Well, you come on, sister," said Lupus, and hung up. "Hey, pop, how's that for a girl? She was over there all night by herself!"

"I could git that from your conversation, you big calf," his father purred, sitting straight and expressionless behind a bowl of goldenrod, with sun making his long face copper. "She's a good little gal. Have 'em saddle up any hoss she likes for her. An' make your woman git her a cook. An' go roust out Carolus."

"Aw, the kid was dancin' all night, pop."

"No matter. She'll want to see him. He's twenty-one an' had three hours' sleep. . . . Come here. Oncet every twenty years there's somethin' astonishin' in the Couveris Saturday Times. Look."

One of the awful things about pop was that he could read print with a full glare of sunlight on it. Lupus blinked and had to pick up the moist newspaper. He blinked several times, staring at headlines. The show for the hospital filled a column. The President had said something about something. And—oh, yes! Yes.

"Mr. Dent's will, you mean, pop?"

"Sure."

Lupus saw that the will of the late Ira G. Dent had been probated, whatever that meant. Mr. Charles A. Constance was appointed executor. The portion of the estate willed to Mrs. Dent, whose death had preceded that of her husband by only two hours in the night of September second, would be divided among the other—the word was all inked up. His nephew, Randon Dent, was to receive one-half of the testator's invested funds, and so on, and his house on Warren Road. The remainder of the estate was divided equally between the Couveris General Hospital and Mr. Carolus Van Eck, the son of Mr. Lupus Van Eck, of ——

"The hell!"

"I call that fine of Ira," said Mr. Van Eck.

"But I never saw him pay no attention to Caro, pop!"

"You wouldn't, Lupus boy. All he ever done was to send Caro a birthday and Christmas present every year and ask him to meals every other week an' whoop at him downtown whenever he seen him. You big fool. You're forty an' you're as blind as your baby in there."

Lupus belted in his robe and started for the archway.

"Just a minute," said his father, in the tranquil purr that meant more news. "Ira was a savin' feller, Lupus. Him and his wife was both on a diet, too, and only kep' one maid. Told me end of August he hadn't been spendin' ten thousand a year for twenty years, taxes included. He had more'n two hundred thousand invested two years ago, and there'll be more. Gimme back that paper. Let the kid have breakfast first. I'm sorry for this, sonny."

"Wh-why? Carolus won't go off to Paris nor nothin', pop."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Van Eck, "'cause Charlie Constance is the executor."

"Aw, dad! Charlie's a good fella even if his folks are common! Heard you say so yourself! He's straight as a ruler!"

"Sure. His gal knew this, when she kissed Caro to the end of that show last night. 'N' she kissed him for keeps, sonny. And there wasn't no kiss in the piece, boy. I was holdin' the book whilst Mrs. Plaster was rehearsin' the kid Sunday. The curtain was to come down when he handed her the gold apple. Ask Mrs. Plaster if I ain't right. We've always married ladies, Lupus. I did, an' dad did, and grandmamma was a De Lansing from Albany. You married two ladies. I bet this Iroquois gal the Van Eck in the Rev'lution married was a damn s'perior squaw. Git into

it, Lupus! This is your kid, an' you got to will him this house an' all the old land when I'm gone. Git yer feet into this, sonny. Your woman an' I've been scared of it for a week gone past. You ain't so dumb you'll let this happen."

Lupus put a hand on an ear and stared at the long face, there, back of the goldenrod. It had not altered as pop spoke, unless the dark nostrils twitched a little alongside the curved ridge of the family's Indian nose.

"You an' Red scared? Well," said Lupus, "I'm forty years old 'n' this is my kid. Why not mention it to me?"

"'Cause your woman didn't want you worried yet, boy. . . . Git out. Here's Claire comin'."

His father rose. Lupus whirled into the wide hallway and was on the stairs when Claire Paramore's voice broke the peace of the living room. He stopped to listen. His father's wooden peg tapped rapidly from room to room. The elder Carolus Van Eck let no woman come to him.

"I see you lookin' well, sweetheart. An' you've grew some, Clary. An' don't walk onto Henricus here. . . . Henricus Abram, pretend you remember Clary, and smile pretty. . . . He can talk some now, honey. . . . Say 'Clary,' boy."

"Hoss," said Henricus.

"Oh, the kitten! And he looks just like you, Mr. Van Eck."

"No, he don't, sis. He's the image of his daddy. There's some curl in his hair, an' his nose is goin' to be straighter'n me and Caro have. He'll be like Lupus. See how dark he is already? The new baby's some lighter complected, but his eyes an' hair is black. We named him Pieter Lupus."

"Yes, Carolus wrote me. Dad's brought him a Dutch silver bowl with his name on it. . . . Baby, what are you playing with?"

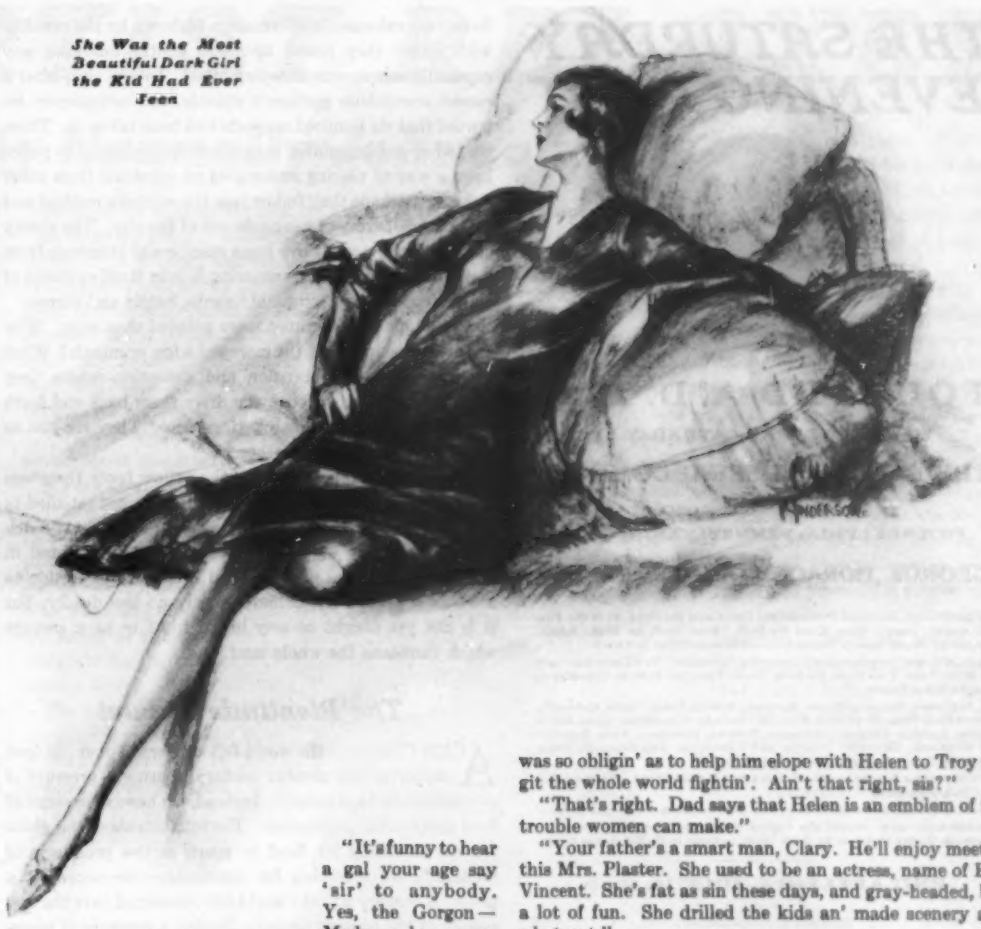
"Dog," said Henricus.

"It's the gold apple Carolus had in the show last night, honey. He was Paris that fooled with them three heathen goddesses. Too bad you wasn't home earlier. You missed seein' him."

"He wrote me they were going to have theatricals. And how did it turn out? Was the show a success?"

"Guess so. It was poor trash, except the kids looked nice in their duds. I hate this business of changin' up old stories to make 'em funny, stickin' smart-ellick sayin's in and all. My mamma used to read me Mr. Hawthorne's Greek stories when I was a shaver, about Pandora's box an' Persyus an' the—who was it that had snakes for hair?"

"The Gorgon, sir."



She Was the Most Beautiful Dark Girl the Kid Had Ever Seen

"It's a funny to hear a gal your age say 'sir' to anybody. Yes, the Gorgon—Medusy, her name was. All them old yarns ought to be left like they was. No, the play was sour stuff, but this Mrs. Plaster rehearsed the kids. She's rented Nick Shuttleworth's house up the road here. Her daughter was Atheny or Pallas, or however they call it—the wise gal with owls on her clothes. If Paris had any sense he'd ha' give the smart gal the gold apple an' let Venus ride. There's always plenty to hand a handsome figger some expensive fruit, sis. I bet he wished he had another apple afterward. If I rec'lect, this Aphrodite hussy was so obligin' as to help him elope with Helen to Troy an' git the whole world fightin'. Ain't that right, sis?"

"That's right. Dad says that Helen is an emblem of the trouble women can make."

"Your father's a smart man, Clary. He'll enjoy meetin' this Mrs. Plaster. She used to be an actress, name of Ella Vincent. She's fat as sin these days, and gray-headed, but a lot of fun. She drilled the kids an' made scenery and what not."

"Caro wrote me she'd rented the Shuttleworth house. She has a daughter, hasn't she?"

"Vera, the girl's name is. She's a smart trick, and red-headed. Engaged to a boy in Princeton. Not so pretty, but nice-lookin'. Carolus has wrote most of the news pretty regular, honey?" Mr. Van Eck purred.

"Tons of it, anyhow," the fresh voice said. "But can I have breakfast? I'm starved."

Lupus leaned over the handrail and saw the girl's fair head pass beside pop's black head into the dining room. It was nice to have her back. She could sit any horse down in the red brick stables, and his father doted on her. He walked upstairs thinking in a muddle that he was very hungry and that the kid had come into money and that everything was funny this morning and pretty bad. And, oh, here was the baby's gabby nursemaid dancing Pieter Lupus on her arm in the bright upper hall!

"Mornin', Mr. Van Eck. And did you like the show? Mamma got here to mind baby at eight, so a gentleman drove me in. We was up in the gallery. I wisht Mrs. Van Eck had wore her white dress with gold on it, but she does look swell in black. We could see you 'n' her where you was sittin'. Why, I thought it was a nice show, an' wasn't Miss Constance just a dream? She ought to be in pictures. Looks like the paintin' down in the parlof, don't she?"

"I hadn't thought of that, Nelly. She kinda does."

Yes, she did. She was like the old painting out of the attic—this copy of a big picture named Odalisque in the gray museum at Paris, made in 1830 by the Frenchman called Ingres, for pop's grandmother. She was a swell-looking girl. No mistake. And last night, in her red robe spotted with big silver flowers, she had been more than swell. Oh, sure. She was a wonder to look at. Got it from her father. Charlie was a fine-looking fellow. But something cold moved around his spine now, and Lupus scratched his back, standing at the door of Caro's room. She wouldn't do. No. No, not by a jugful! No.

"She just ain't a lady," he said, and heard himself whispering that.

The narrow bedroom was stuffed with sunshine. All the kid's books showed colored covers on three shelves, and the silver rim

(Continued on Page 132)

"He Said, 'Your Father's More of a Gentleman Than You Are. He Wouldn't Grab a Man's Girl Behind His Back.'"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 19, 1930

Gangster-Ruled Cities

THE remarkable growth of population in many cities or their suburbs as shown by the recent census figures is a just cause of pride to the people living in these places. But what point is there in jubilation if the cities are to be ruled and terrorized by gunmen and gangsters? It is assumed that the criminal vagrants who have been responsible for the intolerable outrages of banditry and gang warfare are few in number as compared with the law-abiding element.

Now, if this be so, wonder naturally arises in the minds of many decent citizens as to why they are collectively so at the mercy of a few criminals. This is a fair question, and yet it seldom receives a satisfactory answer from the police, to whom the general body of citizens look for protection. It is true that the problem of crime is many-sided. The administration of justice creaks and groans even when the police have done their best, and the prisons are but ill adapted to their part of the job, even when the courts move swiftly and surely. But this does not explain away the question which we ask, and which surely must puzzle and disturb all who give the subject any thought.

Why are the police, and, in consequence, society at large, so at the mercy of such a small element in the population? The police force of any community, unless it be hopelessly inefficient, must be quite familiar with the habits, the haunts and the personalities of its bad men. The village constable usually knows who are the rough characters in the hamlet, just as the banker knows which loans are bad. The dentist knows which men and women have poor teeth, and the plumber is aware which houses have poor plumbing. There is no great mystery in finding out these facts, although the banker might be poor at plumbing and the plumber at banking. But the police are not expected to make loans or fill teeth or repair drains; they are paid to protect society from the relatively few criminals whom it is their business to watch. The problem is more complex in a large city than in a village, but the police force is larger in the city and it is more divided and specialized.

To assume that the police have no extensive knowledge of gunmen and gangsters is patently absurd. That they do have very exhaustive information is shown by the rapidity with which they round up these gentry following any especially outrageous shooting affair. In one city, after a recent scandalous gunmen's episode, the newspapers reported that six hundred suspects had been taken in. Then, too, when public opinion is particularly aroused, the police have a way of placing embargoes on criminals from other cities, or perhaps they follow just the opposite method and drive a small army of gangsters out of the city. The ability of the police thus to force large numbers of criminals from a city or to prevent their entering it is in itself evidence of expert knowledge of criminal haunts, habits and names.

So the question becomes more pointed than ever. Why are decent people so at the mercy of a few criminals? What prevents their apprehension and detention where they cannot prey upon society? To drive them back and forth between cities is a childish performance. They are just as bad in one place as in another.

When the bubonic plague or the yellow fever threatens to enter our cities the health authorities are not satisfied to shove it from place to place in battledore-and-shuttlecock fashion; they try to stamp it out. It is not treated in a local or parochial or provincial manner; the nation as a whole is protected. Crime is surely no less deadly, but it is not yet fought on any broad front or as a scourge which threatens the whole land.

The Plenitude of Fuel

A CENTURY ago the world felt concerned over the food supply of the present century, fearing a pressure of population on food supply. Instead, we have a pressure of food supplies on population. The inhabitants of the globe are not searching for food so much as the producers of foodstuffs are searching for consumers—consumers at a price. A century ago the world felt concerned over the fuel supply of the present century, fearing a pressure of population on fuel supply. Instead, we have today a pressure of fuel and power supplies on population. The inhabitants of the globe are not searching for fuel and power so much as the producers of fuel and power are searching for consumers—consumers at a price. This is veritably the age of plethora, and however short may be the period of plethora, so long as it lasts it provokes economic problems quite as serious as those of scarcity.

The abundance of supplies of fuel and power has aroused intense competition among the different forms—coal, petroleum, natural gas and hydroelectric power. Intense in all countries with high material civilization, the competition is most intense in the United States, where mechanization has attained the highest level. About as much coal is mined in this country—and in the world, for that matter—as in 1913, despite increase in population. But a pound of coal goes farther than it did in 1913; indeed, improved efficiency in the use of coal in generating electricity is one of the outstanding achievements of the day. But for the most part, coal has been supplanted by other forms of fuel and power.

In the past ten years the electricity generated in public-utility plants in the United States has increased 2.5 times. The increase in automobiles has been almost unbelievable, but the supply of gasoline has kept so far ahead of it that producers of petroleum are driven to agreements to restrict production. Most recently of all, almost inconceivable supplies of natural gas have become available, being distributed to centers of population through hundreds of miles of pipe line. It is no wonder that a mechanically inclined people, living in a mechanistic age and literally pressed upon by fuels, should progress in the harnessing of power to serve the wants of mankind.

Not unnaturally, the country has not kept pace with the city, but the necessity of reducing costs in agriculture is enforcing the use of power. Tractors on the land and electricity in the buildings represent the progressive developments of American rural life.

Looking backward, if our ancestors of a century ago felt concerned over the fuel supply required for the use of fuel according to their standards, how much more concerned should we feel over the fuel and power supply necessary to sustain the use of fuel and power according to our standards! Yet less concern is felt. The difference lies in a deeper trust in science, in which the modernist is convinced he may safely place his faith.

The Young Plan in Operation

THE Young Plan has been accepted by Germany and the countries entitled to receive reparations payments. The Dawes Plan was an experiment. It was an experiment because it furnished the initial test of Germany's capacity to pay. Also, it was an experiment because it led to the Young Plan. The Young Plan is a definitive settlement, entailing reparations payments by Germany lower than those set up in the Dawes Plan and believed to be within the capacity of payment of Germany. The Bank of International Settlements—already, in Europe, called B. I. S. for short—the agency through which the reparations payments are to be effected, has been set up in Basle under the presidency of Gates W. McGarrah, well-known New York banker. The reparations bonds issued under the Dawes Plan have been destroyed.

Apart from administrative details, the first transaction of note was an issue of German reparations bonds. The sum aggregated three hundred million dollars, apportioned to different countries and marketed by banking groups. Two hundred million dollars represent reparations annuities, one hundred million are to go to Germany for internal purposes. This is the first step in the so-called commercialization of the reparations debt. The largest blocks of these bonds were apportioned to the United States and France, with Great Britain third. German banks accepted a certain allotment. More than half of the sum secured through the sale of the issue is to go to France. The acceptance of these bonds by investors in the different countries will be watched with interest. From England has come strong criticism of the issue at this time, regarded as inopportune and without economic basis or occasion. In fact, it is widely remarked that the subscriptions represent political rather than financial considerations.

Threatened Tariff Reprisals

JUST now the press is filled with reports of reprisals against the United States in retaliation against the new tariff. To some extent these reports may be exaggerated. On the other hand, to some extent it may be true that reprisals will be enacted in excess of anything now threatened. Whatever the merits or demerits of the performance, it is not new, and time alone can tell how much is true.

Certain observations may be ventured from the historical standpoint, without taking sides in the tariff discussion. It is rather astonishing to observe how cocksure are many commentators as to the exact effect of a proposed tariff change on a particular line of business at home and abroad. This is all the more startling when one considers how difficult it is, with a tariff rate in operation, to determine the exact outcome. One is next struck with the apparent assumption that buyers in foreign countries who feel resentful against the proposed tariff change take it for granted that they can purchase goods just as well from other countries as from the United States, which is rather difficult to harmonize with the doctrine of comparative advantage. Finally, it is to be observed that what appears to be a reprisal is often an action previously contemplated and held desirable on its own account, which had not been brought to pass. There has been a great deal of agitation against tariffs in Europe, and European countries have restrained their protectionism because of this agitation. Now, behind the cloak of reprisal against the United States, protectionists in European countries will find it possible to raise their tariff duties to the heights desired on domestic grounds.

The outcome of the new tariff will be watched with deep interest by business men and students of political science and economics. Changes in the tariff in one country usually involve some changes in the tariffs of other countries. Raising the tariff wall in front of a creditor country would represent something of a large-scale experiment, particularly in view of the development of mass production in the United States.

THE ARTIST RELAXED

By Nunnally Johnson

A MONTH or so ago a young man who earns his living by honest labor, and not through any such harum-scarum nonsense as writing or acting or painting, came to me for advice. He had been invited to a week-end house party at Westport, Connecticut, and it was his understanding that all the other guests would be practitioners in one or another of the arts. This was what worried him.

"Once," he said, "I read in a magazine about one of these literary parties. After what must have been some pretty red-hot preliminary shenanigans, they all got together, male and female, and in unison chanted some of the Odes of Horace in the original Latin. Personally," he explained, "all I ever do at parties, generally, is just wrestle with the chauffeur. I'd like to go and meet all of these well-known people, of course, but I don't know Horace, I can't speak Latin, and what's more," he concluded, "I am certainly no chanter. What do you think?"

As one whose most constant associates were a tabloid-newspaper reporter, a chap who works for the telephone company, and a stockbroker, I trust I do not have to say how flattered I was with this assumption of my familiarity with doings on the upper levels.

"My good man," I replied, however, "my best advice to you is to go to this party, sit tight, and interrupt no one who is talking about himself. Interrupt no one who is talking about himself," I repeated firmly, "and don't lend anybody any money."

"Thanks, old man," he said; "I'll remember."

A week later, when I saw him, he was considerably puzzled. It seemed that he had gone to the party and found the guests as forecast—a dozen assorted members of the illuminati, including a brace of novelists, a scattering of artists and a number of others with soft hands. His bewilderment lay in their conduct on holiday, an account of which he gave me as follows:

For the first eighteen hours after their congregation they played poker, which my friend, unfortunately, did not play. He read magazines. Then, finally, the game broke up and some of the players strolled outdoors, scolding themselves for wasting so much time on so futile a sport. "Six hours is all right," one explained, "but eighteen is too much. It is not only bad for the health, but I have lost two hundred and eighty dollars." They were all in this mood of reformation when my friend, hopeful that the next diversion might be one in which he could play at least a small part, joined them. He lay down with them on the lawn, and, with them, stared up vacantly at the sky for twenty-five minutes.

"What about a game of duck on a rock?" suddenly suggested one of the artists. "Just until dinner."

My friend was slightly nonplused at this. He recollected that as a boy he had played some such game as duck on a rock, and indeed was on the point of mentioning it, when just in time he realized how absurd he would appear, confusing that childish affair with what unquestionably would be a far more recondite matter. So he merely smiled.

The smile faded when the originator of the suggestion proceeded to precisely what my friend remembered of his childhood game. That is, he located a large rock, and on it placed a smaller rock. Then, measuring off a distance, he called, "Ready!" and all the Hardys and Rembrandts present began shying pebbles at it—the very game of duck on a rock which my friend had played in kilts.

A little shaken by the spectacle, he withdrew to a secluded spot to pull himself together and think things out. When he returned he found the players drifting back toward the house, and he followed, still with a faint hope that with these more trivial diversions past everyone would sit down for a good old-fashioned literary discourse, and there he would be, right behind the scenes.

Inside, there were a few more desultory remarks, similar in character to those made while staring at the sky, and then one of the novelists picked up a small wooden pipe with which the host's young son had been blowing soap bubbles. Dipping it in the bowl, he experimented, and the result was a beautiful sphere, which, alas, burst before he could float it. He tried again, while the others, their interest aroused, watched. The second was slightly better than the first.

"Let me have it," said an actor. "I used to be able to blow remarkable bubbles."

(Continued on Page 99)

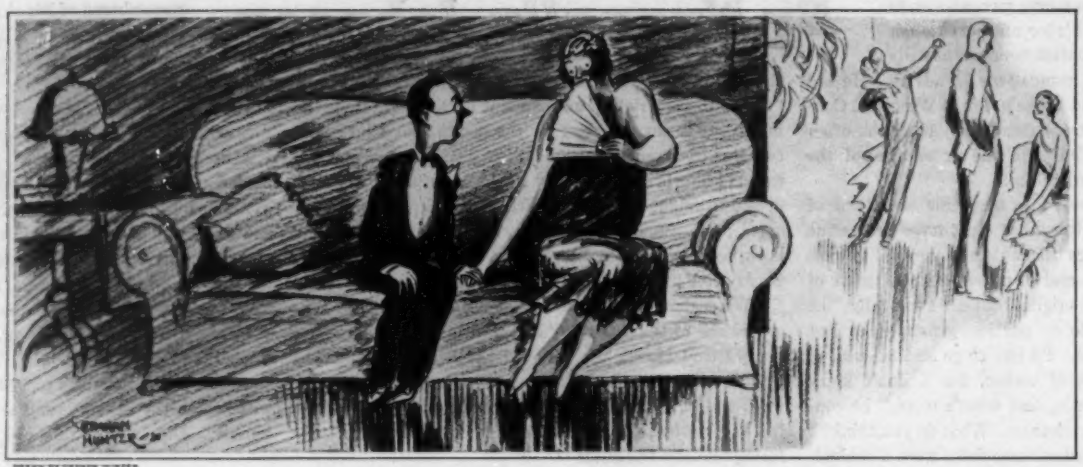
POST SCRIPTS

Advice

YOU seek advice from me, my son?
With long harangues I will not bore you.
To make mistakes is much more fun
Than having others make them for you.
—Joseph Anthony.

No Farm Problem

"HOW'S your farm work coming?"
"Fine. The billboard and hot-dog-stand painting is all done and the summer's gasoline is all into the filling station."



"I'm Afraid There's a Little of the Brute in You, Mr. Finch"

The Compleat Wife

MONDAY I'll be stormy.
Tuesday I'll be sweet.
Wednesday, oh, a hoyden.
Thursday more discreet.
Friday I'll be pensive,
But then I'll be as gay
As spring! A mad and merry thing
On Saturday!
Sunday—oh, a new mood
I'll show your startled eyes.
One day I'll be comradely,
The next, to your surprise,
My manners will be so high-hat
That you can hardly bear 'em—
You'll find in me variety,
So you won't need a harem.
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

After Ten Years of Radio—What?

WE HAVE had a ten-year trial of radio. It has seemed like more than ten years. This is only because it has been such a trial. Today, those willing to face the facts admit radio is not the panacea it was thought to be. It hasn't done any part of what was expected of it.

That the theory of radio is basically sound there can be no denying. But look what it has done to our courts. Rackets have sprung up on every side. The blame must be laid squarely upon the shoulders of the Federal Radio Commission. Radio administration should be put into the hands of the Department of Justice.

Those who worked to get it said, "Radio will close the theaters."

To be sure, the old-fashioned theater of ten years ago, when one stood on every corner, is no more. The glittering lights, the swinging doors and the frosted mirrors no longer lure the casual to a few happy rounds of Mansfield or Booth. But what have we instead?

Instead of open, government-controlled theaters, where a rousing song rang clear when good fellows got together, we now have passion-provoking crooners, muted trombones, sobbing sopranos, masked tenors, whispering barytones and general boop-boop-a-doopee in every home. It isn't right!

When they said radio would eliminate the invidious theater where a man spent his pay envelope and went reeling home from too much Lillian Russell or Maude Adams; when they tore down Tony Pastor's, the Academy of Music and plowed up Niblo's Garden, I frankly admit I said, "This is a good thing. This is a noble experiment." I got behind radio. And I've been getting farther and farther behind it every year.

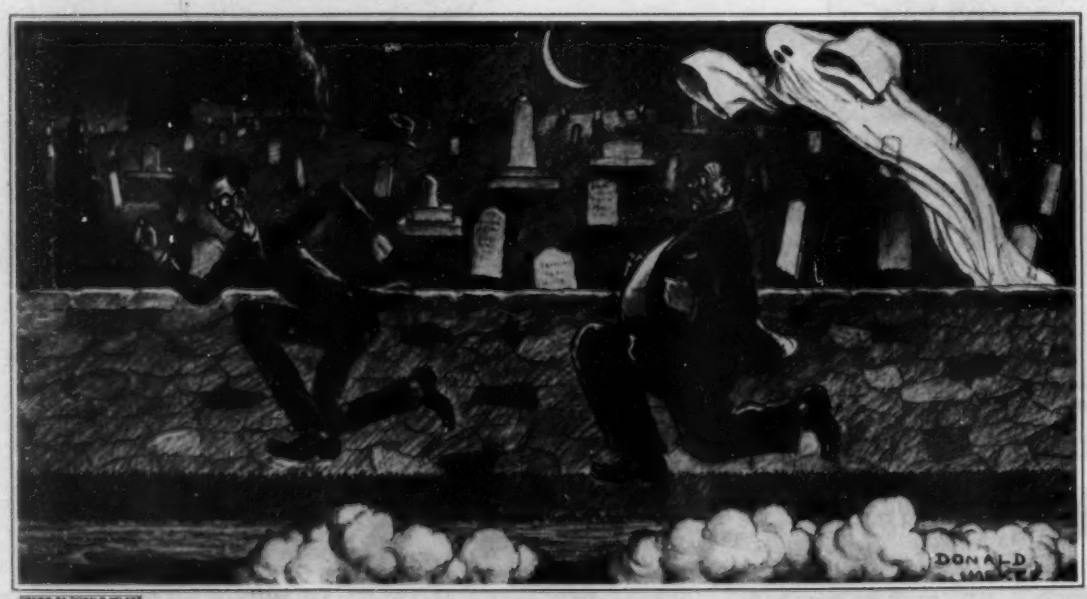
Old-timers can remember preradio days when the average man paid little attention to air. If he took a snifter now and then it meant nothing. He could take it or leave it alone. Now, with moderation a thing of the past, whole nights are spent huddled around some stuffy loud-speaker. Even this would not be so bad if the stuff served was good—the real, pure, wholesome, aged-in-the-woods air. That would do no more than exhilarate you. The present brand of air being dispensed, under a blessed cloak of anonymity and false labels, is dangerous stuff. Preradio standards have been lost or forgotten. Today the stuff does not exhilarate you. It just makes you sleepy. Statistics prove that hospitals all over the country, last New Year's Eve, treated more cases of acute ennui in their psychopathic wards than the total for the past fifteen years with two years off for good behavior.

Today only fools are willing to be quoted as saying what fools said ten years ago. They said radio would keep our girls home. They said radio would increase prosperity and make a pool table possible in every home, so that our girls could invite the boys to the house for a nice game of Kelly with dad. And that is not all.

They said radio would do away with the unwholesome music box and make the home a livable place. The music box has not gone. Once it was frankly and openly served after dinner. Since it's become a novelty, so to speak, it is found tearing the nerves to tatters and the patience to shreds in every modern home.

(Continued on Page 89)

"But I Don't Wanna Grow Up to be a Big Man Like Papa!"



Intellectual: "It's Merely a Common Instance of Psychic Suggestion Through Association of Ideas"

Just try hot soup among all the cold cuts, salads and ices!

If my pictures were famous
As Campbell's Soups are,
Each actor I'm "shooting"
Would be a great star!

WHAT vigor it gives! How it makes the meal sparkle with new life and charm! And your digestion needs it, too, with all these cold foods to assimilate.

No doubt some women will be surprised to learn how useful and attractive soup is for the summer table. But once they try it, they will be delighted to see how much it adds.

For a vivid dash of color, a challenge to the languid appetite, nothing excels Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . that favorite of millions. And twenty other delightful Campbell's choices await you. Already cooked . . . so convenient. 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

YOUR CHOICE

Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Muttan
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

GUNMAN

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XI

SCARVAK and Castagara themselves could not have surrounded a conclave with greater secrecy than that arranged by the editor for the meeting in Washington. When Currier and Wilton arrived at the man's hotel suite, they were greeted by a glowing smile.

"I've beaten you to it a little," he explained. "Through our correspondent here in Washington, I was able to arrange an interview with a very high Government official. I explained to him the purpose of our mission and assured him that you gentlemen would be here today to add your plea to mine, if he felt that was necessary. Fortunately no such move will be required. He accepted my statements at face value and I found him not only ready but anxious to help us in any way he can. As a result of this, my little friend, the secret-service man, is due here in an hour. I imagine you'll be surprised, even shocked, when you meet him, but take it from me, he's a producer. You couldn't buy him at any price under the sun, and he'd slap the entire Marine Corps in the face if he considered it in line of duty."

"Very good work," Currier acknowledged in high satisfaction. "Somehow or other, I find genuine relief in the knowledge that new influences are being brought to bear on this problem."

"If this fellow fails us," Wilton admitted freely, "I'm about ready to throw up my hands and quit. Personally I don't see what one little man can do against the murderous array back home. But, heaven knows, I'm ready to try anything. May he prove to be all that you claim for him."

The editor laughed again, and the gesture was expressive. "When I tell you his name," he said, "your inclination may be to lose confidence. There's something about a name that more or less characterizes its bearer. This chap has anything but a fighting one. It's Lemuel Tobias Bekins. In the department he's known as Beak, and his intimates call him Lem. I mention these things, gentlemen, to sort of pave the way for his appearance. He looks and talks like anything on earth but a mantrap. In fact, the name suits him perfectly. He's so shortsighted he has to hold a newspaper within six inches of his thick-lensed glasses to read. He's noticeably lame in the right foot as the result of a bullet wound in the ankle, which he carries as the souvenir of a gang of counterfeiters. In a heavy rainstorm, if he happened to be without an umbrella, he might weigh one hundred and thirty pounds with his rubbers on."

Once again the editor chuckled to himself. "He isn't exactly prepossessing," he went on, "and there's but one attribute which discloses the ferocity of his nature. That's his stupendous profanity. You must make allowances for this. In times of great stress, without the slightest warning he is apt to say 'Gee whillikens!'"

"What are you doing," Currier asked—"kidding us?"

"I'm simply preparing the way," the editor avowed. "Urging that you don't accept Lemuel Tobias Bekins on his mannerisms and outward characteristics alone. I want to repeat for you that there is no man on earth in whom I have more confidence, both as to character and prowess. Until you have seen the man at work a while, I ask you to accept my appraisal of him. And should he call upon you for any move, no matter how silly it may appear, please make it at once. I'll take full responsibility."

So the three impatiently awaited the arrival of the Government investigator. When he appeared, he lived up to the editor's advance notices. He limped into the room leaning heavily upon a bulky stick fortified at the bottom by a large, black rubber ferrule. As he entered, he removed from his head a battered slouch hat which once had been pearl gray, but now offered mute testimony to the caresses of Time's grimy fingers. Through heavy glasses he peered alertly at the men, much as a bird cocks its head at those passing its cage.

"I don't see very well," he announced in a high tremulous voice. "I have to get up close. I know one of you gentlemen ——"

"It's I," the editor said, stepping forward. "I'm happy to see you again, Mr. Bekins."

The detective sucked his teeth and switched his heavy cane from his right to his left hand that he might accept the editor's salutation. "Yes, sir"—he sighed emphatically—"if my eyes keep failing, the only thing my arms will be good for is eating." He sucked his teeth again and shook his head, then held forth his hand as the editor presented him to Currier and Wilton.

"Won't you lay down your hat and make yourself comfortable?" the editor inquired.

"Yes, indeed," Bekins answered. He peered about the room and finally shied the battered hat onto a divan against the far wall. His aim was excellent.

The editor chuckled. "I guess your eyes aren't so bad," he said, "if you can see that divan. You needn't be afraid of these gentlemen," he went on. "They are absolutely to be depended upon."

He Laid His Heavy Cane Across His Thin Knees. Obviously He Was Waiting to be Told Things

Bekins turned, settled a chair to his liking and sank into its depths. He sucked his teeth again, and something akin to a smile came to his lips.

"Most of my trouble," he admitted, "comes in reading." He laid his heavy cane across his thin knees and neglected to pull up his trouser legs to keep them from bagging. Obviously he was waiting to be told things.

"You know the purpose of this conference, I think," the editor said to him by way of opening the conference.

"That's what I've come to find out," Bekins answered in his high voice. Behind the heavy glasses his alert eyes assumed owlish proportions.

"Didn't they explain anything to you?" Wilton inquired.

"I don't like secondhand explanations," the queer little man said petulantly. "I'm here to find out what you want."

He fished in an upper waistcoat pocket for a long black cigar. The end of this had frayed in contact with his clothing and for a brief moment he was busy holding it close to his heavy glasses and sticking down the loose ends with his tongue. Then he snipped the band off with his thumb nail and the editor held a match for him.

"Now, I'll smoke and listen," he said matter-of-factly. "I know where you gentlemen are from, so I've probably got a rough idea of what you want. But you go right ahead and tell me anyway. Tell me first everything that's happened. Then tell me just what you expect me to do about it."

With a sigh he sank back into the chair, his supposedly unseeing eyes sought the ceiling, and he puffed contentedly at the black cigar.

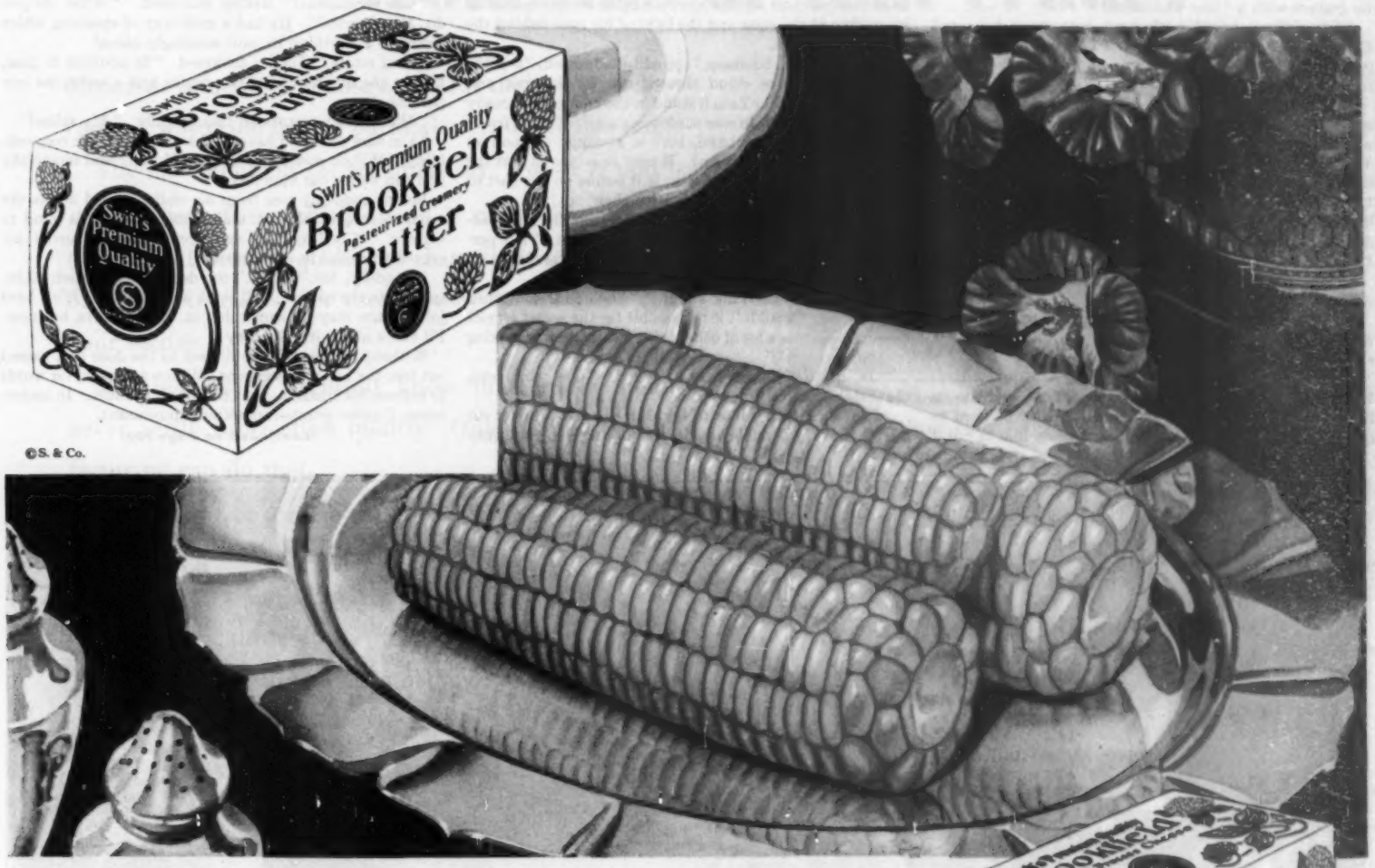
"Wilton," the editor spoke up, "suppose you tell Mr. Bekins first, what prompted you to organize your citizens' committee, and then explain what you can of the Scarvak incident. After you've done that, I'll give my views on the matter and we'll see what he has to say."

Wilton cleared his throat and hitched his chair to a position more directly facing the detective. The editor stepped to the door and somewhat noisily closed the transom opening onto the hall. Bekins sighed approval of this precautionary measure.

For more than an hour Wilton was busy with his narrative. He went into the rum running that had first attracted his attention. Then the flagrant operation of innumerable speak-easies, the fruit of which was organized bands that had corrupted everyone they could and murdered those they could not. He traced out as well as possible the birth of the racketeer and the manner in which he imposes himself upon legitimate commerce and industry. He told of the insidious way in which thugs had usurped dominion over half a dozen commercial activities. Under such a régime, he explained, murder multiplied and the power of the pistol outweighed that of the law. He cited the Scarvak

(Continued on Page 28)

Straight from spotless creameries ...so sweet and Fresh



So carefully guarded for you... this freshness! Wherever you live, you can depend on the sweet, fine flavor of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter. Made from tested and graded cream... in the best dairy regions... it comes *quickly* and *directly* to your dealer. Spotless refrigerator cars, refrigerated branch houses and all the resources of our organization protect its quality at every moment. Just ask your neighborhood dealer for a package of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter... *Creamery Fresh!*

Swift's Premium Quality seal, your guide to unvarying excellence, identifies a complete line of good foods.

The dealer who supplies you with Swift's Brookfield Butter also carries Swift's Brookfield Cheese and Eggs. You will find them of the same dependable excellence as all Swift's Premium Quality foods.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS · BUTTER · EGGS · CHEESE

(Continued from Page 26)

outrage as the inevitable culmination and admitted that public opinion pretty generally charged the Camorra with responsibility.

During the entire recital, Bekins did not once interrupt him. In fact, he made no move except once, when he rose from the chair and deposited the stub of his black cigar in a receptacle. Almost before Wilton had begun to speak again, he was puffing contentedly on a second one. And when Wilton was done, he did nothing more than glance inquiringly toward the editor as a suggestion that he proceed with his version.

When the newspaperman had pointed out his own grave suspicions, and that upon which they were founded, Bekins sucked his teeth repeatedly and completed the characteristic gesture with a "Gee whillikens!"

"You fellows might both have been good lawyers," Currier said at that juncture. "I never heard better summaries." So he added his own approval to their statements.

"It will be perfectly obvious to you, Mr. Bekins," the editor said, "that if this murder industry is to be curbed, we've got to look elsewhere than our own legal machinery. You already know the official with whom I spoke of this matter earlier in the day. I don't mind saying that I urged him to let us have your personal services. I have absolute faith in your ability to beat this gang. Just how, I don't know. But if you make up your mind to do it, I'll bet my life on you to come through."

"My sakes!" Bekins sighed. Then his eyes sought the ceiling again and he puffed some more.

An embarrassing silence ensued, during which the other three glanced uncertainly at one another. Finally Bekins spoke.

"It's a hard job," he said tremulously. "Mighty hard. First, you've got to find your criminal. That ought to be fairly easy. But after you've found him, it'll be hard to know what to do with him. You can't keep him in jail if you arrest him, and you can't convict him." He sucked his teeth again, and after a pause, muttered an emphatic "Gee whillikens!"

"That's just about the size of it," the editor confessed. "And it's not a very pretty picture."

"No," Wilton exploded, "it's not. But we've got to do something. There are certainly a thousand honest people in our city for every crook we harbor. It's against every principle of American government that a little clique of any kind should dominate a whole city!"

"I'm sure, Mr. Bekins," the editor amplified, "that no man in America could do a greater service than to suppress this gang."

He spoke with great earnestness, but the remark seemed to pass unnoticed by the detective. The little man snuggled back into his chair and his alert thoughts were reflected by his puffing at the cigar and the light of his eyes behind the magnifying lenses.

"This Camorra business," the editor admitted, "is probably just a smoke cloud thrown out by Scarvak and Castagara. Men like Zatich stand in the background ready to serve their leader in case something slips. That, I freely admit. On the other hand, isn't it also just as good an alibi for us as it is for them? If they convince us that the Camorra is at work in our city, is it remiss on our part to call upon the secret service to drive them out?"

Bekins chuckled to himself, and this was the first outright evidence he gave of any unusual interest. "It's perfectly all right," he said tremulously. "Oh, perfectly all right."

"And to be quite frank about it," the editor continued suggestively, "wouldn't it be possible for the secret service to stumble across a lot of other things while they're looking for the Camorra?"

"Oh, quite," Bekins acknowledged. "Gee whillikens, that might happen to anybody!"

"I am sure it's needless to say, Mr. Bekins," Currier cut in, "that every possible assistance will be given you. Any matter of expense we'll gladly meet; and I do not hesitate to say that success on your part will be of inestimable value to our city."

Bekins sucked his teeth again, and the editor cast a warning glance at Currier. "Perhaps," he said to the detective, "it would be better if we leave the matter in your hands. Think it over a day or two and see what you can make of it."

Bekins nodded owlishly. "What's your business, Mr. Wilton?" he asked suddenly.

"I'm president of the Wilton Manufacturing Company."

"Yes, yes," Bekins muttered. "President, eh? Is that your only interest?"

"I'm a director in one of the banks," Wilton went on, "and treasurer of an investment-trust corporation."

"Gee whillikens!" Bekins muttered. "What do you do, Mr. Currier?" He had a mild way of speaking which rendered everything he said seemingly casual.

"Real estate," Currier answered. "In addition to that, I'm on the directorate of two banks and a securities corporation."

"My!" Bekins muttered thoughtfully. "My sakes!"

"I'm sure you need have no concern about our responsibility," Wilton said pompously. "Morally and financially you can verify our standing."

Bekins suddenly rose from his chair, limped across the room to recover his hat, and calmly offered his hand to Currier. "Good-by," he said tremulously. Currier accepted the hand in amazement.

"Good-by, Mr. Wilton," the detective repeated; then, turning to the editor: "I'll think a day or two. It's a hard job. There may be something in the Camorra business. I'll think about it. Good-by."

Without further ado, he limped to the door and passed out into the hall and was gone. Wilton struggled for words to express his amazement at the man's conduct. In undertones, Currier grunted something unpleasant.

(Continued on Page 100)

"These Guys are in a Jam, Joe? You Get 'Em Out of It"

Is it the right oil for your engine just because it was made from this or that crude?

Motorists sometimes choose an oil for their engines because it was made from a particular crude. Is this safe?

The most eminent oil scientists say, "No, it is not."

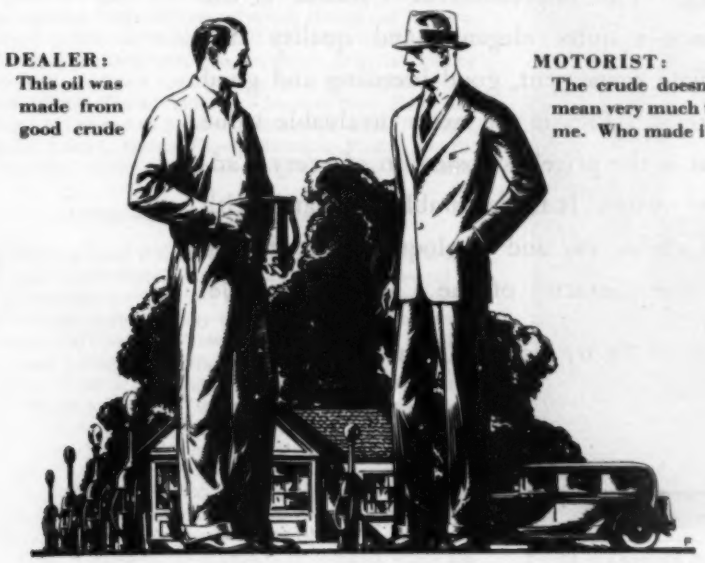
The *crude* from which an oil is made cannot control the lubricating quality of that oil. It may be one of the best crudes, yet the oil may be unsuited for your engine.

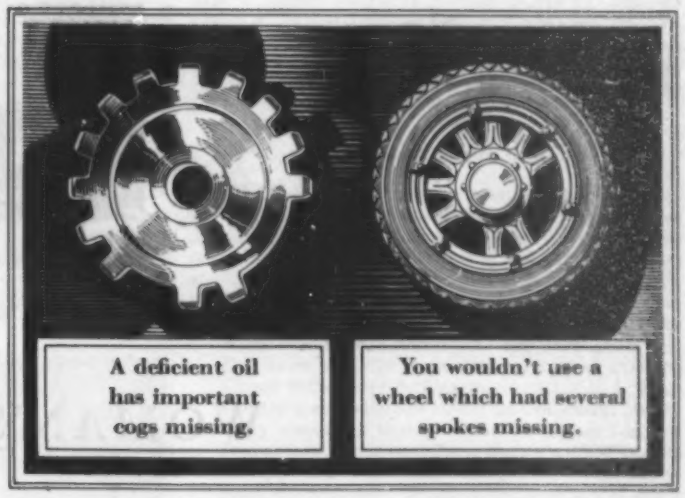
The makers of Mobiloil know that *crudes* alone never settle lubrication quality. Only skilled manufacturing can do that.

The manufacturing of Mobiloil takes place in the world's most modern lubricant plants. It is guided by the world's most experienced staff of lubrication experts. And the vacuum process—developed by the Vacuum Oil Company—is the process which made possible the manufacture of modern lubricating oil from mineral crudes.

WHAT PROPERTIES ARE ESSENTIAL?

In deficient oils, certain essential properties are missing. For example, your oil may be low in carbon-deposit, high in heat-resistance, yet be a poor oil because it has not enough *oily character* for your engine.





Mobiloil gives you *all* these properties in correct proportion.

Carbon Control—keeps down carbon in your cylinders.
Heat Resistance—makes your oil last longer.
Oily Character—protects moving parts from wear and keeps the first-year feel in your engine.
Oxidation Control—prevents gumming and sticking of exhaust valves, and clogging of passages in oiling system.

If you want a *full duty* oil for your engine—with nothing missing—you will find a reliable guide to it in the Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Mobiloil

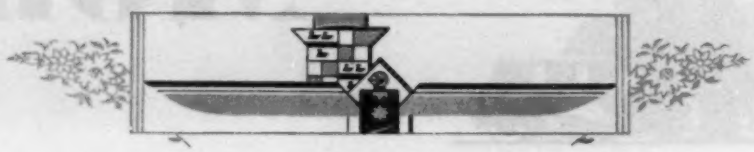
WOMAN'S INTUITION

DICTATES A CAR LIKE *CADILLAC*

FOR HER FAMILY

Careful research and investigation would seem to prove that woman is the quicker to appraise and appreciate true value . . . In the purchase of a motor car, for example, she prefers a car for which she will need no apology—either this year or five years from now. She will choose a car that provides freedom from trouble or annoyance, for not only a thousand miles but fifty times a thousand miles. She will select, therefore, a car *like* Cadillac . . . She knows that for a slightly larger initial investment, and a few dollars weekly increase in the family budget, *her* family may have a Cadillac—a possession of which she may be proud and self-assured year after year—a car which even ten years hence will need no explanation—a car which renders repair, upkeep and operating costs so low . . . Whether the selection be a sophisticated, modishly customed sports model or a conservatively rich and regal Fleetwood closed car makes little difference. The impression of Cadillac is the same—a quiet elegance and quality that radiate refinement, good breeding and good taste . . . This is the extra invaluable value that is the priceless possession of every Cadillac owner. It is inseparably associated with a Cadillac car and is eloquently confirmed by the character of the Cadillac clientele.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



The World War of Talking Pictures

By WM. A. JOHNSTON

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF PARAMOUNT

Adolphe Menjou and Rosita Moreno in the Spanish Version of "Slightly Scarlet"

HOW the studios turned their $1,000,000 pay rolls from silence to sound is a story in itself—a dramatic one. Suffice it to say here that an ample supply of sound pictures is now being produced for the 10,000 wired houses of the United States and Canada, and public attendance at picture theaters has been almost doubled, as has also the income of the large producing companies. Theaters—many of them on the ragged edge three years ago—are in clover again.

But abroad, a new specter now arises. If the American silent picture was unpopular with the foreign government and press, the American talking picture is anathema. Of all the 30,000 picture theaters abroad, not quite 2000 are wired for sound; the balance are running silent pictures, of which Hollywood has continued to turn out enough to fill its foreign demand. But the wired theaters have, thus far, shown American talking pictures. And as a consequence, the storm signals are up everywhere. The hue and cry of London, Paris, Berlin and Rome has spread to Sweden, Denmark, Greece, Portugal, Spain, Poland, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Mexico and the Argentine. Many smaller countries will follow the alarm.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF PARAMOUNT

Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert in "The Big Pond" (French)

Language Lessons in the Theater

THE new issue is that of language. National pride is at stake everywhere. Every country, of course, wants its own language to rule within its borders. Some, for political or business purposes, may want their language to go well beyond their borders. Take the matter alone of an international business language, with its important bearing on trade. What is the language to be? Those who know motion pictures are well enough aware that they are great agents of education. Could there be a better advance agent of a language than this new promotive force?

Just a few significant points here, in this connection. In Tokio today—and English is now compulsory in the Japanese schools—a 4000-seat theater, sound-equipped and running American talking films, is packed at every performance with the youth of Japan. In Holland, where also English is taught in the schools, there is no opposition to the American talking films, but rather a pronounced interest.

With the talking pictures, Great Britain and Germany have still their export-trade problems to consider, but now, with speech in pictures and with picture audiences greatly increased, they face the still deeper and broader social issue; and the same issue is felt, even more poignantly perhaps, by the smaller nations, whose nationalistic spirit has soared high since the war. These countries, their leaders insist, want their own cultural development; they want to preserve their traditions and ideals. If the progress must come importantly from pictures, then they want their own language pictures.

So the new specter abroad casts its shadow back to the film industry of the United States. In Hollywood today, noses are being pulled as Mr. Fairbanks observed the phenomenon ten years ago in London. Can this country, with talking pictures, maintain its remarkable film supremacy abroad? The answer concerns to an extent the fortunes of an industry on its way to rank near the top of the manufacturing activities of the country; for the foreign film revenue adds considerably to the production exchequers and thereby to quality film production. Also concerned, and to a much greater extent in dollars and cents, is the export trade of many important manufacturing industries in the United States.

Finally, for the American firms, there is this business problem to face: The success of the American silent movie abroad has resulted in a large and expensive expansion of its distributing forces.

One company alone has 104 exchanges in forty-two foreign cities. These exchanges, for their existence, must have a certain volume of product to handle. The fat grosses of the first American talking pictures and the still-heavy demand for silent pictures from the many unwired houses keep these several hundred foreign exchanges on their even course, but there may be another story to tell in 1931.

Conservatism of British Exhibitors

HAD the European producers been in Hollywood when the talking-picture storm broke there and seen how completely the studios were bowled over, they would have returned gleeful in the belief that at last they could start at picture-production scratch. But Europe was slow on the trigger. Great Britain's film trade viewed the advent of the audible picture with native caution. I recall a scene in my own office in New York about three years ago. Exhibitors, singly or in delegations, from all over the United States were flocking to New York to find out something about the new kind of entertainment. Rarely a day passed but that a regular list of questions was fired at me: Would the talking picture last? What was the best kind of projection equipment? What equipment was available? Would a regular supply of sound pictures be assured?

One day a group of three British exhibitors arrived.

To break the ice, and before they announced the reason for their visit, I offered: "Well, I suppose you want to know all about sound pictures."

They raised eyebrows in unison. "Not at all," they calmly said. "We are building a large new theater in Blackpool. We came over to study your theater architecture and to meet your architects."

"But don't you intend to wire your houses for sound?"

"Oh, possibly," they replied. "We are not all convinced."

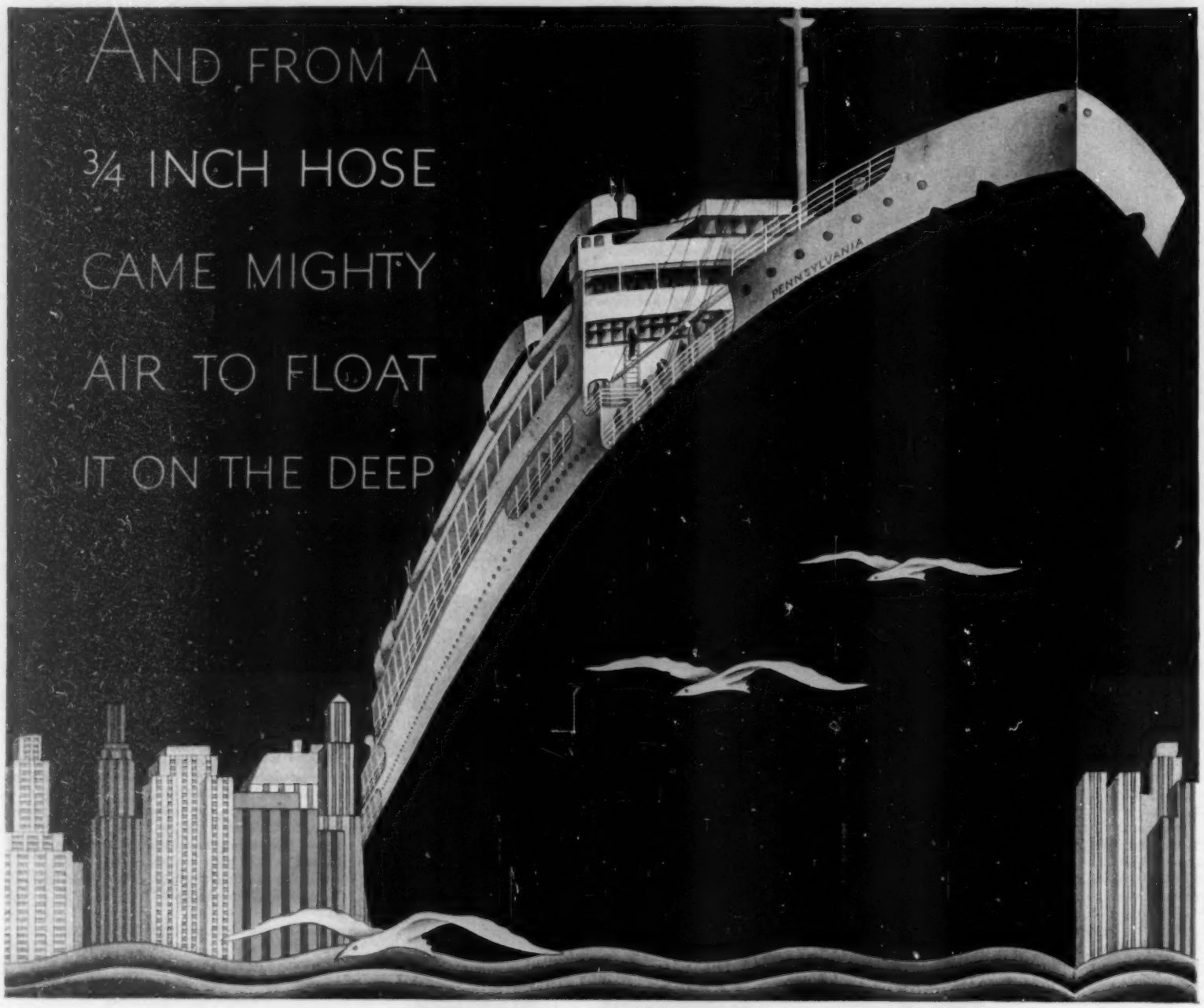
And just so waited the entire British trade.

The American-made talkers began to arrive in London. The public responded at once. The queues of waiting people before the box office lengthened daily. The

(Continued on Page 33)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Barbara Leonard Plays Opposite Four Different Heroes in Four Different Languages, in "Monsieur Le Fox"



GOODYEAR HAS JUSTIFIABLE PRIDE in the great new liner, S. S. PENNSYLVANIA, of the Panama Pacific Lines. Stem to stern—34,000 tons of grace and power—she with her sister ships, S. S. Virginia and S. S. California, marks the new era in American shipping. Stem to stern—615 eager feet—electric-turbined—lean, strong, and swift—are found the Goodyear contributions to her strength.

6,000 FEET OF GOODYEAR WINGFOOT AIR HOSE helped drive tight the 2,000,000 rivets in her hull. Many thousands of feet of Goodyear Welding Hose made staunch her structure. From stem to stern, Goodyear Rubber Flooring brightens her staterooms, comforts her lading, makes good her spotless order. Where she was built—the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., Newport News, Va.—over 40,000 feet of Goodyear Air Hose are regularly employed; Goodyear Transmission Belting whirrs on lathe and drill.

THE G.T.M.—GOODYEAR TECHNICAL MAN—aids countless manufacturing businesses. Besides shipbuilding, hundreds of enterprises know and endorse his methods. He is a specialist in the application of Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods—Hose, Belting, Molded Rubber Goods, and Packing—to the needs of industry. He can help you as he has helped others. To see the G.T.M., just write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Calif.

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The Gartenbau Theater in Vienna Shows "Our Dancing Daughters"

(Continued from Page 31)

Jazz Singer and The Singing Fool were instantaneous hits. Bulldog Drummond ran for six months in a city theater. Broadway Melody ran nine weeks at one and a second nine weeks at another theater. The secondary theaters, in the outlying circles of London, hurried their installation of equipment and reaped a harvest at the box office.

Even today British theaters are still balloting their customers to determine the preference for talkers or silents, but installations have gone on apace. There are approximately 4500 picture houses in the United Kingdom. To date, about 1100 are equipped with sound-projection machines, nearly 90 per cent of them of American manufacture. About 1000 more will be wired, mostly for the smaller installations selling for around $5000.

The advent of the American talkers caused a vast commotion in the British daily newspapers. Prominent men gave interviews; all expression was to one point: It was bad enough to have the United Kingdom swamped with American pictures, with the exploitation of American life, dress, customs and manufactures, but now to have American speech, with its execrable slang and twang, foisted upon the people, especially the younger generation, was intolerable. But while the leaders expostulated and the press thundered, the public, as ever, went calmly about its business—that of spending its entertainment money where its fancy led it; and that was, plainly, to the American talking picture. The British exhibitor, of course, followed the British public, which butters his bread.

Food for the Headlines

THE head of one of the big manufacturers of American sound devices told me of his experience in London two years ago. His arrival was greeted with an outburst from the lay press, and some of the trade papers joined in the onslaught. He was roundly denounced as a monopolist of the worst stripe. The justification for the attack was the matter of interchangeability. The question had already been actively raised in the American trade press. Our newspapers, with no such slant upon the picture problem as have the English papers, said nothing at all about it.

Interchangeability means this: The American company in question, making sound projectors for the theaters, also makes recording apparatus for the producing studios, charging for this, and also a further royalty assessment on pictures produced of $500 a reel. What the exhibitors of the United States wanted to know, and what Great Britain insisted upon knowing, was whether or not the pictures of other studios—British, for instance—and licensed by other companies, could be run on this company's theater machines.

If not, said the big newspapers of London, here's a pretty how d'ye do! This American company, probably part and parcel of a huge American film trust, will put its machines into British theaters and then see to it that only the pictures of its own licensees—American, of course—will be used. Here was nothing short of American picture domination; in fact, the eventual Americanization of a great world power. They demanded a show-down.

The American executive replied fairly, but guardedly. He pointed out that his company was prepared to put recording apparatus in any British studio, and upon its usual terms. As for interchangeability there was this to say: His company had to protect the reputation of its theater projectors; if it could be assured that pictures were recorded properly, and if other makes of projectors would reproduce the quality of its own recorded pictures, that was one thing; bad recording and bad projection, however, were other questions, and so forth and so forth. The controversy made scare headlines and waged merrily.

Pretty soon, hesitantly and often belligerently, but in increasing numbers, British exhibitors called at the American company's sales offices. They felt that where there was so much smoke there must be fire; in other words, with so much hullabaloo there must be strength to the American company's product and position. They were Britons, good and true, and certainly they didn't love Yankees or their tricks, but, after all, they were in the show business.

Later on, the newspaper reporters became practical.

"Look here," said they. "You must realize that we are giving you a great deal of advertising."

"I do," said the Yankee.

"Selling a lot of machines, we dare say."

"Sales are very satisfactory."

Well, said the reporters at length, their business, after all, was the printing of readable news. The fact was that they were running out of material. They asked for more ammunition.

The upshot of it all is that Great Britain is nearly a year behind the United States in the sound-picture situation, as regards both theaters and studios. There has been overpromotion of producing companies and ruthless stock jobbing, with the usual disastrous consequences. To date, however, six studios are equipped with recording apparatus of American make. They will produce this year a considerable number of English talking pictures, and they will struggle with foreign versions for the Continental market.

Vilma Banky and Joseph Schildkraut in the German Version of "Sunkissed"

In addition to the home market—a considerable one—they have Canada, South Africa, the Far East, New Zealand and Australia, which, in theatergoing population, comes next to the United States. All English-speaking countries, but in all of them there will be, in any event, stiff competition from American pictures.

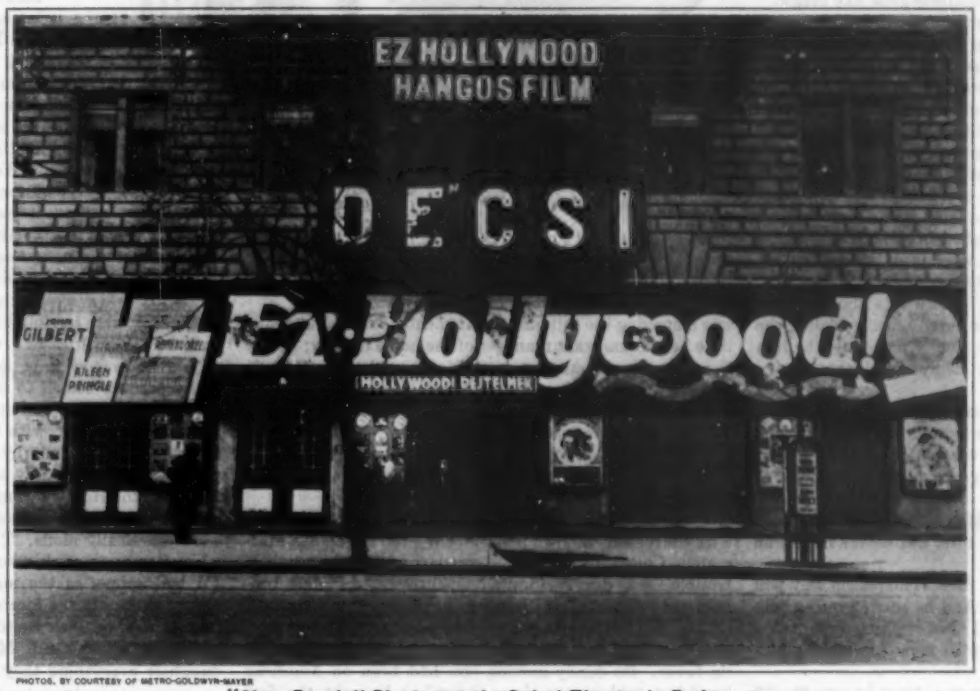
If Great Britain was nine months later than the United States in recognizing the audible picture's hold upon the public fancy, France was fully six months behind the British film trade. In September of last year there were but eight installations of sound equipment; in April of this year the number had grown to eighty-four. France has about 2000 picture houses, but probably not more than 300 of them will stand the expense of first-class equipment.

Where Movies Move Slowly

TAKEN as a whole, the picture theaters of France are the poorest of those of the major countries of Europe. The newest theater of Paris is owned by Paramount, which also has houses in Bordeaux, Lyons, Lille, Marseilles, and other key cities. Loews formerly owned the Gaumont Palace and the Madeleine, but these are now operated by a French company. Paris still is without a large, modern picture house of a size and class to compare with several thousand in the large cities and even the smaller communities of the United States. Amsterdam especially, and Berlin and Copenhagen have much finer moving-picture theaters.

In the early days of motion pictures France led the field in production of short subjects—comedies, dramas and scenics. There has been no outstanding leader in production, however, since the active days of Charles Pathé, and in the entertainment field leaders are highly important factors. Jean Sapène, publisher of Le Matin, took over the Pathé Consortium, a union of theaters and exchange offices, several years ago and built up-to-date and excellently equipped studios at Joinville, near Paris. Monsieur Sapène, however, though a man of unusual force and ability, has proved not so successful a picture man as a publisher. He had, however, an idea, and fought strenuously to pool the picture interests of England,

(Continued on Page 123)



PHOTOS, BY COURTESY OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"Show People" Playing at the De'csi Theater in Budapest

THE TERRIBLE JAM

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFFÉ

SO YOU think Della May Homely caught a swell husband, do you, dear? Well, but you ought to have seen the ones that got away! Yes, in spite of all her money, or maybe because of it. For there is something about a great heiress that scares off the average man, and there are not many fortunes in America any bigger than the Homelys'.

I am in a position to know that for a fact, what with having been Mr. Cyrus B. Homely's confidential secretary ever since I was eighteen and having known my boss all my life before going to work for him.

Sure, dear, didn't I ever tell you before? Why, the Homelys used to live next door to us when I was a little girl, and I used to see Ma Homely making the jam right on her own kitchen stove. Yes, indeed, it was the same Sunbeam Jam you now see all over the world! Seems funny, don't it, that a great business could start that way in the kitchen of a little house down by the car barns? Yeh, Ma Homely made up the jam, and Pa Homely peddled it around town in an old suitcase. I used to go to school with Della May, who was the only child, and often when we come home in the afternoon she and I would help shuck strawberries or peel peaches for her ma in return for being allowed to lick the pans when the jam was done.

At school the kids used to call Della May by her last name of Homely, to tease her, but there was one boy who didn't think the name suitable. This was Jack Bolton, the taxi-man's son, and he thought such a lot of her that he'd carry her books home regardless of what the other kids yelled at him. I remember one time, when Della May was about thirteen, he was walking with the both of us, and Della May's hair ribbon slipped off the end of her pigtail and Jack picked it up and wouldn't give it back. It was a Scotch-plaid taffeta, and Della May was scared her mother would scold her for losing it, but she let him keep it just the same, because she was pretty well stuck on him even then, I guess.

But I was speaking of the jam business. Well, first thing we knew, it had got too big for the Homely kitchen, and they moved over to the other side of town and Della May was sent to a private school. In another year or two the little factory Mr. Homely had rented was enlarged, and from then on the business grew like magic. The Homelys bought the biggest house in town, and after that I was sort of scared to run in to see Della May, for I was still in the same little house down by the car barns.

Well, dear, a man with a natural bent for money-making isn't necessarily crooked, and Homely's jams were successful because they were straight. Of course, the credit was all his by now, and Ma Homely, instead of cooking up sweet-smelling messes on the stove, was putting in her time riding around in a limousine when she could think up some place to tell the driver to go. It was when their fortunes had reached this point that I graduated from high school and had to look for a job; and so, a week after my graduation roses had faded, I went on over to the Sunbeam Jams, Inc., and asked to see Mr. Homely. There was about twelve antagonistic serfs working in the outer office, guarding the Jam Baron, but when my name finally percolated to him he saw me right away. And say, dear, had all that money changed him? It had not!

"Well, well, if it isn't little Gracie Dodge, grown up into a fine-looking woman!" he says around his cigar, just like in the old days—only the cigar was better. "Come in and have a seat, Gracie. How's your mother and father? What can I do for you?"

"I'm a stenographer now, Mr. Homely," I told him, "and although pa and ma have their health, it's high time I got a job."

"Well, if you can make good, there is no reason why you shouldn't do it here," he says. And he started me as help to his own secretary. When I was walking out of the office on air, tickled to death with myself, who should I run into only Jack Bolton!

"Hello!" he says. "What are you doing in my office?"

"Yours my eye!" I come back at him. "It's mine! What are you doing here yourself?"

"Shipping clerk!" he says cheerfully. "I'm an old hand. Been here two days already!"

Well, dear, Jack Bolton was a smart enough boy to have made good in a big city, but here he was at the bottom of the ladder in the local industry, and I realized at once what was the reason. If he couldn't be near Della May he at least could remain within bawling-out distance of her father, and that, I suppose, is something when you are in love. And the way Jack worked right up was wonderful. Inside of eighteen months he was managing the shipping department. And in four years' time he was assistant manager of the home factory; for by then Mr. Homely had one in California and one in Georgia as well. And in the meantime I hadn't done so badly myself, dear, having replaced Miss Fox as Mr. Homely's own stenographer, and now I was getting thirty-five a week and was called a confidential secretary, which meant that I knew pretty near as much about the jam business as Mr. Homely himself.

"No, Gracie, No!" She Says. "It Can't be True! Read This and Tell Me it's Not True!"

I was in this position, see, when the big fight started with the famous English jam concern—the Highlands Marmalade Company, Limited. That last word was the whole trouble, see, dear? Limited, spelled "Ltd.," but pronounced "limited" in the deah old English fashion. Of course, this Highlands concern had been going strong since the Year One, and the American public was prejudiced in its favor. Its funny-looking jars had been on American breakfast tables ever since Columbus brought the first one over, I guess, and the words "orange marmalade" and "Highlands" were practically synonymous in every grocery store in the country. When it come to strawberry, plum, peach or currant, we could give 'em more than a run for their money. But even though California and Florida were simply crawling with oranges, we couldn't hardly make a dent in Highlands.

This worried Jack Bolton so much that he worked on our product until, when you tasted it and the Highlands blindfolded, you couldn't possibly tell 'em apart. And still ours wouldn't sell like it should have. There was something wrong, and nobody knew what. While Highlands sold one million, two hundred thousand—but there, dear, I won't bore you with statistics. Just take it from me that the one and only thing which ever got Mr. Cyrus Homely's goat was orange marmalade, and that got it good and plenty. He grew so he positively loathed the very name of Highlands and wouldn't hear it mentioned.

"Don't even speak the name!" he growled at me. "I hate 'em! I'll be cooked if my stuff isn't every bit as good, and yet here we are overstocked with it! Just let somebody in this concern show me how to move marmalade the way it ought to go, and he can have anything he asks me for!"

"Is that a promise, Mr. Homely?" asked Jack Bolton, who was there in conference at the time. "Can I depend on it?"

"And how!" roared the old man. "I give you my word you can, Bolton!"

"Then why not buy up Highlands?" Jack suggested. "I could get in touch with them right away."

"Not for ten cents!" says Homely, bringing his fist down on the desk with a bang. "What I mean is that I will give the man who puts our own marmalade over on its well-deserved merits anything he wants. I'm not paying for ideas on big mergers, especially not with any English concern."

So that was the end of that. At least so I thought at the time, dear. But I soon forgot the whole incident, because the business was growing by leaps and bounds in spite of oranges, and I was up to my smart new Egyptian collarette in work. Why, Mr. Homely had so much to do that he even began to ask me to come out to the house evenings for some dictation, and maybe I wasn't hot to go.

Well, dear, half the world don't know how the other half lives, but it has its suspicions. And before I went out to the Homelys' house I'd guessed that the luxury of the place would knock me in the eye, but that neither Ma Homely nor her daughter Della May were terribly happy or satisfied with what they had, and in both cases I was right.

You know how it is, dear: the only woman who ever really permits herself to be dictated to is a stenographer. However, Pa Homely had made a pretty good try at it with his womenfolk, with the result that they were cut off from their old friends by their wealth. And the sort of people who had equally as much money were snooty to them, for the Homely womenfolks hadn't changed as much as their circumstances had; so in the friendship line they were practically alone. They made a great fuss over me when I came to work overtime, and never let me go until I'd had supper in the massive dining room that looked empty with only the four of us, or sometimes five, because once in a while Jack Bolton was there on business too.

On the other hand, Mr. Homely gave his wife and daughter everything they wanted in a material way, and

(Continued on Page 36)

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FINER, FASTER, SMOOTHER—LOWER IN PRICE

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WORTHY COMPANION CAR TO THE WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT

(Continued from Page 34)

Mrs. Homely liked her possessions. But there was only one thing in the world that Della May wanted, and that was Jack Bolton. And it was the one thing her father wouldn't let her have.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he said, with the freedom he always used when talking to me. "It's all stuff and nonsense! The boy's a good sort, but my Della May has got to go up in the world, not down! Why, old Bolton drove a taxicab until his son began giving him an income! My daughter marry a taxi driver's son? I should think not! Imagine the newspapers!"

Well, that wasn't hard to imagine, was it, dear? But I felt darned sorry for those two, just the same, because they really did love each other, and always had, and the opposition they met was just stubborn vanity on the old man's part—the same as when he wouldn't buy out the Highlands outfit.

Poor old Jack used to go around the factory with an awful glum face after he was turned down by the old man, and one day when I walked into Jack's private office without knocking, I caught him mooning over that old Scotch-plaid taffeta hair ribbon of Della May's, which he had evidently kept all this time.

What Della May mooned over I couldn't tell you, but I used to see her driving around town in her little car, and she was always alone and looking blue. I guess her folks hoped she'd pick up some other interest, but she didn't have much opportunity for that in our little city, and realizing her limited chances at home was what eventually decided her father to take her to England.

"I've always heard where Englishmen are the best-dressed men in the world," the old man told me confidentially in the middle of the morning's dictation, "and maybe if I land her where she sees a flock of 'em, it'll take her mind off of this Jack Bolton nonsense. We ain't got a chance with the first families over here now, but what if she married a title, eh? They'd take notice of us all right if Della May was Lady Whoosis, I'll bet! And I'd be prepared to pay a good price for a title, even though I understand where they are going cheap since the war!"

Well, dear, I must say I was a little surprised at such a remark from Mr. Homely, but come to think of it, it was rather a sensible business idea. He'd bought his womenfolks everything except social standing, and that shrewd old head of his had figured out a short cut to aristocracy just as soundly as he figured his business deals. And that, my dear, was how we happened to go to London.

No, I can't say I was surprised when Mr. Homely told me I was to come along. He was so used to me by that time that I doubt if he could have written a check unless I made it out for him, and there would, of course, be business letters while we were gone. Yeh, sure it was a grand opportunity for me, and how! But I didn't dream to what extent.

Well, when we had got settled in an enormous suite in a big London hotel, with a fine view of the Thames River two hundred yards away, on days when you could see it, Mr. Homely give me a serious talking to. Oh, sure, I was living right there with 'em and was practically like one of the family, and Ma Homely and Della May was glad of the company, if I do say so. Well, anyways, Mr. Homely called me in like I said, cleared his throat a couple of times and begun.

"Now, Gracie," he says solemnly, "there is one thing I want you to remember very particular while we are over here: Under no circumstances mention the jam business."

"Not mention Sunbeam!" I says, amazed. "Why, Mr. Homely, I should think the minute the reporters read your name on the hotel register they'll all be up here looking for an interview! A big, important man like you!"

"Ahem!" says he. "No, that's where you're wrong, Gracie. Sunbeam may be famous all right, but the name 'Homely' don't mean a thing over here. It ain't on the labels, you know. So just keep the connection quiet, will you, please? If anybody asks you who I am, you just say I am a well-known millionaire traveling for culture—no, for pleasure."

"Of course I'll do just as you say, Mr. Homely," I says. "But I should think the local Kiwanians and Rotarians will be terrible disappointed not to know, and of course they may not realize it's you."

"I hope to heaven they don't!" he says, wiping beads of anxious perspiration off his forehead. "You see, if it's known I'm in the jam business it might hurt Della May's chances over here. None of the real, genuine English aristocracy like their titled sons to marry a girl whose father is 'in trade,' as they call it. So it mustn't leak out that I am. Not a word to anybody about Sunbeam Jams, understand?"

"Sure, Mr. Homely, not a word," I says. "I guess you're right. These English are funny that way. They'd think a huge success like yours was kind of a disgrace if it happened to one of their aristocracy."

Well, dear, of course if Mr. Homely had come over with letters from his business associates, he and his folks could have had a swell time in London in one sense, but not swell in the technical meaning of the word. However, posing as the proud American aristocrat, they was pretty well left alone, for nobody in London is exactly clubby with strangers, there being a sort of caste system like in India—meaning they cast you as far off as possible. When a month had gone by and nobody was on speaking terms with us except the head waiter, and he only when on duty, I begun to fear that this scheme of Mr. Homely's was going to be a bust. And then, all of a sudden, Lord Cecil Straith dropped on us out of as clear a sky as you ever get over there.

As a matter of actual fact, Lord Cecil dropped in the bar downstairs in the hotel where we were staying. Mr. Homely had gone in there to see what a brass rail looked like after all these years, and he was just in time to catch Lord Cecil as he fell. He fell in a very nice, well-bred sort of a way, according to Mr. Homely, who brought him up to our sitting room with the aid of the hall porter, and laid him out on the sofa. It seems his legs had just melted and he had found himself unable to stand without them. He'd been talking to Mr. Homely a minute before about the Derby, which is not a hat but a race they hold over there with horses. Mr. Homely had heard the barkeep call the young feller "Lord Straith," but Mr. Homely would have known, without being told, that Cecil was a lord, on account of the single eyeglass and the sort of nice but sappy look he had. So when Lord Straith's legs went back on him, why, Mr. Homely didn't. Instead, he gathered him up and brought him into the bosom of the family.

"He says," explained Mr. Homely, across the beautifully dressed but entirely unconscious aristocrat—"he says the trouble is he's had nothing to eat! By gollies, I didn't honestly expect to find one that hard up! But it's a good sign, anyways. He looks like a lord in a moving picture. How do you like him, Della May?"

"Father!" says Della May, indignantly blushing. "Don't talk such nonsense, please!"

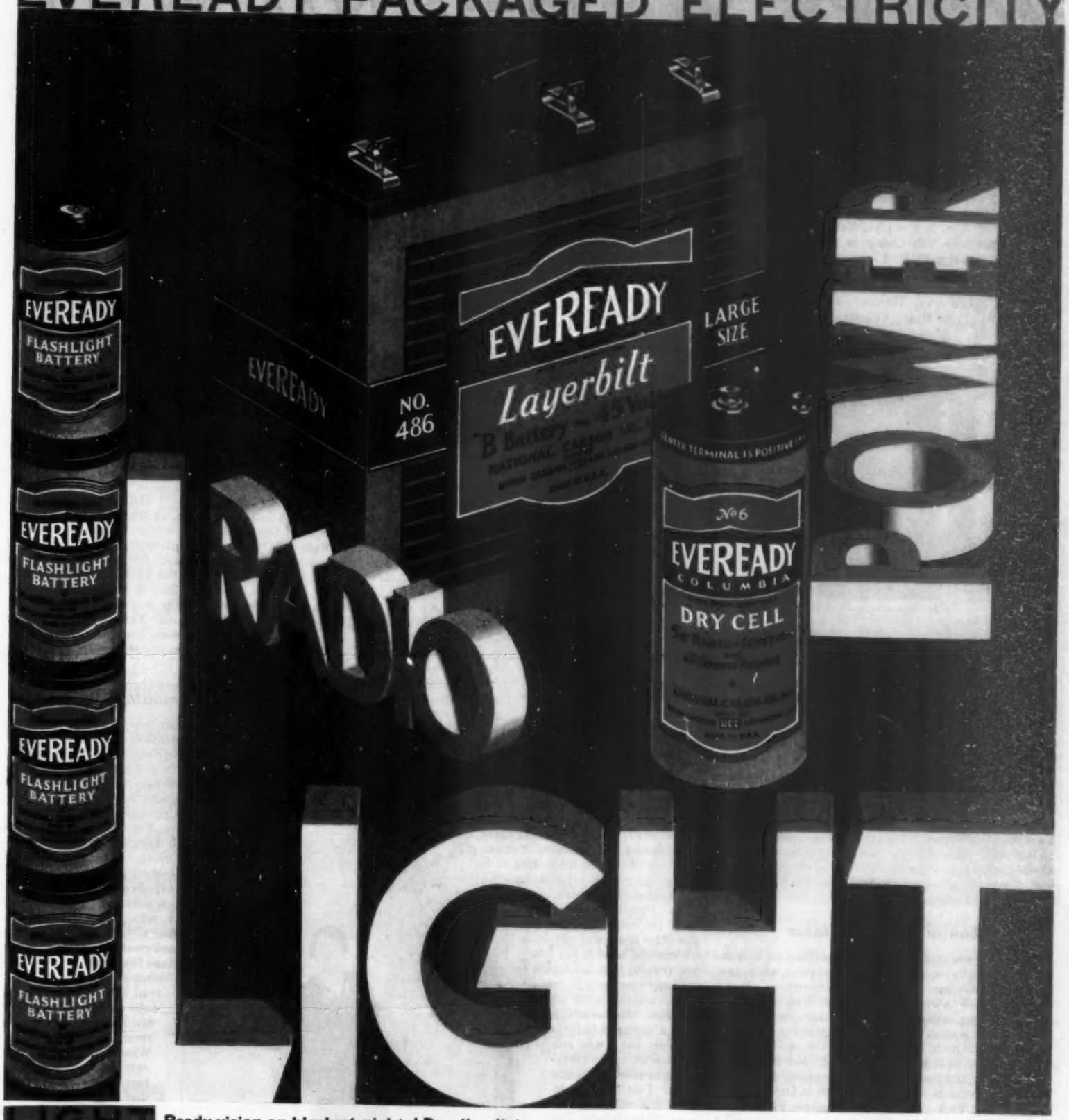
"Father!" says Ma Homely severely. "Are you sure all you done in that bar was eat a few cloves?"

"Poor young feller," I says. "He needs somebody to look after him and not let him get like that."

The young feller we was talking about joined in the conversation then—not that he was aware of doing it, however. (Continued on Page 145)

"No Nonsense at All, Sir," Says Jack. "I Mean Exactly What I Say"

EVEREADY PACKAGED ELECTRICITY



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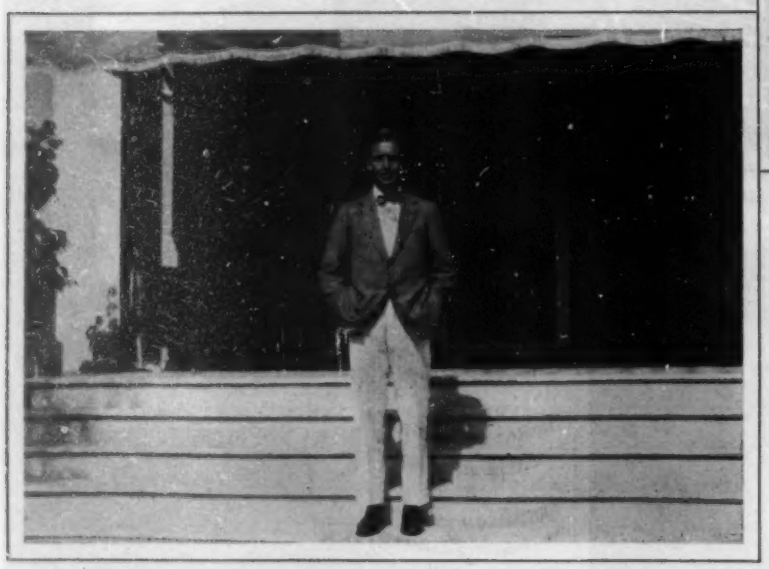
WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Almet Jenks

Almet Jenks

I SHOULD state, first, that I am a male; although my first name, I am told, more strongly suggests femininity; letters from strangers frequently begin: "Dear Sir or Madam." I have a middle name, Francis, discarded for simplicity's sake and no more distinguishing, save when written. I was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1892. I was graduated from Yale College in 1914 and from Columbia Law School in 1917. I spent part of 1916 on the Mexican border with Squadron A of the New York National Guard and the years 1917 to 1919 in Plattsburg, New York; Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont; Marfa and San Antonio, Texas; Fort Myer, Virginia, various places in France, and in Treves and Coblenz, Germany, as an officer in the 2d, the 6th and again the 2d U. S. Cavalry. I practiced law in New York City from 1919 until 1927. I was married in 1923. I gave up the practice of the law in 1927. Since then I have lived in Antibes and Cannes, France, and in Bermuda; and, this last winter, in Southern Pines, North Carolina, during which the struggle between literature, if you will allow me the term, and fox-hunting was continuous and bitter.

Louise Kennedy Mabie

I HAVE always envied the authors, writing for this department, who could manage to be amusing, witty, gay. Or somber, monumental. Or merely interesting. It is a troublesome job to write about yourself. You stand off to get perspective, hoping to see a mountain, or perhaps a hill, or at least a small mound somewhere above dead level, signifying your more interesting self—the one to put before the public—but there is no mound. Not in my case. I am a person, but there are so many persons. I was born in Ohio. Quantities of people are born in Ohio. I have lived in New York. A good many people live in New York. I live in California from choice. So do others. I drive a car—usually pretty fast—and run a house and a garden, and have one tall and lovely daughter. Almost everyone is more interesting to me than myself.

There's Irish in me, and French and Scotch. The French ancestors were Huguenot, even if one small relative, in a family dispute, reported them as Hottentots. I come of a newspaper family—father, uncles. The first word I am supposed to have spoken was "book," but don't believe that. My Scotch grandmother had her "wee drip tea" every morning at eleven, and sometimes, when I visited her as a child, I would be given a part of a cambric cup. To this day I never taste green tea without thinking of her, of her green tea, her homemade bread, her plum puddings, of the red raspberry bushes at her back door. Mostly edible, you will see, but the memories are perfect. I had high old times with my Scotch grandmother.

In New York I had a governess for a time. Together we killed a good many English kings and a good many French verbs. I attended a famous school for a time—famous, not fashionable. Geometry meant nothing to me, and algebra left me cold. No member of my family has ever been even fair at mathematics. We add cheerfully by tens, and then subtract a little, rather than multiply at all. So I didn't go to college. I married instead, and acquired Teeny, my Scotch maid, who ran me and the apartment and the baby and the janitor and the grocer's boy and everyone.

Occasionally I would write a short story, and perhaps get it into Munsey's and perhaps not. I wrote two novels, which were duly published, but made no stir. My friends have always found it quite easy to forget that I write at all. So have I for months at a stretch. The amount of time that has been wasted in my life is an extraordinary indictment, but, after all, I was living, going about, traveling, finding people, places. You can get a lot out of life just by looking at it. The things you see are amazing—in beauty parlors, on trains, in restaurants. People have always interested me more than anything else—the head waitress in a commercial hotel in the iron-ore region; the landscape gardener who spoke in practically nothing under four syllables; the concert pianist who played badly on purpose; the young millionaire, who goes everywhere by plane, hoping to crash. I settled down to steady work when we came to California; first for the Ladies' Home Journal and then for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. There is a great thrill about writing for THE POST. You reach so many people. Short-story writing is not easy work. It is difficult, discouraging work. After a morning shut away in my writing room, I come downstairs limp and lifeless. For I can't write like Galsworthy or Conrad or Proust. The story goes badly. The story doesn't go at all. Oh, what's the use —— But the next morning I shut myself away again.

Charles, Margaret Jackson, Ann, Martha

I like order, luxury, quiet. I like good clothes, shoes, cars. I like Scotties, Cockers, all alley cats and one silver Persian. I like the desert, the High Sierras, the seacoast at Maine, the lake shore at Unionville, Ohio. I like almost any show that is not amateur. I do not like picnics or bridge or Society with a capital letter. I dislike crowds, hurry, confusion. I enjoy talking to one person at a time. I like Ravel, Debussy, Chopin, Stokowski playing Bach Tibbett singing The Glory Road. I am learning to admire Chinese snuff bottles. I can stand limelight only in moderation. So one last bow: When you read my stories, please like them if you can.

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

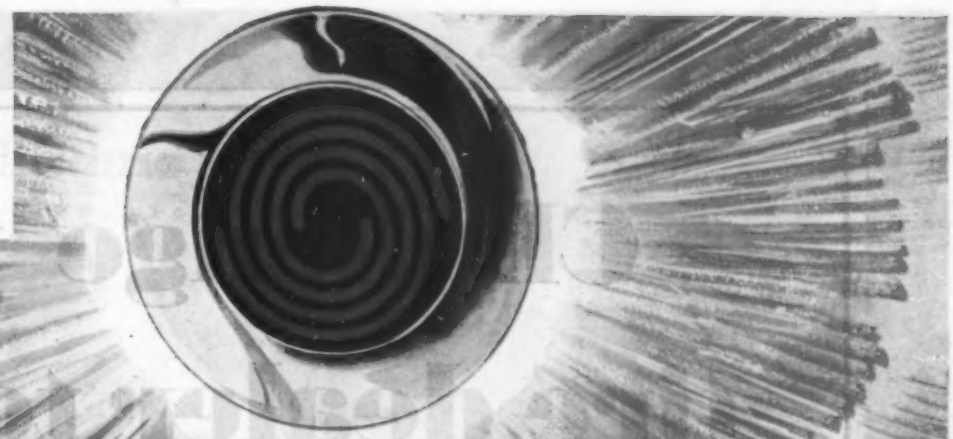
THERE is nothing especially interesting about myself, for my life is identical with that of hundreds of thousands of women who are struggling along trying to raise families. Except for the fact that I spend a few hours almost every day at my typewriter, when my friends are making double-ring wedding quilts, embroidered what nots, and playing bridge, there is no visible difference.

As for my work, I do not have any rules about it, but write when I am in the notion—which is, fortunately, a good deal. I get my girls off to school and my husband off to work five mornings a week, see to it that the boy, who is just six, does his chores—he burns the papers, and gives the pets fresh water and food—and then I do my housework, write a little, read the morning paper, write another paragraph or two, start the dinner, and return to the typewriter. When I see the children coming from school, I hasten to set the table, so that they will be encouraged and deceived into thinking the meal is ready. That's a trick I learned long ago. If the table was all prepared, the man of the house calmly sat down to read his newspaper, unaware of the fact that the meal was far away. But if the dinner was all prepared and the table not set, he was convinced he had a hard lot to bear.

I am likely to stop in the middle of whatever I am doing and take the little roadster, the dogs, and whatever children are around—mine or other people's—and

(Continued on Page 160)

Louise Kennedy Mabie



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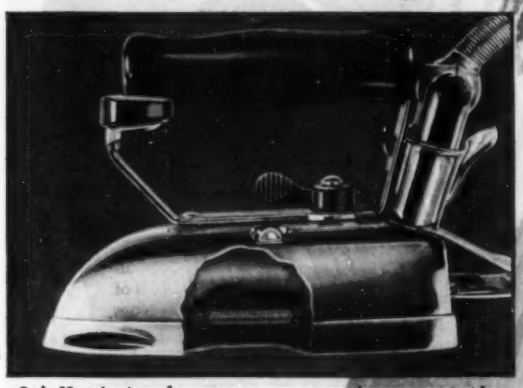

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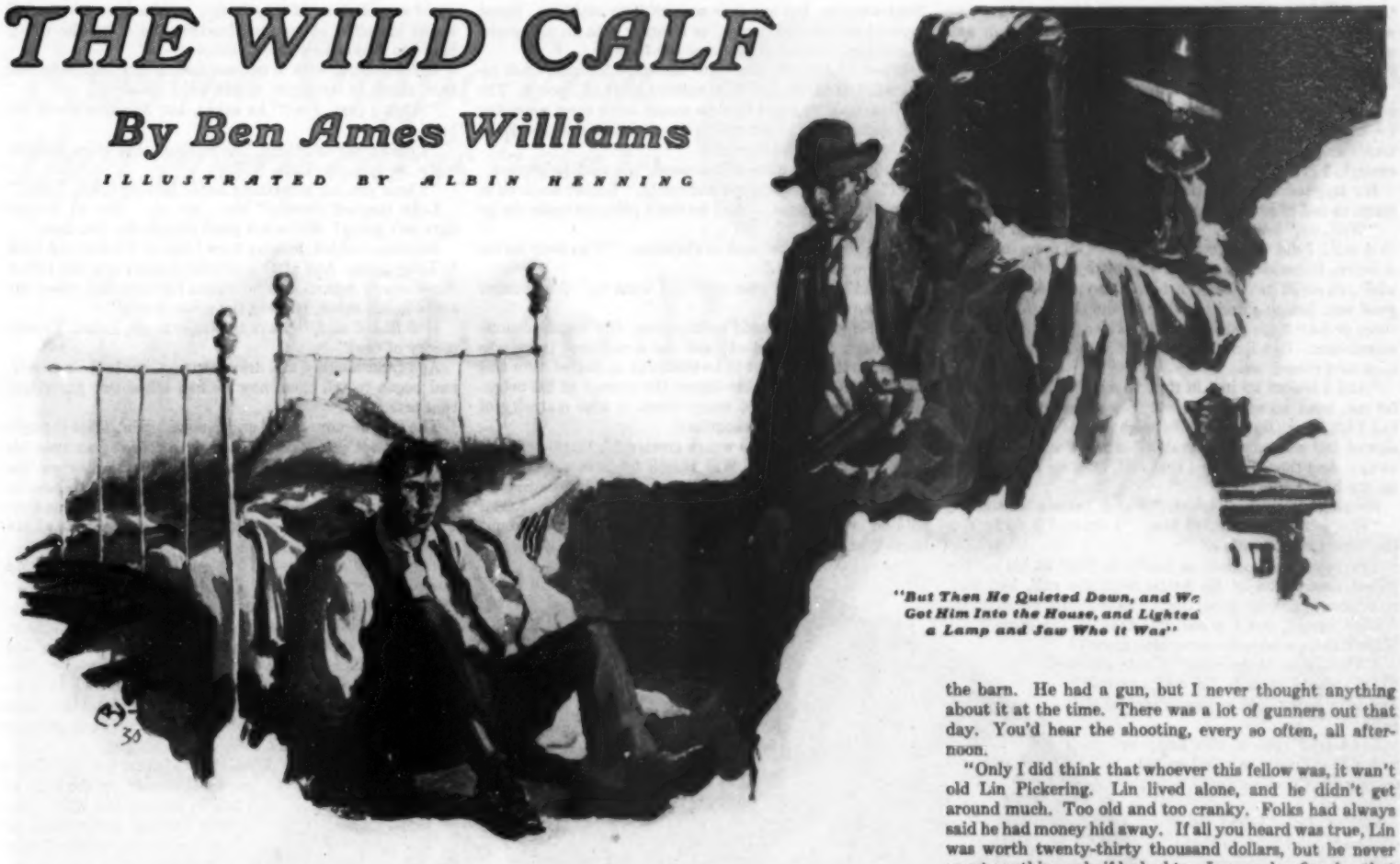

"But Then He Quieted Down, and We Got Him Into the House, and Lighted a Lamp and Saw Who It Was"

IT WAS mid-June, and the boys and I had come to Fraternity to try the trout brooks. This morning they were digging bait in the rich, polluted soil where the sink spout emptied, while Chet milked and I watched him. There were two cows in the tie-up, but Chet milked only one, and when he turned her out into the lane, I asked why he did not loose the other.

"I'm keeping her up," he explained. "She's due to come in, any time now."

I still did not understand, and he made the matter more explicit. "If she got a chance, she'd hide her calf in the woods," he told me. "When they do that, it's a job to find them; and if you don't in two or three days the calf's as wild as a deer, and never any good after."

Chet is full of odd bits of information which come now and then to the surface of his conversation like chips in an eddy, and always with a startling force. This was an instance. It had never occurred to me that a domestic animal is actually a prisoner, forever fretting at its bonds, forever striving to release its young from its own long captivity. I confessed my curiosity, and Chet looked at me in surprise.

"Didn't ever I tell you about the time I had with a wild calf once?" he asked, and when I shook my head he chuckled. "Why, sho, I thought I had," he protested. "That will interest you."

Chet always accents "interest" on the last syllable, in a fashion curiously provocative. But the boys came through the shed just then with a bucket full of bait, and they were impatient for the serious business of fishing. So we did not get the story till hours later, when we forgathered for luncheon under the maple tree by the bridge above the Ruffingham Meadow. The day was warm; a soft breeze kept mosquitoes away. The sun shone, the fishing had been fruitful, and it was pleasant to sit there in indolent attention while Chet slowly peeled a hard-boiled egg and devoured a doughnut and told the tale.

Only Bud was impatient; he counted the trout in his basket several times, during the beginning of what Chet had to tell. But as Chet went on, Bud forgot fish and fishing, and sat with wide eyes, hands clasped about his knees, twitching with excited interest in what Chet had to say.

This was a good many years ago, Chet told us, in the days when he lived as a bachelor at the farm, with his cows and the Charley horse and Old Tantrybogus as his only company. He kept six or seven cows, and one of them was a red-and-white heifer which had always displayed a certain individuality of character not usual in a cow.

It was not that she was cranky or ill-dispositioned. "It was more like she had a sense of humor," Chet explained. "She'd play jokes on you, and look at you kind of like she'd meant to do it and was laughing inside."

Chet has always a habit of attributing human qualities to his beasts; and he may be right. There does certainly exist between him and them a sympathy and an understanding not easy to explain.

The heifer, he continued, was near her time, and he kept upon her a vigilant eye. But it happened that on a day in the early fall he was seduced into a foray through the woodcock covers, and it was not till dusk that he came back to the farm to find the other cows in the lane, waiting for admission to the tie-up.

"But the heifer wasn't there," he said, and he chuckled and filled his pipe, crumpling the tobacco between his palms.

"I knowed first off what had happened," he went on. "So I put up the other cows, and then I hustled down the hill to try to find the heifer before dark, but she was hid away in the black growth, and it come on to rain. So I had to give it up, but the first thing in the morning, I went down again, and she was out in the open pasture, with no sign of the calf anywheres around."

He said he searched the woods all that day for the calf, but without success. "I'd ought to have had better sense," he confessed. "You haven't got much chance to find a calf like that, just by hunting for it. But I hunted till I was tired, and when it come night I drove the other cows up to the barn and left the heifer down there to take care of the calf. And next day I went at it in a different way."

What he did, he explained, was to turn the cows loose, without himself going near the pasture, and he stayed out of sight all morning. "I figured the heifer might get careless," he told us. And with this possibility in mind, he went, soon after noon, across the meadow to the pasture wall and climbed a tall old pine there, till he reached a spot among the upper branches from which he could watch the cows grazing on the slopes below.

"You could see all over from that tree," Chet said reminiscently. "Way down the valley, and across to Muzzy Ridge, and all along. I never did see a place I'd rather look at than the Georges Valley down below my farm, and it was mighty pretty that day with the color on the leaves. I was kind of cramped up in the tree, but I enjoyed it too.

"I see people passing along the ridge road, three-four times. And I could see all around the Pickering place, down the valley below my farm. I see someone go up through the pasture back of Lin's house, and go in through the barn. He had a gun, but I never thought anything about it at the time. There was a lot of gunners out that day. You'd hear the shooting, every so often, all afternoon.

"Only I did think that whoever this fellow was, it wan't old Lin Pickering. Lin lived alone, and he didn't get around much. Too old and too cranky. Folks had always said he had money hid away. If all you heard was true, Lin was worth twenty-thirty thousand dollars, but he never spent anything only if he had to. I remember figuring that afternoon that if I was as well fixed as him, when I come to be his age, I wouldn't stay working on a farm."

But though his thoughts might wander, he continued, his chief attention was on the red-and-white heifer. He could see her, without himself being seen, and about half-past three in the afternoon, when the shadows began to lengthen on the slope where the cows were grazing, his patience was rewarded. The heifer disappeared.

Chet had not actually seen her go; something for a moment drew his eyes away, and when he looked back she was gone. But she could only have gone into the low spruce growth close beside the spot where she had been feeding, and Chet, sure of this, scrambled out of the tree and moved swiftly down the hill. He had come prepared for what he now hoped to do, and also for what he might have to do. He had a length of chain, with a harness snap on one end, so that if he found the calf he might make it captive, and he had also his gun, loaded with buckshot. If he saw the calf without being able to catch it he meant to shoot.

"Because if I didn't catch it," he assured us now, "it'd be too wild to be good for anything, ever, if it got away."

He hurried down the hill, and the other cows looked at him curiously as he approached, and drew aside, and Chet slipped in among the young spruces. But there he slowed his steps, advancing with some caution, his eyes scanning the underbrush all about him for any sign of the hidden calf or of the heifer there.

It was the heifer which he presently discovered. He saw her through a sort of vista among the trees, perhaps a hundred yards ahead of him, grazing in all innocence, and he went carefully toward her, convinced that she had but just discovered his approach and moved away from where the calf was hid.

The heifer showed no disposition to depart, and this satisfied Chet that he was right in thinking the calf near by. "So I slowed down," he explained, "and I looked under every bush and all, before I'd take a step. I'd make sure the calf wan't right in front of me, before I'd move ahead. And by and by I see it!"

There was an opening between him and the heifer, and on the hither side of this opening, ground pine and juniper grew in a thick tangle. Through the tough boughs of this green stuff, Chet saw something gleam.

"I knew in a minute it was that calf's eye," he said emphatically. "And it was looking right at me! So I kept still, because I knew it would jump and run if I took another step. I never will forget that big black eye peeping at me through the juniper. It was laughable! That calf laid

there, about ten feet from me, watching me, and me watching it. And I expected it to jump and run any minute, so while I was studying what to do, I was ready to shoot, all the time.

"But by and by, when it didn't make a move, I put my gun down easy and I took that chain in my two hands, so's I could throw a quick loop. And I took about a step forward, and then another. And when I figured I was near enough, I give a jump!"

He laughed aloud at the recollection, with that deep laugh so full of jovial mirth which was his habit.

"Well, sir," he cried, "when I jumped I landed all over that calf! I did for a fact. I come down all fours on top of it before it could move. And I got it by one leg. And I wish you could have heard it bawl! Say, it hollered like a good one, jumping and bucking all the time. It drug me three or four steps through that juniper, scratched me up scandalous. But I managed to get the chain around its neck and snap it on.

"And I looked up just in time to see that heifer coming for me, head up and tail erect! She meant trouble too; but I hit her a clip with my fist right in the nose and that slowed her down, and I grabbed a stick and drove her away. And then I dragged that calf, bucking all the time, up the hill to the barn."

He paused and Bud asked, "Was it tame after that?"

"Sho, yes," Chet assured him. "I chained it up for the first two weeks, that's all."

The boys had laughed as loudly as Chet at his pantomimic description of his battle with the calf, but Bud rose now and said hopefully: "Well, let's go fishing."

Chet agreed, but I asked, "Is that all the story? Wasn't there a sequel—something more?"

"Why, yes, there was," Chet assented. "But I don't know as I'd ought to tell it. The boys here might not sleep tonight if I did!"

Even Bud rose to this bait; or rather he sat down to it and waited eagerly for Chet to go on.

What followed began, Chet continued, at the store that night. When he had done his milking he went down the hill, as he usually did, to get the daily paper and any other mail there might be; and he found in the store the usual group of villagers. Will Bissell and Andy Wattles were behind the counter, and around the stove Gay Hunt and Luke Hills and Bubier from up the pond, and three or four others were gathered.

"When I come in," Chet explained, "Luke Hills was picking on young Al Tooker, riding him and making fun of him." He hesitated, then went on: "Luke was always that way—a good deal of a liar and a hand to bully. A worthless kind of a man. He stole a chunk of salt pork from pore old Mis' Staples, that lived alone over past Gay Hunt's. Took it right out of the barrel in her cellar. Oh, he'd steal anything he could lay his hands on if it belonged to someone old and weak enough, so's he wasn't afraid of getting caught.

"I caught him inside my house once when I come home from fishing, and he acted ugly for a minute. But Luke was afraid of anyone that would talk up to him. He calmed down mighty soon." He chuckled. "That's the first time I ever thought I might be getting old," he confessed. "When I knowed Luke had took his chance with me. Oh, he always was a mean, sneaking sort of man!"

"Who was Al Tooker?" I suggested.

Chet's tone was incredulous. "Mean to say I never told you about him?" he protested. I shook my head. "Well, his ma's name was Tooker," Chet explained. "Nobody knowed who his pa was. His ma had been brought up in the town, and then she went away. She was gone four-five years, till her pa died and left her the farm, and then she come back here to live, and she brought this boy. He lived with her, but he never amounted to anything. Spent most of his time off fishing, or hunting with an old single-barrel gun, instead of working the farm."

When he himself came into the store tonight, Chet repeated, Luke Hills had been making sport of Tooker. The boy had used to boast that he would leave town some day and seek a locality more attractive and desirable, and Luke reminded him of this tonight.

"But I notice you're still around," he said derisively.

"I'll go when I get good and ready," Tooker declared in a defensive defiance. "And no one's going to make me go before."

Luke c' uckled and spat at the stove. "You been saying that for a year now."

"And I'll say it a year more if I want to," the younger man retorted.

But before Luke could speak again, Jim Saladine came in through the side door, and for a moment there was silence, as there was apt to be when Jim appeared. For this man had in a remarkable degree the respect of his neighbors; he had shown, so many times, a wise maturity of judgment which they recognized.

After that first silence which greeted his entrance, however, he and Chet and Will Bissell fell into talk by the candy counter, and Luke Hills resumed his baiting of young Tooker, over by the stove. The men by the counter paid no heed. Chet was telling Bissell and Saladine about the calf he had captured that afternoon. They listened and

It Was the Heifer Which He Presently Discovered

smiled at his recital, but it seemed to Chet even at the time that Saladine was thinking of something else, that he wore an unusual gravity.

When Chet had finished the story Saladine asked him thoughtfully: "Up in that big pine all afternoon, were you?"

"From noon on," Chet agreed, and he added: "It'd surprise you how far you can see from that tree, Jim."

The men by the stove were silent now, and Chet became conscious of their attention, and he turned that way. "I could see all along Muzzy Ridge, and back across the hill to the big pines above the Meadow, and down the valley past Lin Pickering's place, and on ——"

He hesitated, with a curious feeling that Saladine had been about to interrupt, to ask some question.

"What's that, Jim?" he asked, but Saladine shook his head.

"I didn't say anything," he rejoined, but then, surprisingly, he spoke to Luke Hills.

"I hear you say something about leaving town, Luke?"

Luke laughed aloud. "Me! No, sir. But Al Tooker says he's going! We're not good enough for him here."

Saladine nodded, looking from Luke to Tooker and back to Luke again. And after a moment Luke's eyes fell before Jim's steady regard, and he leaned forward and poked the ashes in the stove, rattling the grate noisily.

Will Bissell said, "Leave the stove alone, Luke! There's plenty of fire!"

And Luke laughed and dropped the poker in the coal box, and began to tell them how he had killed two partridges that afternoon.

The talk became casual and general again. Chet thought once or twice that Saladine was even more silent than his habit, and he wondered what it was that absorbed the other man, but Saladine said nothing till, after an hour or so, Will turned down the lamps, as a sign that it was time to close up, and the men rose, moving slowly toward the door.

Then Saladine spoke to Chet quietly, "I'll carry you up the hill, Chet, if you want a ride."

Chet assented readily enough. He noticed, as he did so, that Saladine was looking past him toward the door. Luke and the others were just going out, and Luke had picked up his gun from the corner. But there was nothing unusual in this. Luke had been after partridges that afternoon; it was natural enough that he should have his gun.

Chet and Saladine got into Jim's team and started up the hill; at first in silence, but when they were halfway home Saladine seemed to rouse himself from thought.

"Chet," he asked, "you were in that tree all afternoon?"

"Sure," Chet agreed, surprised at the other's persistence.

"See down the valley, could you—see Lin Pickering's stand of buildings?"

"All plain," Chet assured him.

Saladine nodded. "You see anybody around there?" he inquired.

And at first Chet shook his head, but then, remembering, he exclaimed:

"Why, yes, I did! I see a gunner go up through the pasture. It looked like he went in through Lin's barn. Might have gone out of sight past the corner though."

"Could you tell who it was?" Jim asked slowly.

This time Chet did answer in the negative. "No," he admitted. "There wasn't no way I could tell. All I could see was just a man walking up the hill, and a gun under his arm."

"What kind of clothes?" Jim urged, and Chet said he had not noticed.

"But I'd say there wasn't anything special about them. Dark, I think they were." And he asked a question in his turn. "Why, Jim? What's on your mind?"

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the recurrent beat of the horse's hoofs on the rocky road, and the creaking wheels. Then Saladine said slowly:

"A-plenty on my mind, Chet. Someone killed old Lin Pickering this afternoon."

Chet gasped with surprise and dismay. "Sho!" he cried. "Killed him? Old Lin? Killed him, Jim?"

And Saladine, in a low tone, as though he feared to be overheard, made explanation. "I stopped there on my way to the village," he told Chet. "I always used to fetch Lin

(Continued on Page 141)

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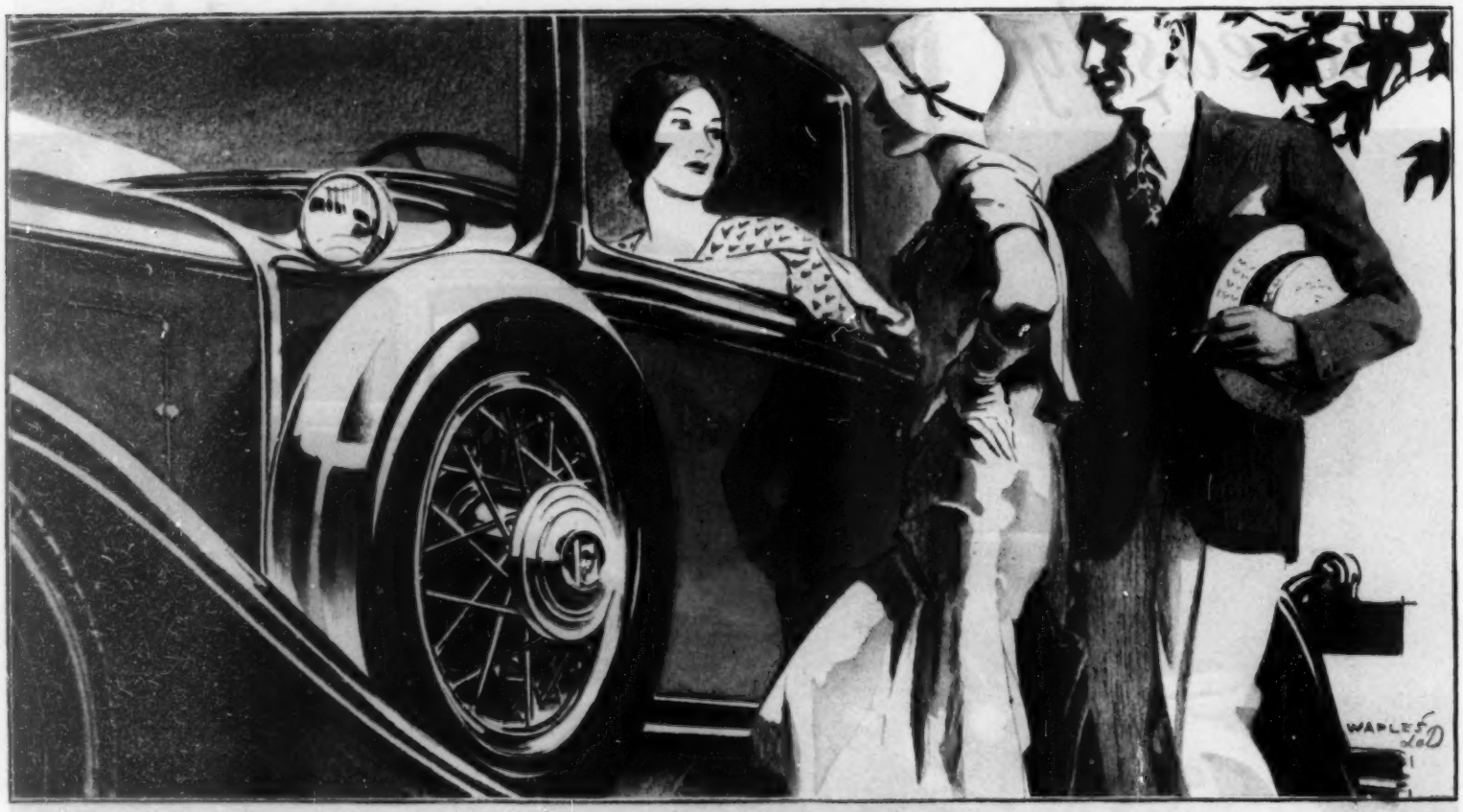

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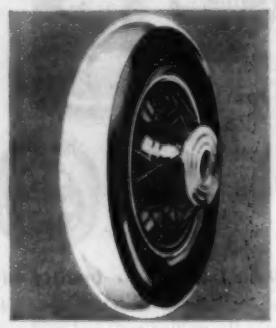

They are easily attached or removed. There are no bolts or clamps. No rattles or squeaks can develop. Rubber prevents all metal to metal contact. Cleaning Lyon metal covers is as simple as washing the body. Age does not give them a sloppy, ill-fitting appearance. Throughout the life of the car they retain the same beautiful luster as the body.

A set on your car, for either fender or rear mounting, will make an amazing improvement. Your dealer has them or can easily get them from his jobber. Their cost is surprisingly low.

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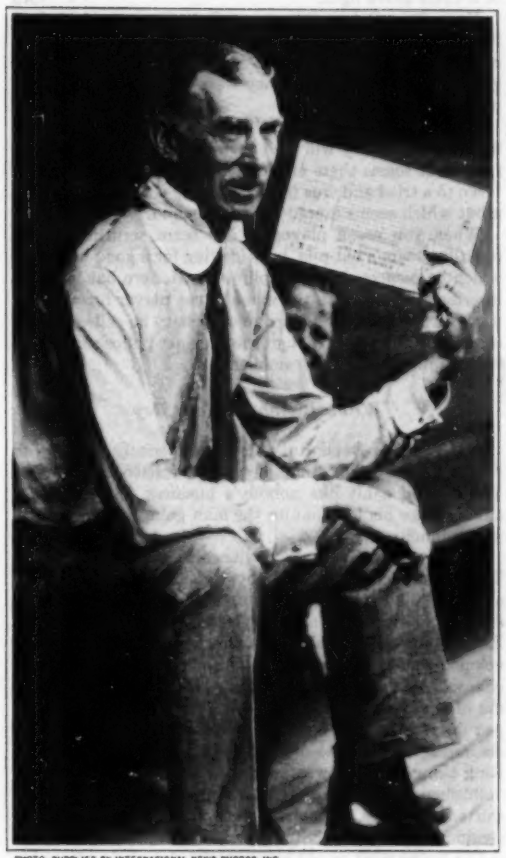
THE BREAKS—By William E. Brandt



PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.
Connie Mack

THE breaks, the thousand and one disastrous chances and moving accidents, unforeseen and uncontrollable, are recognized and respected by every baseball player and manager. Each has his own philosophy about them, but all admit their puissance.

Connie Mack outlined for me once his notion of the perfect baseball team, described just what he wanted in the way of pitching, batting, defensive skill. As I made the first move of being off like a flash to carry the news to my faithful typewriter downtown, he said:

"Wait a minute. And then, when you get that team, you can win the pennant if the breaks are with you."

The New York Giants of 1916, who ultimately finished fourth in the pennant race, won seventeen straight games in the spring, and in September strung together twenty-six consecutive victories, the major-league winning-streak record to this day.

"Everything broke right for us," says Arthur Fletcher, who was captain of the team. "We couldn't do anything wrong. Everything we tried worked. We were no wonderful ball club, but we got about every break in the book."

The late Miller Huggins considered his New York Yankees of 1927 the greatest team ever. With Ruth and Gehrig swinging along in a fence-shooting duel which left all other homer hitters far behind, and a pitching staff featuring Pennock, Hoyt and that priceless emergency-aid worker, Wilcy Moore, the Yanks ran away from their American League rivals and climaxed their season by clean-sweeping the world's series.

A Team That Didn't Need the Breaks

THE Yanks had won the pennant in 1926, and they won it for the third year straight in 1928. But the '27 team was the great one.

"That team couldn't be beaten," Huggins used to say, whenever the subject came up. "They had everything. It's the only team in history that didn't need the breaks."

But close observers testify that sometimes the "mite manager," even in 1927, would change his seat on the bench when his sluggers were temporarily inactive, as other less fortunate managers do in their efforts to invoke supernatural aid for their bat piles. They say, too, that when Ruth came to bat in the pinch of a tight tussle, Hug sometimes demanded, "Who was I sitting beside when Babe hit that one in Detroit the other day?" acting upon the forthcoming information by taking the same seat he had the last time his blue-ribbon baseball bruiser functioned so satisfactorily for him.

And also, that his favorite courier was his substitute third baseman, Mike Gazella. Even in 1927, when he wished to rush sealed orders to the bull pen, he would step across the crossed ankles of a dozen athletes with nothing to do for the time being, just to tap Mike on the shoulder and whisper winged words in Mike's shell-like ear for transmission to the platoon on detached service out by the western horizon. Perhaps Mike's memory made him No. 1 messenger. Or perhaps Mike-transmitted messages brought happier results. The "mite manager" never committed himself on the subject.

A Horseshoe for Bad Luck

THE most spectacular pennant winners of baseball history had the most spectacular breaks worshiper of them all for their manager. They were the Boston Braves of 1914, and their manager was the late George Stallings. Tail-enders as late in the season as July nineteenth, the Braves launched a winning streak which did not stop until they had won the National League pennant and made a clean sweep of their world's series with the Philadelphia Athletics, four straight, the first world's-series clean sweep, and the only one until the 1927 Yankees came along. Their pennant drive was not a winning streak, strictly speaking. There were defeats to break the conquering continuity. But after winning only thirty-three of their season's first seventy-six games, they won sixty-one and lost sixteen in their season's second semester.

Nothing their manager could do was left undone to win the favor of the breaks for the Braves. He dressed his bench personally every day. The bats had to be laid out in perfect alignment, and kept tidy unless need for a batting rally brought the manager's order to shake up the bat pile. The cup had to hang exactly straight on the water cooler's spigot. No refuse was permitted to mar the Dutch-kitchen neatness of the Braves' dugout. Massa Gawge shied like a mettlesome charger if a scrap of paper fluttered across his feet. Once Mike Donlin—Turkey Mike, of the old Giants—tore a newspaper to tatters and cast the fragments into the Braves' dugout *en passant*. In a trice the Braves, two dozen of them, at Stallings' sharp command, began giving a talking-movie version of Millet's The Gleaners, with What Price Glory dialogue, as they groped about the dugout floor until the last scrap of print paper was removed.

Stallings also quaked at flowers, traveling bags, loving cups, presents of any kind bestowed on his players by doting admirers. All right in their place, he held, but their place was not the dugout of the Boston Braves. "We'll lose today," he would groan, as a delegation from Piquosett lovingly trundled a floral horseshoe to home plate. "We're jinxed." He was a bench slider and a head bumper in time of stress. He gave up wearing a baseball uniform on the bench because he spiked himself so often in the excitement of watching a Brave sliding to home plate. He broke countless straw hats by jumping to his feet to change his seat for luck while a Boston fly was drifting down the wind to deep right center with enemy outfielders in pursuit.

Stallings was one of the great managers of baseball. His feat of driving the Braves up the pennant hill required everything in the way of baseball knowledge and executive capacity. But in his fashion, like every spectacular winner, he paid homage to the breaks.

With a scientific slant, Connie Mack fights outfield breaks by studying the enemy batters, figuring the probabilities of ballistic trajectories, estimating the direction each hostile hitter is likely to drive the kind of ball the Athletics' pitcher will give him to hit. Wigwagging with a score card, the professorial field marshal of the world's champions arranges his outfielders for each enemy batter, but even Philadelphia outfielders frequently find themselves skipping across the grass after a fly they can't reach.

Old cultures worshiped idols embodying for mortal perceptions the principle of chance. Primitive tribes seek to propitiate the fortuitous forces by sacrifice, fetish, taboo and totem. With idol building a tail-ender in modern industry and the word "sacrifice" meaning nothing except a bunt or a long fly, baseball devotees of Fortuna have fetish,

PHOTO, COPYRIGHTED BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y. C.
Miller Huggins

taboo, totem and various Aryan propitiatory devices at their disposal.

Dravidians whip their idols and sometimes baseball teams beat the breaks, but not often. Hence the wealth of folklore known as "baseball superstitions," a source of keen amusement to the laity, who guffaw at what they deem the puerility of mind on the part of their otherwise heroes.

Yet was it any sillier for Huggins to prefer Gazella above all others for important messages than for Junius Q. Onderdrunk to entertain his tougher customers invariably at the Pale Lizard Speak-easy? Wasn't it in the Pale Lizard that Junius grabbed that Hollister-McSkee contract? Didn't the pesky Parsnupp people curl up into a ball and ask to be scratched behind the ear at the sign of the anaemic reptile?

Superstitions are Silly—Except Your Own

SO JUNIUS swings briskly past two dozen other gilded palaces to steer his man through the Pale Lizard's dark portal and thinks nothing of it. Put that in the paper as an Onderdrunk superstition and string comic veins through your recitation, and you'll have an Onderdrunk seeking your heart's blood, at the very least.

Researches into breaks-propitiation systems are handicapped by the fact that baseball superstitions have had publicity far greater than any Onderdrunk selling fetish, and proportionally more ridicule. A star regards his own fetish as something more than a trifle serious. He may tell you, laughingly, that Joe Zilch tips his hat to truckloads of barrels and flees like a startled fawn when he sees a case of convergent strabismus, but if you ask him about himself he will go out and get shaved.

I was broaching Ed Rommel, pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletics, on the subject. He exhibited benevolent amusement at the glove taboo.

"Urban Shocker was the worst," he reflected. "If you got hold of his glove between innings he was licked. He used to lay it on the ground until the opposition coachers got the habit of picking it up in passing. After that he carried it with him to a special spot on the bench.

"One day in St. Louis, Simmons picked up Sam Gray's glove and tossed it to Sam as Sam was going to the box. It was a tight game, but right that very inning we got to Sam and scored four runs. Did Sam boil? I thought he was

going to swing on Al. That's a fact. 'You leave your hands off of my glove, see?' he said."

Mr. Rommel's tone expressed paternal solicitude for the Gray foible. The glove taboo was evidently vain paganism in his own estimation. But only a little while later, with profound graveness, he said:

"That's all bunk, I guess, but, by George, it's a fact now that every time I see that 6777 we win."

"What 6777?"

"Trolley car. Yes, sir. Every time I see that car before a game, why, it seems we win, or else come awful close to winning."

"When do you see it? Right before the game?"

"No. Any time at all between the end of one game and the next one."

"Do you look for it any special time?"

Mr. Rommel became a trifle impatient, even vexed.

"No. Certainly not. It's liable to come along any time—along Lehigh Avenue, outside our ball park. I just see it, that's all. And if I don't see it I know we're in for a tough day."

Nassau, in his Fetishism in West Africa, says, without a snicker: "The heathen, armed with his fetish, feels strong. He believes in it; has faith that it will help him. He can see it and feel it. He goes on his errand inspired with confidence of success."

The Longest Way Round —

THAT'S about it. The benighted Afric, recognizing the operation of forces beyond his control and comprehension, seeks to arrange the details of his regimen in the order that seems to bring him good breaks. The ball player who had four eggs for breakfast this morning and hit a homer with the bases full this afternoon will not order three eggs tomorrow morning—nor five.

Precedent is all the heathen has to base his conduct upon. Yesterday the same ball player had two eggs for breakfast and struck out with the bases full. He swung the same bat. Swung it just as hard. Yesterday he was swinging at a straight fast ball that crossed the plate waist-high and thudded in the catcher's glove for the third strike. Today he swung at a straight fast ball, waist-high, but today it landed in the bleachers instead of in the mitt. Four eggs, waiter, and make sure you count 'em.

Precedent worship brackets a high majority of all baseball superstitions if you include its negative practice—that is, changing your routine when you don't win. When you are in a slump you keep changing until you strike the right combination. Ty Cobb, who has studied baseball in all its branches all his life, who analyzed his own batting stance and swing and the stances and swings of other players like a golf pro, who is credited with being the most erudite student of batting that ever lived, played the umpire for a streak setter and a slump breaker.

When the eminent Tyrus was on a batting rampage his approach to the batter's box was always the same with regard to the umpire. He walked either in front of the umpire or behind him. As long as the hits kept crackling from his bat, he kept the umpire in his place, so to speak, each successive march.

Sometimes, when he was using the long route, going around behind the umpire, the ump, either thoughtlessly or with malice, would annoy him by retreating a dozen feet or more from home plate, necessitating a wide detour. The detour made Ty's superstition conspicuous, but no matter how far the umpire withdrew, Ty insisted on encompassing him. If the ump had leaned against the grand stand Ty would very likely have met the situation with muscular traction. History, however, records no such emergency in the Georgia Peach's career.

When Ty's bat became balky under the walk-around system, he would change his approach, marching straight from bench to plate, regardless of where the ump might be standing at the moment. He would alternate his line of march until the hits began jumping from his bat again. This system has to its credit the greatest batting record in baseball history—twenty-three consecutive seasons as a .300 hitter or better, three of them above the .400 mark, and never below .320 in all Ty's tempestuously brilliant career.

I am not averring that Cobb ascribes his batting success to his method of approaching home plate. He doesn't, any more than a host of other players attribute their success to empty barrels, white horses, red-haired girls, rabbits' feet, or hairpins fortuitously come upon.

The intelligent attitude was expressed by Jimmie Dykes, of the world's champions:

"There's nothing to those things, of course. But you might as well go along with it if you feel better. It doesn't always work, but you've got to play the percentage. Take me. For some reason, I never could hit batting third. I felt all right as lead-off man. Wasn't so bad at No. 2. But third, no."

There are bitter skeptics, of course. Howard Ehmke, also a world's champion, decries the fetishistic dark magic of wearing the same shirts, stockings, and so on, day after day as long as the hitting or winning streak continues.

"If my locker is next to one of those fellows, I change it," he said fiercely. "It's ridiculous."

But his pal and roommate, Jimmie Foxx, is equally outspoken to the contrary. It seems that young Jimmie hit safely in eleven straight games last year and on the twelfth day the clubhouse steward sent his uniform to the laundry and hung him up a fresh one. That day no hits for Foxx. Later in the season he had hits for eight days straight. Again the change to a clean uniform gave him the "horse collar"—which, in clubhouse parlance, refers to the large oval zero the newspapers print in the box score's hit column. This year Mr. Foxx's inaugural address to clubhouse stewards featured a drastic injunction against changing the uniform in his locker without the consent of the proprietor.

Art Fletcher recalls no special fetishistic side light on the twenty-six straight streak of the 1916 Giants.

"Herzog carried a lucky piece somebody gave him. Benny Kauff believed in everything. Tipped his hat to barrels and white horses, said 'Hello, Red' to every red-headed man, woman or child he saw, and ran away from cross-eyes. But the rest of us didn't go for that stuff at all."

Mr. Fletcher, it should be stated, is a bitter antibreakist. But when this season started, a consignment of rabbits' feet arrived at the clubhouse of the New York Yankees, the well-wishing gift of a friend of the new manager, Bob Shawkey. The Yankees proceeded to open their season with five straight defeats. Along about the fifth day, Mr. Fletcher, a member of Shawkey's coaching staff, made a public burial of his rabbit's foot, stuffing it down the deepest hole he could find in the vicinity of Yankee Stadium, inviting the attention of one and all to his drastic action and urging them to do likewise.

His Own Private, Individual, Personal Bats

NEXT to precedent worship, the heaviest trend is toward taboo. The glove taboo is most popular, and confined chiefly to pitchers; though Heinie Groh, formerly famous for his third-basemanship with the Cincinnati Reds and the New York Giants, carried his glove in his pocket when not wearing it. Only he himself might touch it.

Hugh Critz, of the New York Giants, practices a kind of aggressive taboo upon the opposing second baseman. Every day Critz plays you can see him, if you are there and watching. When he trots to his position at second base he invariably pauses long enough to pick up the opposing second baseman's glove and give it a toss. Not a long toss, just a little eighteen-inch flip. Like Ty Cobb, when similarly put upon, little Hughie will detour twenty yards into right field to get at his opponent's glove if said opponent has sought to circumvent him by skimming his glove outside of Hughie's immediate fielding scope.

Clash of the Critz complex with the rigid glove taboo common to pitchers might cause trouble, but second basemen, it seems, are not funny that way. There is no record of a Critz glove fight.

Home-Run Baker, the prewar Babe Ruth, held his bats inviolable. They were not permitted to repose in the community bat bags, but were jealously guarded between games by Bake himself. They were never borrowed. Not when Bake was looking.

The bat taboo is shared by most hitters, though in milder form. They will lend their bats to a tried and true friend. It seems there are just so many hits in every bat. Even to a tried and true friend, a player is reluctant to lend a bat which seems extraordinarily fecund.

When you see a player of one team scrutinizing the opposing team's bat pile, he is looking for a good bat of his which he suspects has been pilfered. Modern bat factories inscribe each bat with the name of the player for whom it was ordered. Scotland Yard never has to be called in on a case of bat burglary, though the precinct police sometimes become involved as peacemakers.

When Baseball Went Dry

A BAT which Babe Ruth fancies especially he tries to keep for himself, though in time of distress, when the Yanks need a hit like nobody's business, the Babe will almost force his best bat on the man going to home plate in the pinch.

Taboo extends in lesser virulence to articles of apparel. There is on record an actual physical combat in the dugout of the Philadelphia Nationals in A. D. 1921, between Pitcher Jimmie Ring and Outfielder Dewitt Lebourveau. Ring thought Bevo had his sweater. After the fight it developed that a kid catcher, ignorant of the gravity of his offense, had borrowed Ring's sweater from its special corner of the bench and donned it before departing for bullpen duty. An elfish light in Bevo's eye when Ring began clamoring, led Ring to credit Bevo with guilty knowledge, Ring being a noted sweater-taboo zealot.

Pitchers uncounted have placed their trust in red undershirts. "He lost his shirt" thus took on as poignant a significance as on Wall Street for the unhappy wight whose red undergarment would be mysteriously missing from his locker, either through clubhouse boy's ineptitude or teammate's prank.

Wild Bill Donovan was a semishirter. He wore the right sleeve and right shoulder of a red undershirt. "Does that do your arm any real good?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "I guess it's just the old superstish. In a pinch I always feel better if I've got it on."

The taboo borders on the talisman, and the talisman comes closer to the rational than any other branch of breakism.

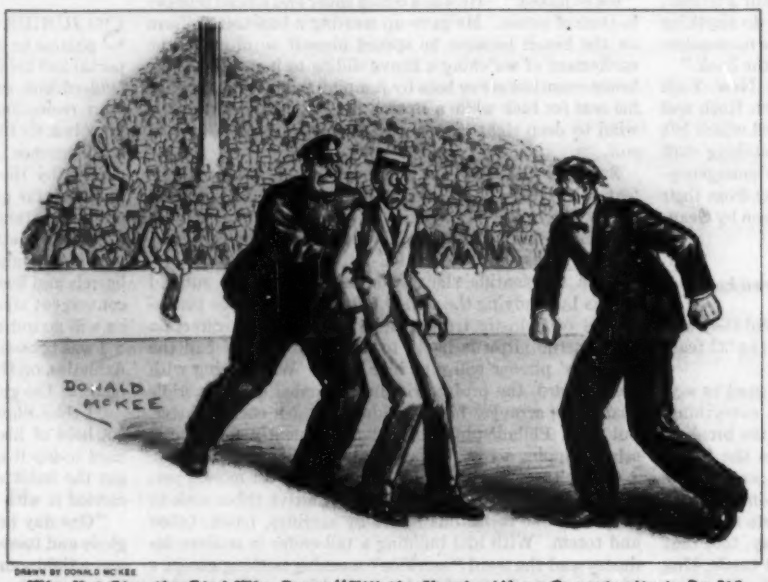
Until the National League passed a rule forbidding the practice, Dazzy Vance, Brooklyn's supreme postwar pitching ace, used to slash the right sleeve of every undershirt he wore with his uniform. The raggedy sleeve, protruding from his pitching elbow, gave a gypsy lilt to the Dazzler's working attire.

The lucky sleeve verged on the actual in the fact that Daz believed it had some deterrent effect on the batter's view of the pitched ball spinning toward him. In the same sense it is considered lucky for a right-handed pitcher to have his shortstop playing over close to second when Babe Ruth or Cy Williams is at bat, or any other left-hand hitter with a pronounced pull of his drives toward right field.

Lots of the talismans are talismans plus. As far back as 1912, Russell Ford, of the New York Highlanders, began the vogue of trick deliveries by sewing a little square of emery paper in his glove. With it he would roughen a spot on the baseball's cover before pitching, the rough spot giving Ford a better grasp of the ball and of the situation. The vogue reached such proportions that in 1920 the major leagues passed a rule prohibiting any such mutilation of the baseball's cover.

Along with this rule the leagues slipped in a clause that was in tune with the then-infantile prohibition amendment. Organized baseball went dry. The spitball was then and forever barred from the big leagues, with a softer touch to the ukase than the liquor amendment

(Continued on Page 150)



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Why Not Give the Bird Who Roars "Kill the Umpire!" an Opportunity to Do It?

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE BY BUILDING RIGHT

FEW indeed are the years it has taken radio to grow from an incredible novelty to an important, an almost indispensable factor in everyday life — Out of radio's irresistible appeal to the American imagination has sprung an immense industry and on its roster a new name, General Motors, has just appeared—to stay — "Building for the Future by Building Right" is not a casual statement for the General Motors Radio Corporation. It is a working principle. In this phrase are reflected the policies that are the basis of our business — Around it we are already creating an institution—a progressive, permanent enterprise...stable, sound, strong today—so that it will be respected, favored, successful tomorrow.

We have appointed as General Motors Radio dealers, men able to meet requirements of character, business integrity and financial responsibility which establish them as the kind of merchant you will prefer to deal with.

We have established a national system of strategically-located service stations. Wherever you buy a General Motors Radio, you can feel certain of continued satisfactory performance; for within easy reach there will always be a corps of trained radio technicians, capable and well-equipped, ready to render expert service—should there ever be an occasion for it.

We have developed a distinctive product—one which exemplifies everything that "Product of General Motors" means to millions of buyers in other fields—advanced design, extraordinary value and outstanding performance. With the Tone Selector we have given you *mastery of tone*—we have provided you with means to emphasize bass or treble at will, as though you were directing the entertainment yourself. In period cabinets of genuine distinction and charm we have given radio the true decorative quality of fine furniture . . . and we have made it possible for you to regard these cabinets as permanent possessions—for we shall design any future chassis or speaker so that it may be installed in the cabinet of the new General Motors Radio you buy today, thus enabling you always to enjoy the latest technical developments at the lowest possible cost.

Building for the Future by Building Right—a purpose which we believe the radio-buying public will not take long to recognize . . . and endorse.

Prices without tubes: the Hepplewhite $136, the Sheraton $152, the Late Italian $172, the Queen Anne radio-phonograph $198, the Georgian radio-phonograph $270.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

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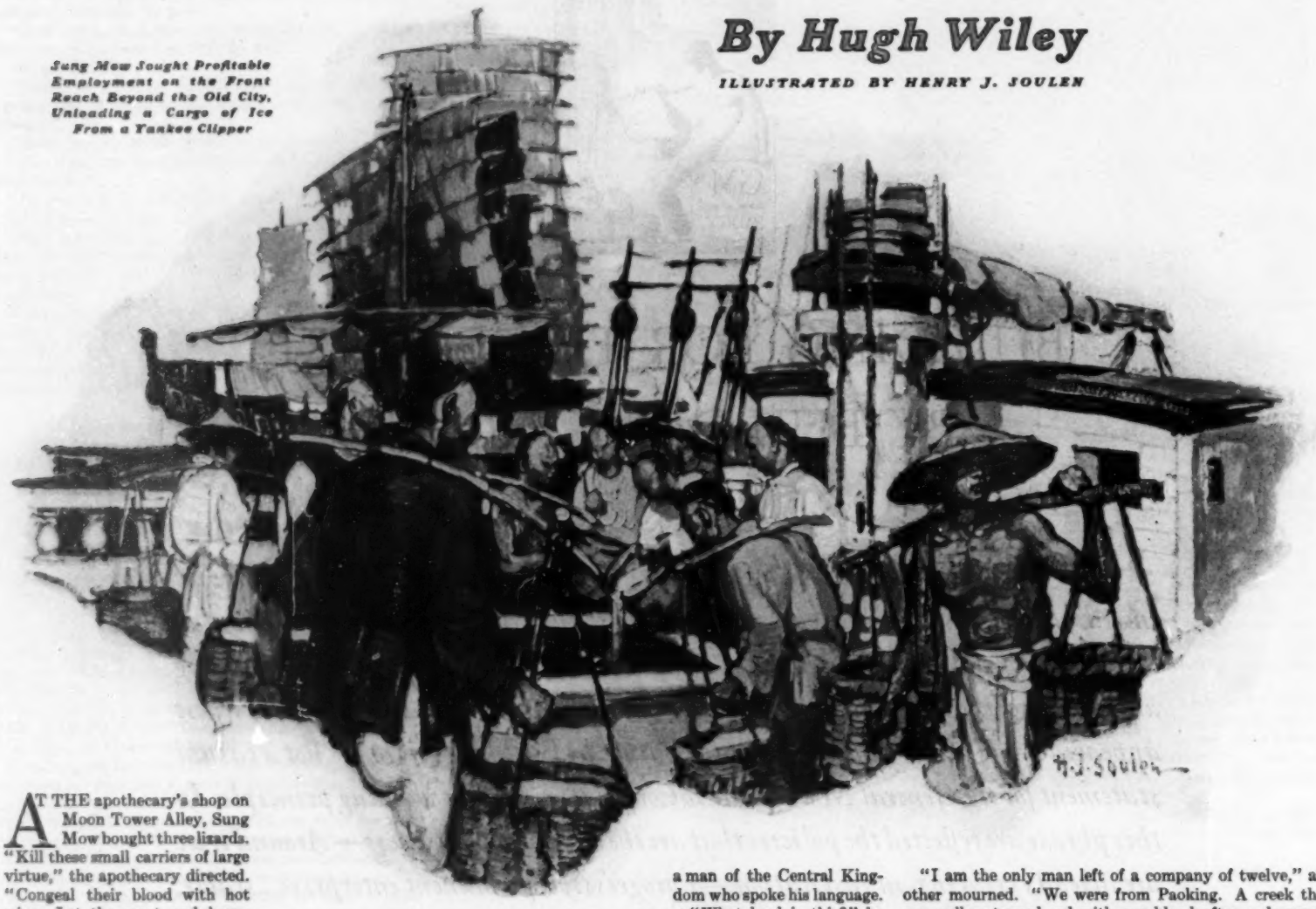
THE COPPER MASK

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



Sung Mow Sought Profitable Employment on the Front Reach Beyond the Old City, Unloading a Cargo of Ice From a Yankee Clipper

AT THE apothecary's shop on Moon Tower Alley, Sung Mow bought three lizards. "Kill these small carriers of large virtue," the apothecary directed. "Congeal their blood with hot wine. Let the meat and bones simmer with sugar cane and ginger. When the broth is reduced to a cupful, drink it. Anoint thy ailing body with the congealed blood and the Devils of Distress will depart."

Sung Mow bowed. "Scholars are the chief treasure of the Central Glory. I shall obey thy mandate. A wise man understands a nod."

"Pay me three dollars," the apothecary said. "Within the week thy stubborn leg will be as supple as these little rock-racing acrobats."

"A double portion of fortune for a single price!" Sung Mow commented, paying the price in silver with an added bonus of golden words.

Within the week Sung Mow's leg was vacated by the Fire Devils that had entered it from their hiding place in the mud bar below Three Islands. With his new equipment of health and strength, Sung Mow sought profitable employment on the Front Reach beyond the Old City. He found it, unloading a cargo of ice from a Yankee clipper.

It was pleasant in the hold of the ice carrier. On a day when the ship's new cargo was aboard, Sung Mow hid away in a burrow of old canvas, after his evening rice and tea had given comfort and bulk to his stomach. From a pouch in his girdle, to promote oblivion, he took three pellets of good black opium. Presently a corner of heaven tilted low and a green field through which flowed a clear stream of sweet water encompassed him, and he lay in the shade of a blue-leafed branch of an All-Forgetting Tree which grows only in the vales of Paradise.

The clipper stood out to sea and Sung Mow was flushed from his cover by a crew of cargo trimmers working under the lash of a mate's voice. The mate's words burned and bruised Sung Mow no less than the heavy boot that boosted him out of his temporary haven.

Thereafter, through long weeks of grueling labor, he paid his way on a journey that brought him to the young city of San Francisco. Ashore, after an escape from the stones and weapons of a riotous mob whose chief employment was the exploitation and torture of Sung Mow's countrymen, he met a man of the Central Kingdom who spoke his language.

"What land is this?" he asked.

"This is the boundary land between the outer world and the Gold Hills," the man of the Central Kingdom replied.

"I thank you. By what name may I address you?"

"My name is Wong Lee. My city in the empire of our fathers is Hangchow. And you?"

"Sung Mow is my name. My home is the village that lies around the Whispering Bell Tower, west of Canton. . . . This seems to be a world of darkness."

"Patience," Wong Lee advised. "Heaven disposes. Plenteous years await industry."

"Peace, now, would be sweet after bitter. Where men suffer, there is hell."

"*Ih t'iao hoh lu*—this is a road of life that is a path to prosperity."

"*Ch'uh liao si ti*—I have emerged from the place of death. Where is the pathway to happiness?"

"Follow me," Wong Lee directed. "*Chuan ho uei fuh*—calamity shall change into a blessing."

Sung Mow bowed. "Lead the way. I shall follow you, nor shall I forget my first profits from your friendship."

"Presently we shall regain the Lost Harmony with which the favor of Milo Fo may be won. There is gold in the distant hills. We shall search for it."

They traveled to Sacramento on a steamboat whose boilers exploded ten minutes after they had disembarked.

"We have escaped death," Wong Lee said.

"Yes, Kuan Yin has smiled upon us," Sung Mow answered.

Journeying through a dozen towns and half a hundred smaller camps on their way to the northern placer fields, Sung Mow and his companion accumulated a company of their countrymen. In the foothills, when Sacramento had been passed, seeking the protection of numbers, the sympathy of their own race, half a hundred men of the Central Glory rallied to the leadership of Sung Mow and Wong Lee.

"A Kweichow man was stoned to death yesterday on Rock River," one recruit reported. "His gold was taken by a roving band of tax collectors."

"I am the only man left of a company of twelve," another mourned. "We were from Paoking. A creek that was yellow turned red with our blood after a desperate crew of white men from San Francisco finished us. They had guns. We had knives."

"The white miners in Deep Canyon made a raid upon our colony," another explained. "The officers of the law aided them in a murderous attack on thirty men. Not more than six escaped."

To all of these refugees, "There is a place for you in our company," Sung Mow announced. "There is work for us to do. Meanwhile, for you, there is rice."

At each suggestion of counterattack, "Better to endure persecution than to follow depraved courses," Wong Lee counseled.

"Without resistance on our part," Sung Mow argued, "both the land and the men will suffer."

"Patience," Wong Lee returned. "A place beside the tiger who guards a golden treasure is always a place of danger."

"You are responsible," Sung Mow said. "We proceed with right conduct."

"There will be recompense for virtue," Wong Lee promised.

Beyond Secret Ravine, on the north fork of American River, "This is the rich gold country," Wong Lee announced.

"Aye; but to obtain it?" Sung Mow answered.

"I know the methods of harvesting the golden grain," Wong Lee said. "Not for naught did I spend my youth in the deserts north of the Central Glory. Not wasted were the frozen months that I fought the ice demons in the cloud-stabbing mountains to the west. I have known the Lost Cities of Sin Kiang, the jade rivers, and the hills whence came the treasures of gold and precious stones that adorned the favorites of the Northern Court. I will show you, at the proper time, all that is known of the various ways whereby gold can be wrung from the talons of earth."

Wong Lee struck the pay in Canyon Creek, northwest of Moody Ridge. After an hour's prospecting, "We have met a double portion of prosperity," he said. "Plenteous

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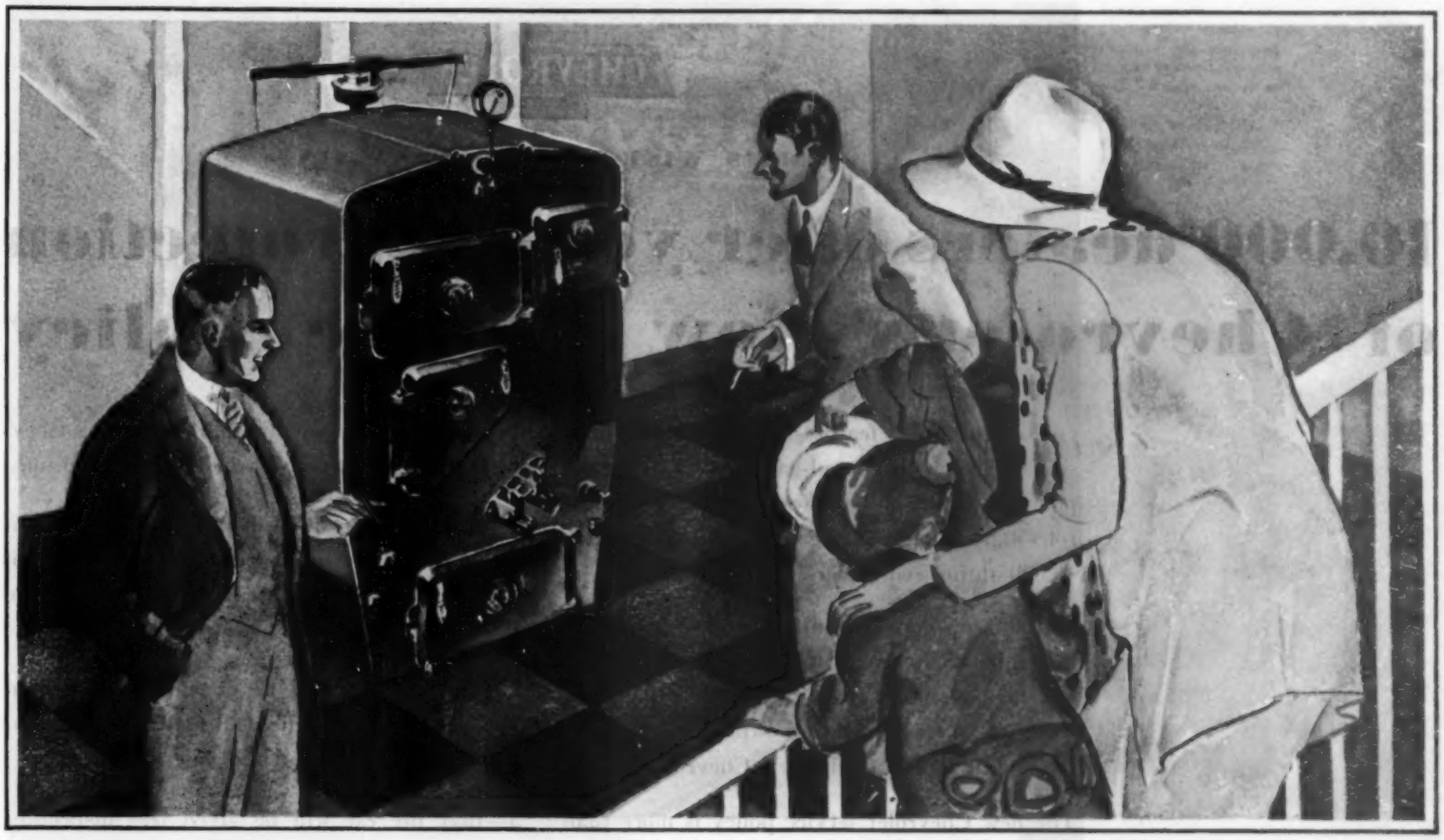


Automatic heat that pays the cost of replacing your old boiler

Ask any home owner why he replaced his boiler with a Spencer and he will tell you: "My wife says it's because she discovered that a neighbor's Spencer Heater is automatic—and she never has to touch it—but between you and me, it's because my coal bills are only half what they used to be."

The words may change, but the reasons do not. Ask any Spencer owner about his boiler, and you'll discover why half the Spencers sold replace other boilers. They are sold by the real enthusiastic recommendation of other Spencer owners. You must own a Spencer to understand that its ample flow of steady heat, automatic fuel feed and remarkable economy are not merely pleasant hopes, but a simple, every-day experience of thousands of Spencer owners.

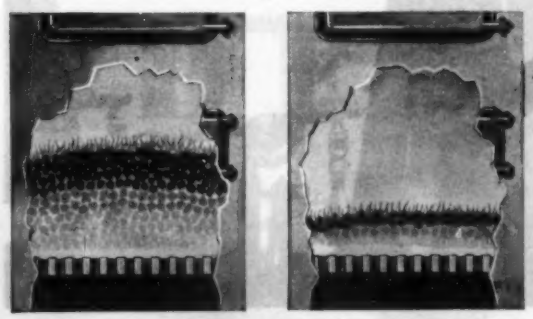
It is automatic, so that wives need not play fireman while husbands are away. You fill the magazine in the morning—or at night. All day long the fire burns up-hill on the Gable-Grate, while fuel feeds automatically by gravity, just as fast or as slow as needed.* The Spencer Heater can, and does, cut coal bills in half by using coal that costs less. The sloping Gable-Grate and Magazine are designed to use small size fuels, while flat grate heaters are not. Use No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite at $7 a ton instead of large sizes at $14, and cut your fuel bills in half. Use small size by-product coke—and enjoy clean and smokeless heat at proportionate savings.

It gives ample heat—for Spencer Heater capacities are guaranteed—and it is uniform heat, too, because of the automatic control of the fire. Spencer Heaters for steam, vapor or hot-water systems are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types and for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It explains the Spencer operating principle in detail. Spencer Heater Company, Williamsport, Pa. Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.

* Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks, more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.

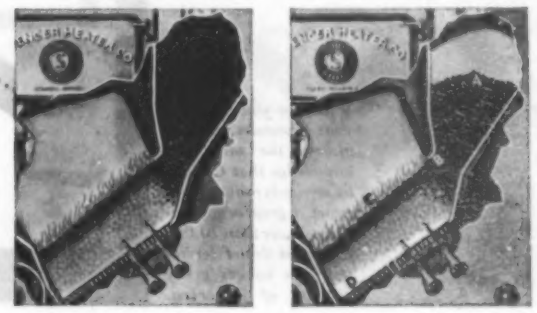
FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash—heater must again be refueled.



FIRE BURNS UPHILL . . FUEL ROLLS DOWN . .

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
*The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine **



for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

10,000 dealers offer you the protection of Chevrolet's New Service Policy

One of the finest features of Chevrolet ownership is the new and broad-gauged owner's service policy which is now in force throughout Chevrolet's great national organization of more than 10,000 authorized dealers.

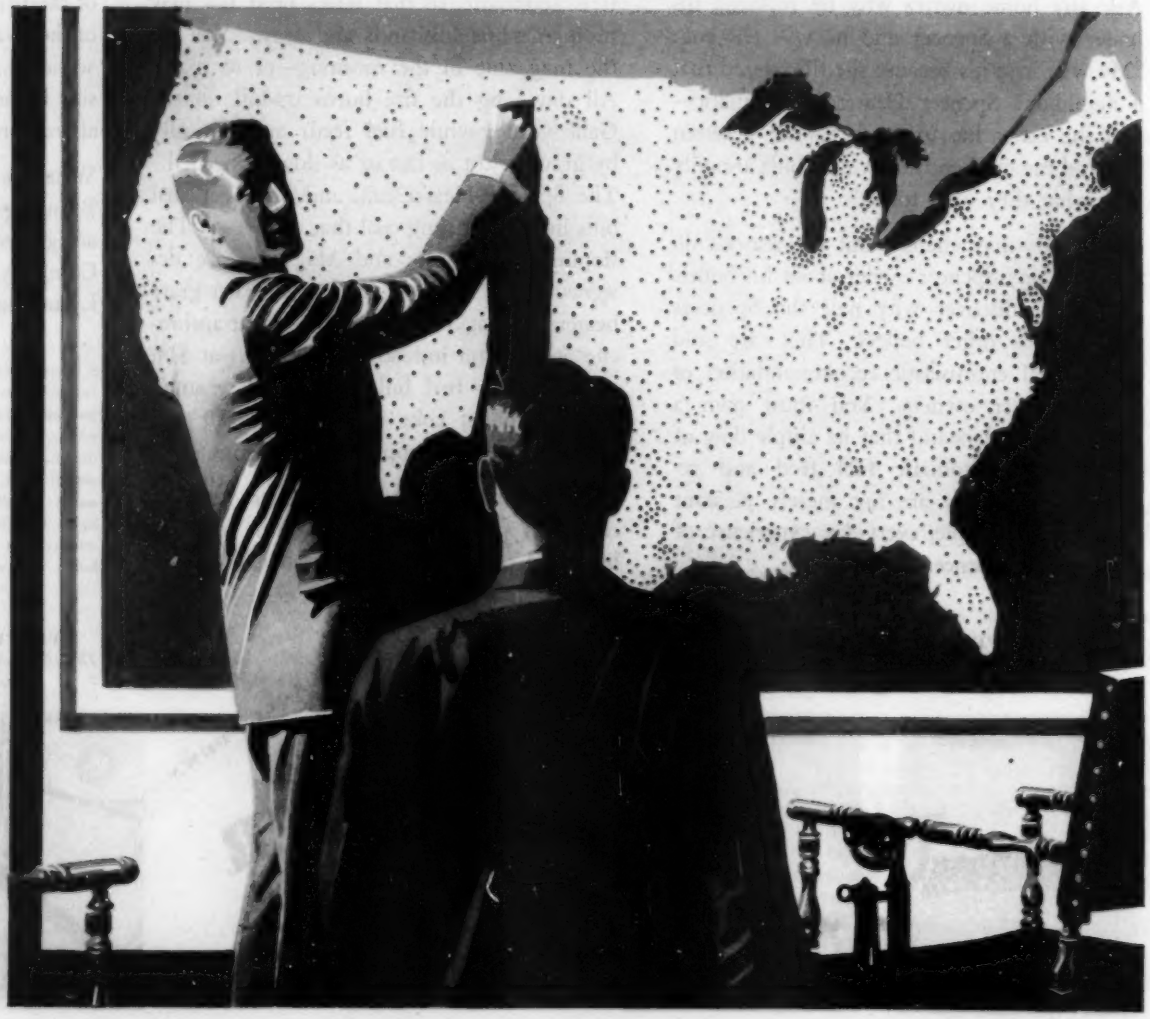
Introduced some six months ago, this new policy has met with nationwide approval and is, beyond question, one of the important reasons why tens of thousands of new buyers each week are finding it wise to choose a Chevrolet Six.

The new Chevrolet service policy is more than a matter of verbal promises. It is a signed document which constitutes an agreement between the dealer and the purchaser of a Chevrolet Six. It contains the following provisions:

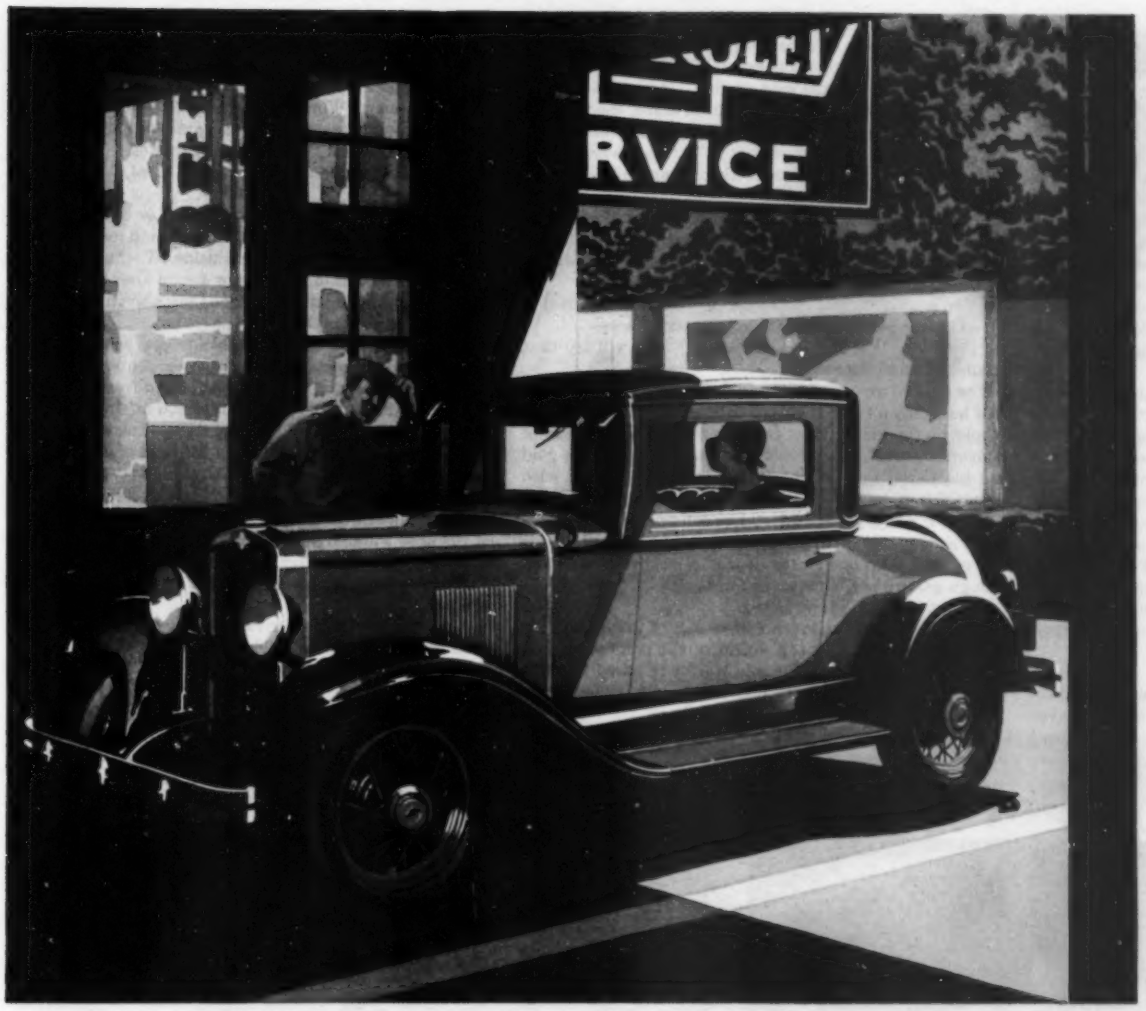
1—that the car will be delivered in proper condition—carefully inspected, adjusted and lubricated . . . ready to operate satisfactorily from the day it is placed in service;

2—that the car will be given free inspection and adjustment by the dealer after it has completed its first five hundred miles of usage;

3—that the car will be given free inspection at the thousand-mile mark and periodically thereafter as long as it continues in operation;



Wherever you travel in your Chevrolet, there is always the satisfying knowledge that Chevrolet service is conveniently near. A great organization of more than 10,000 Chevrolet dealer service stations covers every section of America.



Every authorized Chevrolet service station is manned and equipped to give prompt, courteous, efficient service at low cost. Illustrated is the Chevrolet Sport Coupe, priced at $655, f. o. b. Flint factory.

4—that all replacements covered by Chevrolet's standard warranty will be made without charge for either parts or labor; and—

5—that the foregoing provision will be carried out by any authorized Chevrolet dealer in the United States—permitting the owner to change his residence or to travel in any section of the country with complete confidence that the guarantee on materials and workmanship will be promptly and cheerfully made good.

This is the most liberal service policy ever offered in connection with a low-priced automobile. Moreover, it is the *only* policy embodying these features that has the wholehearted support of 10,000 dealers in America alone.

As a result of its many unusual provisions, the buyer of a Chevrolet Six obtains more than a fine motor car at low cost—he enjoys the permanent protection of a dependable transportation service on a nationwide scale.

Obviously, so liberal a policy could be justified only by a car of modern design, fine materials and outstanding dependability. And because it saves money for the Chevrolet owner, it confirms the ever-growing idea that it's wise to choose a Six—not only for smooth performance, genuine comfort and distinctive beauty, but also for truly economical transportation!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CHEVROLET SIX

Sport Roadster...$555
Coach.....$565
Coupe.....$565
Sport Coupe.....$655
Club Sedan.....$665
Sedan.....$675
Special Sedan.....$725
(6 wire wheels standard on Special Sedan)

ROADSTER or PHAETON
$495

Sedan Delivery...$595
Light Delivery Chassis.....$365
Roadster Deliv'y..$440
(Pick-up box extra)
1½ Ton Chassis..$520
With Cab.....$625
Prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Mich., special equipment extra

(Continued from Page 48)

years await us as a reward for our labors. There is gold everywhere about us. See with your own eyes!"

Wong Lee scooped a shovelful of sand out of the creek bed. "In this bit of earth there will probably be more gold than a man could earn by a week of toil in our native land."

When the sample was panned, four coarse grains of gold and half a hundred flakes of the yellow metal remained as a residue in confirmation of Wong Lee's words.

For the first time in the history of the placer country, news of the strike remained suppressed until Sung Mow and Wong Lee and their companions had cleaned up most of the surface gold. Then, roving eastward from Bear River, a white man came upon the scene; and after he had spread the news and had spent his first clean-up in an hour's celebration, Canyon Creek was thronged with an invading army of white men.

In the night the Chinese crew, now numbering seventy men, moved quietly to the north. Leading their fellows marched Sung Mow and Wong Lee. Through a break in the range north of Moody Ridge, Wong Lee guided his companions. From a vantage point half a mile above the bed of American River, he had surveyed the opposite bank.

"Once, in the Tien-Shan, I saw a scene like that," Wong Lee said, pointing across the deep gulf. "Observe how the trees, marching steadily to the summit, break ranks on the margin of that barren ground. Creation, there, was by a later act of the Master Hand." He turned to Sung Mow. "Can you read what is written on the walls of the canyon before us?"

"Naught save that it is rock."

"Not all of it. The red triangle on the canyon wall directly across from us marks the place where the living river that flows below us cut through the gravel-gorged channel of an older stream. Over there beyond the greener pines the earth has been remade after its first creating."

"I see it now," Sung Mow said. "Does that concern us?"

"It may involve a fortune compared to which our present wealth is rice money for a beggar. Remember, we are not the parent owners of the gold we find. It was held fast in the living rock that may have been, in truth, the treasury of the gods. When the living rock crumbled in death a river owned the gold. After that, when the river was old and choked with fragments of the distant hills, it died, holding its golden wealth. A younger river, jealous of its elder's treasure, raided the treasury; and so, after the yellow metal which we seek had known perhaps a dozen earlier masters, the river below us captured it. It will be surrendered, after a stubborn fight, to our hands."

"The triangle across the way that marks the channel of the old river—it becomes the field of our labors?"

"I think so," Wong Lee answered. "We will try that ground. It may be rich."

The ancient river channel which Wong Lee had discovered held only a trace of gold, but below it, a thousand feet deeper in the gulch, they came upon another deposit of cemented gravel in whose lower stratum lay coarse gold and blackened slugs of the yellow metal, discolored with stains of iron.

"This is rich ground," Wong Lee announced, remembering a similar site of wealth half a world away. "This is rich ground. But one locked door now lies between us and enough gold to end our search for wealth."

"What is that?" Sung asked.

"It is a door of stubborn earth—bits of gravel, rather, cemented so tightly by the weight of the mountains that once lay above, that all our skill will be required to wrest the treasure from the flinty claws that hold it now."

"Can it be done?"

"Water is the weapon we shall use. I watched the Mongol miners solve a similar problem in the high mountains north of the Gate of Heaven. It is not small work. There must be a perfect scheme of organization. The preliminary work will demand unceasing labor, but after the road to wealth is marked it will not be hard to follow."

In Wong Lee's plans, Sung Mow remained chieftain of the Chinese crew. Wong Lee assumed direction of the work.

"When the gold harvest begins we must appoint a master of the treasure chest," Wong Lee suggested.

"I will be master of the treasure chest," Sung Mow declared.

"I agree, if that pleases you." Wong Lee bowed. "Now let us appoint rice men and foresters and crews to dig the water ditch along the mountainside. We must bring the water from the bed of the stream a mile above here. The water dragons must have sharpened teeth to gnaw the gold from the iron rocks."

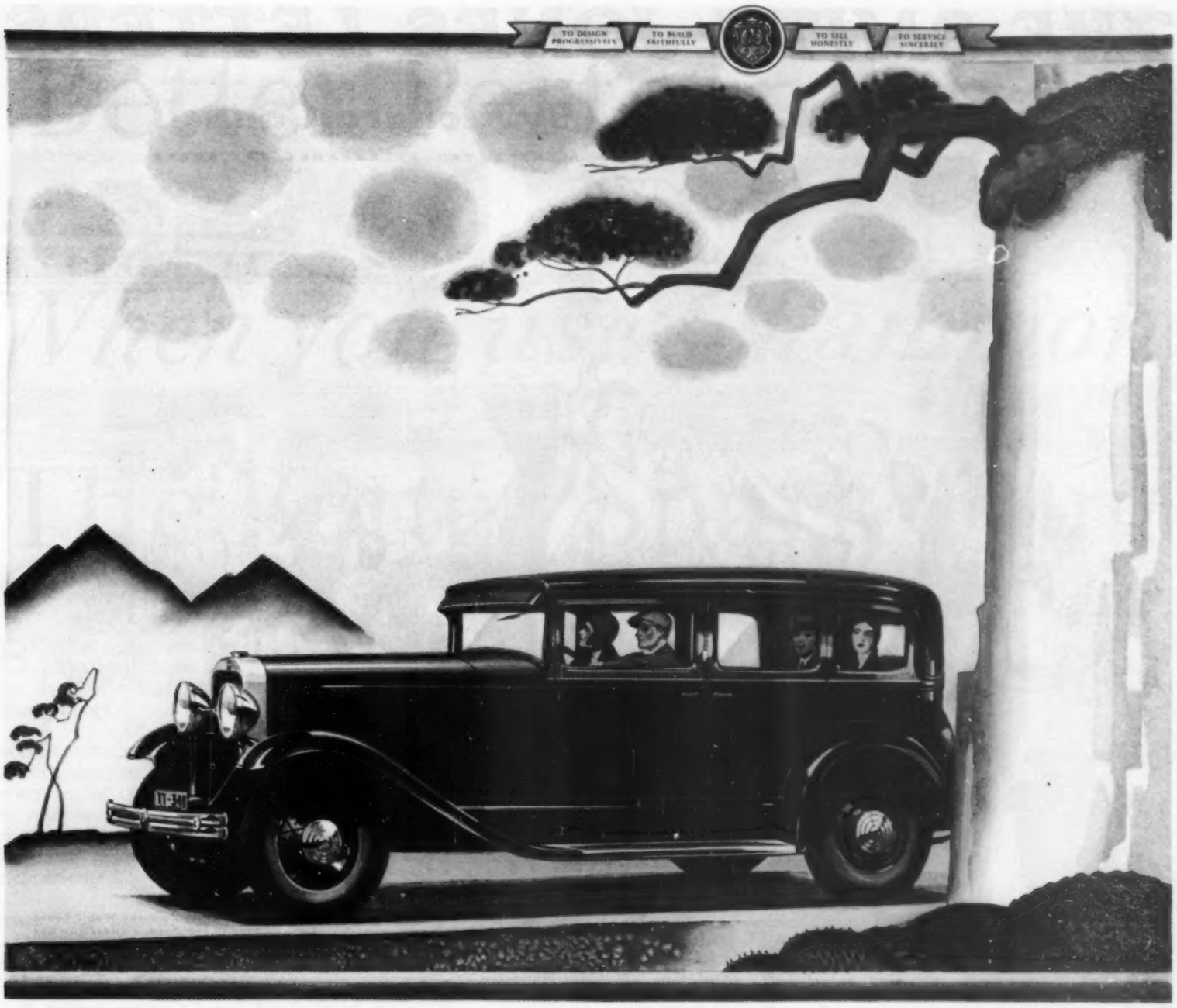
It took the timber crew six weeks to saw enough lumber out of standing trees to supply the carpenter gang with material for the crude penstock that dived from the end of a mile-long ditch, down to the river bed at the site of the first attack on the natural treasury. The ditch crew labored in three shifts, working at night in the light of pine torches. Another crew of a dozen men made a heavy canvas hose out of old sailcloth. A barrel of linseed oil, transported from Sacramento at great effort, was used to render the canvas hose water-tight. A barrel of tar from a store ship on the Sacramento water front, with hemp fibers picked from frayed rope, stopped the leaks in the crude wooden penstock.

At the free end of the canvas hose a long wooden nozzle, bored from a four-foot section of the trunk of a cedar tree, and banded with iron, was mounted in crude trunions so that the leaping jet of water, as big as a man's arm, might be directed at the base of the gravel cliff.

"More lumber!" Wong Lee demanded when all of this work was done. "We must have another hundred feet of

(Continued on Page 154)

"This is Indeed a Treasure of Perfection. Its Expression Seems to Follow Yours"



"YOU HEAR SUCH FINE THINGS ABOUT IT"

If you want to know the true facts about a motor car—the important facts you really should know—listen to what owners say after months and miles of actual experience.

And if you want to learn the invaluable advantages of brilliant all-round performance — thorough dependability — sound economy . . . talk to Oldsmobile owners.

They will tell you that Oldsmobile provides speed, power, and acceleration for every requirement. They will tell you that Oldsmobile is always restful to ride in—no matter how rough the road. They will testify to its delightful ease of handling in traffic—its uncanny steadiness and roadability out on the highway. They will enumerate the many advantages of comfort and convenience that go with *Body by Fisher.* And they will stress, most of all, the thorough dependability which makes Oldsmobile such a great car to own.

Any Oldsmobile owner will tell you these things. And you can quickly prove them by seeing and driving the car yourself. Then you will know why Oldsmobile makes such staunch friends of its owners—why you hear such fine things about it.

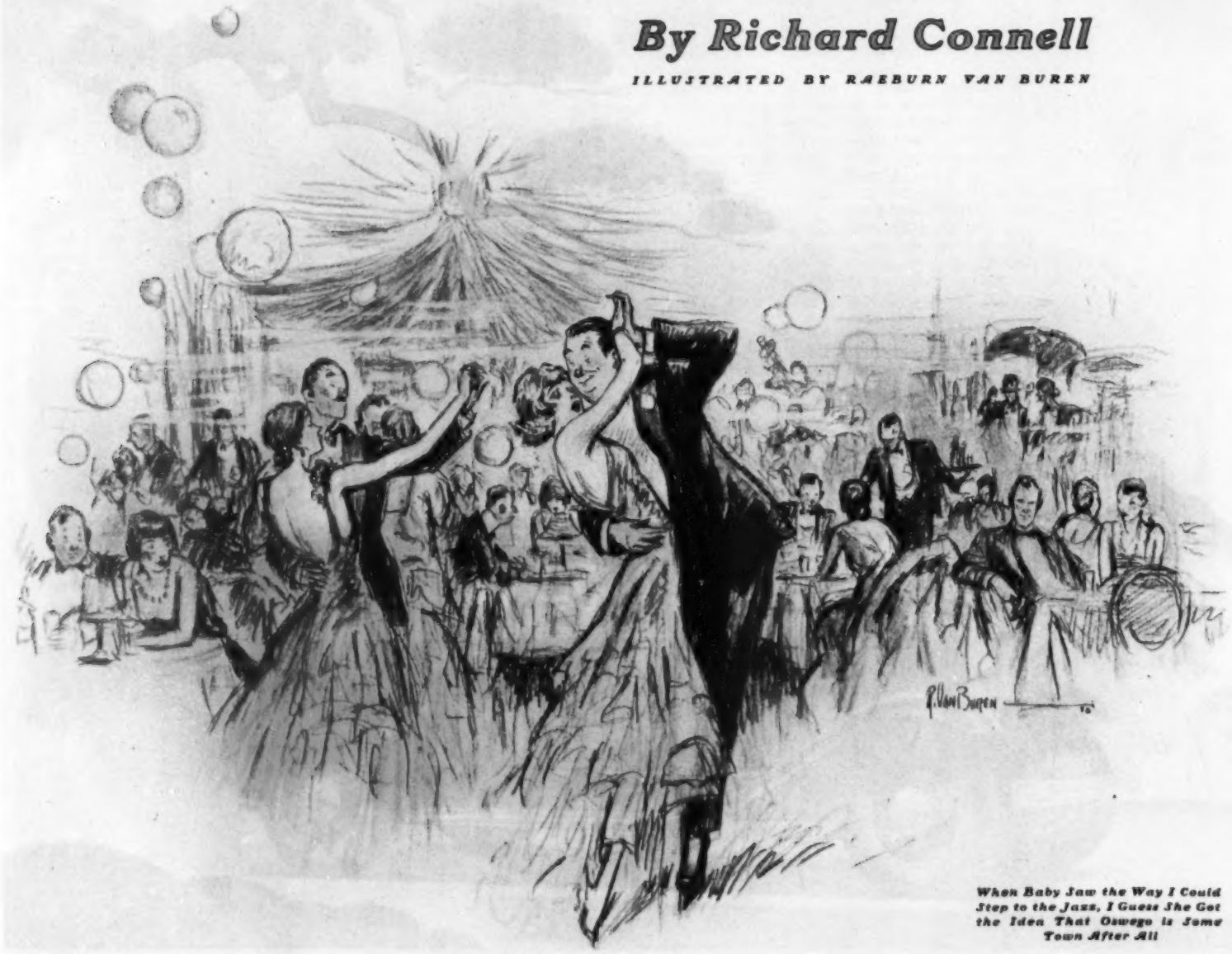
OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE SMITH-JONES LETTERS

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



When Baby Saw the Way I Could Step to the Jazz, I Guess She Got the Idea That Oswego is Some Town After All

MY FRIENDS noticed the change in me. They observed that the old eyes held a feverish, fanatic gleam and that the old complexion grew less beetish and more parsniplike every day. I went about mumbling to myself. I was actually so bad that at parties the host had to offer me refreshments twice in a loud voice before I emerged from the fog. Once or twice I caught people covertly tapping their temples and exchanging pitying looks as I went doddering by.

I could hardly tell them that I was haunted. Yet such, indeed, was the case. Perhaps "obsessed" is the better word. Yes, it is the better word. I was obsessed by an acute curiosity which kept me, by day, meandering about in an advanced state of goof, and, by night, tossing in sleepless speculation on my cot.

It began, as most big things in life do, in a small way. I am an inveterate user of the world's largest-selling book—a book without plot, suspense or characters, a book with no love interest or charm of style, and yet a perennial best seller. I refer, of course, to the little blue book of two-cent postage stamps.

Who does not know it? And yet who has perused it with care? Can you tell, for example, what is printed on the inside of the front cover? Well, it is a model form for addressing the envelope of a letter. Every stamp user has seen it scores of times and has gone right on addressing his letters as he has always done.

I myself had seen it, without really seeing it, many, many times, but one day, in an idle moment, I examined it more closely.

In the upper right-hand corner is a place marked "stamp." In the upper left-hand corner, in neat print, are the words,

After ___ days return to
JOHN C. SMITH
146 State Street
Wilkesville, N. Y.

In the center of the ideal envelope, in larger type, is the address.

MR. FRANK B. JONES
2416 Front Street
Oswego
Ohio

As I had nothing to do that day but make out my income-tax return, see a man about fixing a leak in the roof, write some letters, pay some bills and bat out a batch of work, I fell to wondering, in an easy, offhand way, about that letter from John C. Smith, 146 State Street, Wilkesville, New York, to Mr. Frank B. Jones, 2416 Front Street, Oswego, Ohio.

Insidiously, gradually, the thing began to grip my imagination as a python grips a rabbit. What was in that letter? I tried to tackle the income-tax blank, but could not concentrate on Income From Fiduciaries, partly because I did not know what fiduciaries were, but mostly because my mind kept coming back to that letter from John C. Smith to Mr. Frank B. Jones.

When I conversed with the man about the leak in the roof, I could not think of shingles, but only whether John C. Smith addressed Mr. Frank B. Jones as "Dear sir," or "Dear Frank," or "Hello, Frank, old socks." I committed myself to a whole new roof just to get rid of the fellow so that I could give all my attention to my mystery.

What was John C. Smith like? Was he a precise lathe of a man who wore ear muffs and could do compound interest in his head? What manner of man was Mr. Frank B. Jones? Did he enjoy a good book by an open fire, or was he an outdoor man, fond of clay-pigeon shooting? How was I to know? How was I to find out? The feeling grew on me that I must find out.

I did not do any work that day, nor for many days thereafter. I could think of nothing but John C. Smith and his friend, or perhaps foe, Mr. Frank B. Jones. Was that letter a request for a small loan? Or an offer to sell Mr. Jones a pedigree spaniel? Or a bill for a lawn mower? Or a challenge to a duel? Know I must.

Real, robust curiosity is like a hearty thirst. If you put it out of the door, it comes in through the window. I could not dismiss my problem, or run away from it. I thought of going to Oswego, Ohio, but I could not find it on my map, nor could I locate Wilkesville, New York. Besides, it struck me as being a bit thick for a stranger to approach Mr. Frank B. Jones in his home at 2416 Front Street, Oswego, and to say to him, "Mr. Jones, would you mind very much telling me what was in that letter you got from John C. Smith, 146 State Street, Wilkesville, New York, some years ago?" He might have thought me peculiar.

I went about in an absent-minded daze, bumping into goldfish bowls and spilling my breakfast egg. My appetite dwindled. I lost pounds. I could have taken a roomer in my clothes. What was Mr. Frank B. Jones' middle name? Did he answer that letter? Did John C. Smith wear button shoes? My work fell off to zero and I began to get reproachful notes from the butcher.

Something had to be done, so I applied to Messrs. Crump, Lown and Sweeney, the well-known private detectives, for aid. As a result of their efforts, I secured last week a packet of letters which passed between John C. Smith and Mr. Frank B. Jones. That these letters were

(Continued on Page 57)

Better Performance

When you use Champion

The Better Spark Plug

BETTER performance is the reward of an ever-increasing proportion of particular motorists, the world over, who are changing to Champion Spark Plugs.

Champions are the choice of the world's motorists simply because they release better performance, so definitely and conclusively, from every engine. A complete set of new Champions in your car, truck, bus, fleet, boat or airplane, gives you the benefit of improved engine performance readily perceptible even to the most inexperienced.

To realize the important part that spark plugs play in better engine performance, it is interesting to note that the world's greatest race drivers are practically unanimous in their insistence for Champions.

They know that the difference between Champions and other spark plugs may be the difference between victory and defeat. Race drivers may risk their lives but they dare not take chances with spark plugs.

If you are not now using Champions, we invite you to prove to yourself, beyond all doubt, that they *do* improve performance by installing a set. Notice the easier starting, the quicker response, greater power and new smoothness.

No spark plugs —not even Champions—can maintain maximum efficiency indefinitely. Acknowledged everywhere and by the greatest authorities as the better spark plugs, even Champions should be changed at least once a year.

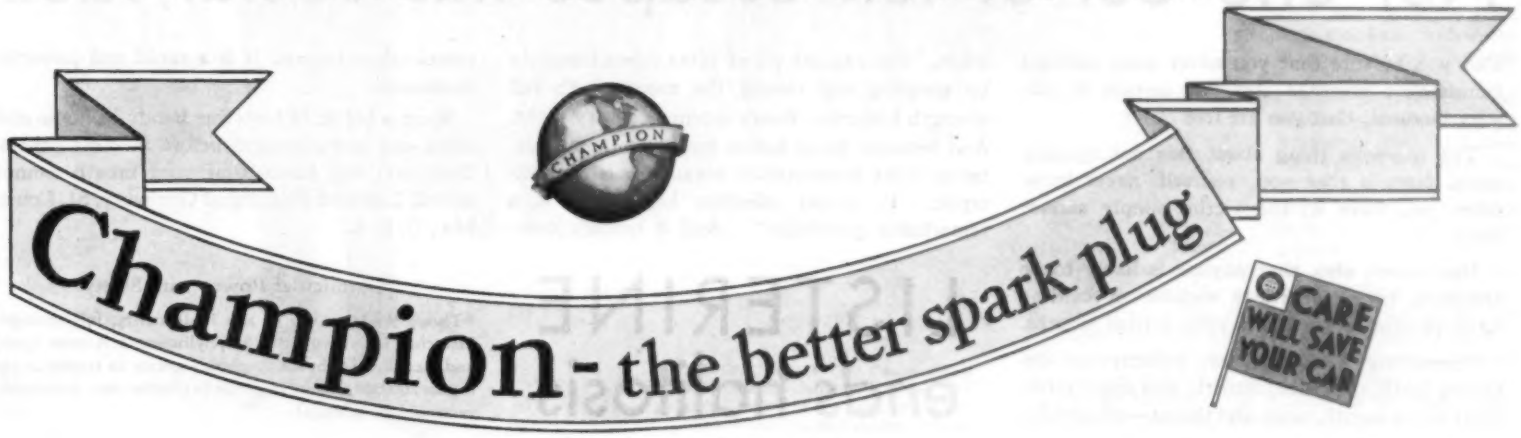
Millions of motorists and all motor car manufacturers have found this practice an actual economy, in the same way that the regular change of crankcase oil is an economy.

You are interested in performance. Motorists the world over say that Champions *do* improve it, and that regular renewals sustain it. But judge this for yourself by installing a new set.

The reward of this better performance is no farther than the nearest of Champion's 100,000 dealers. He is equipped with an up-to-date chart which shows the *one* size and type Champion which expert factory engineers recommend for your engine. He will be glad to serve you.

Billy Arnold, driving a Champion-equipped Miller-Hartz Special, won the 500-mile Indianapolis Race on Memorial Day at an average of 100.448 miles per hour. The first six cars to finish, as well as nine of the first ten cars, were Champion-equipped. This is the seventh consecutive year this great race has been won with Champion Spark Plugs

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Not one out of ten escapes this social fault

Can you be sure that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Are you certain at this very moment, that you are free of it?

The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that you, yourself, never know when you have it; the victim simply cannot detect it.

Remember, also, that anyone is likely to be troubled, since conditions capable of causing halitosis arise frequently in even normal mouths.

Fermenting food particles, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and slight infections in the mouth, nose, and throat—all produce odors. You can get rid of these odors instantly by gargling and rinsing the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation because it is an antiseptic. It checks infection because it is a remarkable germicide.* And it quickly overcomes odors because it is a rapid and powerful deodorant.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it always before meeting others. Then you will *know* that your breath cannot offend. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE *ends* halitosis

Germicidal Power with Safety

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time accurately recorded by science).**

(Continued from Page 54)

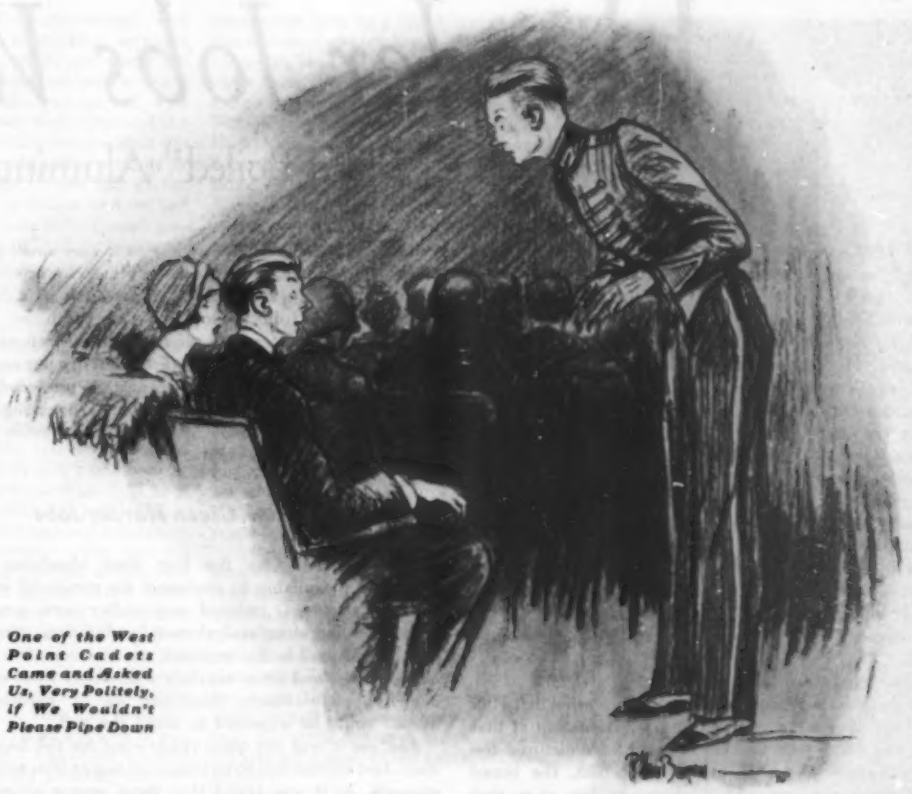
procured in a legitimate fashion I have no doubt. At any rate, one item on my bill was a not inconsiderable sum expended by the sleuths of Messrs. Crump, Lown and Sweeney for the purchase of the letters from their owners. So, since the letters are mine, and since my own curiosity has been satisfied and I can eat, sleep and work again, I feel that I can, and indeed should, publish them for the benefit of the many stamp users who must have wondered what John C. Smith wrote to Mr. Frank B. Jones, and vice versa. Here they are.

MR. FRANK B. JONES,
2416 Front Street, Oswego, Ohio.

Friend Frank: Well, Frank, you have not heard from me in a coon's age, as I have not dropped you a line in that period. It seems like a good many years since you and I was kids together, and stole Old Man Fish's apples and pushed Fatty Green down the well. Those were the days, hey, Frank? It must be all of fifteen years since you left the old home burg to go West and seek your fortune. I should of wrote to you before, but had nothing to say, and did not know your whereabouts, anyhow.

I found out your whereabouts in a funny way, which shows that the world is a small place, after all. Yesterday I dropped into Wally Williams' place to get a haircut. Remember Wally? He's the same old hot sketch, though bald as a coot; so the boys always kid him when he tries to sell them hair tonic. I was waiting for Wally to say "Next," and I picked up some automobile paper there, and what should I see but your picture and a write-up about you. Well, Frank, you sure have fleshed up considerable, but I knowed you at once by your funny ears, and Wally said it certainly was you, but you looked like you'd been blowed up with an air pump. I guess time changes all of us, hey, Frank?

But, joking to one side, how's tricks? The write-up said you're doing fine and are the largest distributor of medium-priced cars in your part of the state, and I sure am tickled pink to hear it, as it makes bums out of a lot of old knockers in this town who give you the horselaugh when you went away, and who was always saying that you'd have to come back home and go back on the milk route. But you can't keep a squirrel on the ground, can you, Frank? I'm glad to see an old pal making good, although I haven't been going so hot myself. I don't mean I got a room reserved up to the poorhouse or anything like that, only I guess you know how it is with we farmers these days. I'm still plugging along, running the bean ranch the old man left me, and I grow as mean a kidney bean as you'll find in the state, and the cannery grabs them as fast as I raise them, but there ain't the money in beans there used to be. I do a lot of scratching, but I don't get far, like the cat on the ice, as you used to say. Of course I hold a few first mortgages, and Job Willis, down at the bank, is still glad to see me, but I guess I was always the kind that looked on the sour side of things. I never did have the pep and go you got, Frank, but a scraggly little runt like me couldn't expect to bounce around and slap people's backs the way a big, good-looking stiff like you can.



One of the West Point Cadets Came and Asked Us, Very Politely, if We Wouldn't Please Pipe Down

There's no news to speak of in Wilkesville. It's the same old place, half asleep and half dead, as you used to say, but it suits me. Len Rogers is gone—struck by lightning while milking. Ed Welch married that stuck-up Ida Adams and is in the shoe-findings game in Utica. Fatty Green made a pile with that fertilizer of his and is mayor and as big a slob as ever. May Quinn, that you used to be stuck on, eloped with a fellow named Kane, from Cohoes or some place. Another old flame of yours—Alice Morton—is still teaching school. Your former friend, Jessie Slocum, married Harry Briggs, the druggist, and has six kids. Ben Pike has a bay window onto him he can hardly see over. So it goes. I guess the only real warm news I know is that I'm going to be married.

I'm not exactly engaged, but I'm the next thing to it. The girl hasn't actually said "Yes," although I've thrown out hints, but I guess she'll see what I'm driving at pretty soon. She's one swell girl, Frank, and just my style—quiet as a mouse, no frills, but a good looker with plenty of horse sense, and I'm plumb foolish about her.

How I got to meet her was a sort of what you might call a romance—the kind of thing they write up in books or you see in a movie, but which never happens to a human being—not to one like me, anyhow.

"I Could Hardly Tell Them That I Was Haunted. Yet Such, Indeed, Was the Case. Perhaps "Obsessed" is the Better Word. Yes, it is the Better Word

I'd gone down to the big town on my annual trip to talk to the head boss of the cannery about the price of beans. He showed me a high old time. He had one of his vice presidents take me to a leg show and blow me to a big feed, and I signed up for less than I expected to get, and I woke up next day with a head like a punkin, and I was sore at myself, and lonesome, too, because the big town always gets on my nerves and I wouldn't live there if I was the

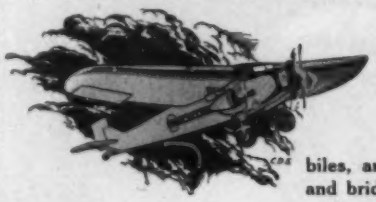
(Continued on Page 59)

Harder Jobs Wanted

By the "Hard-Boiled" Aluminum Alloys

WHEN Charles Martin Hall worked out the process for extracting aluminum from its ore by electricity, in the woodshed in the backyard of his home in Oberlin, Ohio, on the morning of February 23, 1886, he virtually presented a new metal to the world. For prior to that time aluminum had been almost as costly as silver, and its use as a commercial metal was out of the question.

But Hall did not finish the job of making aluminum the useful metal it is today, any more than Christopher Columbus finished "discovering America" when he landed his little party on the island of San Salvador in 1492. Each of these explorers had merely unlocked a new door opening upon the future.



Other men were to enter the aluminum door and make discoveries that Hall could not even have pictured in his imagination at that time, any more than Columbus could have pictured the great expanse of the American continent, the broad Mississippi, the majestic Rockies, or the view that greeted the eyes of Balboa when first he glimpsed the waters of the Pacific.

Discoverers, Hall and Columbus were, but the great usefulness of their discoveries has been developed by men who came after them.

In Hall's case, this development work is being pursued today more aggressively than ever. Scarcely a month passes that some new discovery is not made in the great field of aluminum which he opened up just 44 years ago.

The aluminum that Hall produced made wonderfully fine cooking utensils, and wire for electric cables and, later on, foil for wrapping food products and confectionery, and collapsible tubes for tooth pastes, cold creams and other toilette preparations, to mention but a few of its hundreds of services.

But when it came to carrying a heavy load or standing severe punishment, Hall's aluminum had its limitations. It lacked strength.

That seemed most unfortunate. Here was a metal only one-third as heavy as the older metals, a metal that would conduct heat five times as fast as iron or steel, a bright metal that would not rust or tarnish from exposure. In short, here was a metal engineers and manufacturers had been needing for years. But it was not strong enough for the heavy duty required in many fields of industry and transportation.

However, all that was to be changed. Other "explorers" were following hard on Hall's heels—research scientists whose point of view is that when a certain quality is necessary, some way can be found to develop it.

They took aluminum into their metallurgical laboratories and began to experiment. At first there was much mystery about it all. But today, we know that these scientists were merely applying to aluminum the age-old science of "alloying"—of melting a metal and while it is in a molten state adding small experimental quantities of other metals, until a formula is found that gives the qualities desired, as nearly as it is possible to secure them.

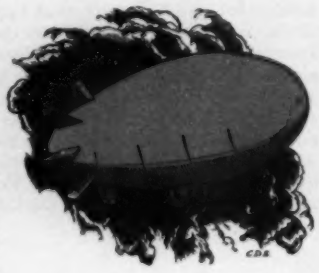
Someone has aptly described an "alloy" as a marriage of two or more well-disposed metals. What happens in this "wedding" is that by taking a large amount of a metal with certain distinctive properties (in the case of aluminum, lightness and high heat conductivity and resistance to corrosion) and adding to it very small quantities of other metals with certain other characteristics, the metallurgist gets a third metal, surprisingly different in its properties from the metals he has combined.

That is what the research scientists did with aluminum. They added minute quantities (less than five per cent) of certain other metals, and in the end they produced several new forms of aluminum—tough, hard, strong—the equal of structural steel in strength, but with only about one-third the weight.

Aluminum Given Harder Jobs

THEN for the first time aluminum was available to engineers for structural use in airplanes, railroad and trolley cars, automobiles, and for structural shapes for building purposes and bridges, oil tanks, machine parts, locomotive connecting rods, and other services where only what someone has picturesquely described as "a hard-boiled metal" could be expected to stand the gaff.

And yet it was not quite ready—not for the heaviest duty. Just as steel has to be tempered to give it its greatest strength, so it was found that these strong aluminum alloys had to be heat-treated to give them the desired toughness.



Before the World War not a single strong aluminum alloy was being made in America, but in 1919 the Aluminum Company of America established Research Laboratories. Since then its scientists and engineers have developed alloys that have amazingly strengthened aluminum for its important work in the world, and without materially changing the characteristic lightness and brightness of the parent metal which Hall made commercially practicable.

Expressed in terms of industrial use and transportation, equal strength is secured with half (or less) of the weight of materials formerly used, which means power saved . . . dead weight decreased . . . pay load increased . . . quicker acceleration . . . quicker deceleration . . . long life . . . low maintenance . . . a step toward better dividends.

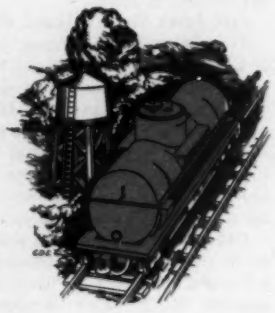
These strong aluminum alloys can be cast, rolled, extruded, machined, drop-forged, or worked in almost any desired way. They can be welded or riveted. And because they are so light in weight, they can be lifted and handled more easily than the older metals in the fabrication and finishing processes.

All this explains why strong aluminum alloys are today used so widely for automobile pistons—more than fifty million pistons trademarked Lynite have been produced from a special grade of aluminum alloy in the past ten years—and, to paraphrase the popular saying, "Fifty million pistons can't be wrong!"

It explains why railroads have begun to turn to strong aluminum alloys for bodies and roofs for their passenger coaches, and driving rods for their locomotives.

General Atterbury Makes a Prophecy

IN an article in a recent issue of "The American Magazine", General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is quoted as predicting "Aluminum is to compete with steel in car and locomotive building. We shall ride in railroad coaches built like automobile bodies—with aluminum-alloy bodies and steel chassis—behind engines of aluminum and steel. This lighter metal, which has the strength of soft steel, will add a third to the carrying capacity of trains, and introduce a new giant into the mechanical construction field."



This would not be possible without these hard-boiled aluminum alloys. Nor would our progress in aviation. For airplane manufacturers employ special sheet aluminum alloys for wing coverings, and drop-forged aluminum alloy propellers, and cast aluminum strong alloy radial engine crank cases—to mention only the most obvious uses in airplane engineering.

In the field of electrical appliances, the strong aluminum alloys have made possible the light, efficient and economical machines we use in our homes—electric washing machines, vacuum cleaners, vibrators, for example. Nearly all makes of these appliances employ aluminum strong-alloy cast or forged parts.

In business offices, railroad dining cars, hospitals, and hotels, aluminum chairs made from these strong alloys are rapidly replacing wood chairs.

In the machine-tool industry these "hard-boiled" aluminum alloys are proving very useful and holding down jobs in which only a strong, tough metal will serve.

The outboard motors used on small pleasure boats are made of strong aluminum alloy castings and drop-forgings. They make possible the fun of outboard motoring.

On our city streets, store fronts are beginning to be made from mouldings and shapes of these strong alloys. In designing office buildings, railway stations, churches and public buildings, architects are employing aluminum alloys for spandrels and decorative cornices and trimmings.

Many Minds at Work

CHARLES Martin Hall started it all. But the aluminum that is used in America today—and American aluminum is the highest standard in the world—is the result of years of intensive research and painstaking experiment by the research and development engineers of the Aluminum Company of America. Many minds have been at work to increase the usefulness of this remarkable metal.

In order to establish the identity of its aluminum and the strong alloys of this aluminum, this Company has created a trade name. This name is made up of three syllables, AL - CO - A, standing for the beginning letters of the principal words of its name: AL uminum CO mpany of A merica.

Though ALCOA ALUMINUM is the finest made today, the period of exploration in the field of aluminum is only begun. Just as the steel industry is entering a new age of alloys, so is the Aluminum Company of America facing forward and working ten, fifteen, twenty-five years in the future, in order that when the world needs a light metal with characteristics which as yet we cannot even imagine, it will be ready for service in still harder jobs. In fact, harder jobs are wanted today for these "hard-boiled" aluminum alloys! ALUMINUM COMPANY of AMERICA; 2497 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

(Continued from Page 57)

kidney-bean king of the world; so I thought to myself I'd take in a picture show. I went to one of those palaces all full of gold stairs and West Point cadets to bow and scrape you to your seat. It was the same picture I'd seen back home at the Bijou-Jewel, but I'm the sort of fellow who don't like to take chances, especially as they soak you seventy-five cents to see the identical same picture you can see for two bits back in Wilkesville. The picture was something about love—I forget what—and I was sitting there, sort of mooning, when I see a girl sitting along side of me, sort of mooning too.

Now, Frank, you used to call me Old Stick-in-the-mud, and I guess I never was much of a go-getter, especially when it came to girls; so, although I liked her looks, so far as I could tell out of the corner of one eye, I just sat there watching the picture, but somehow I couldn't put my mind onto it. Now and then I gave her a little look—nothing fresh, but serious, and once I caught her giving me a little look, and I felt myself blushing. I always was an easy blusher, hey, Frank?

There came that part of the picture where the handsome Spig with the curly hair and perfect set of teeth is making love to the blond society girl, and I hear a sort of sigh from the party on my right, and I know she is feeling the way I do—to wit, wishing I was up there on the screen tearing off the flowery talk like the Spig, only, of course, I suppose she wished she was in the blonde's shoes; but I didn't say a word.

When the picture was over she gave a little start, like somebody coming out of a comma, and she knocked over her umbrella and it hit my foot, and she said, in a nice way with no monkey business about it,

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I hope you're not hurt."

I said, "Don't mention it, miss," and picked up the umbrella and handed it to her and said, "This is yours, I presume," and she said, "Well, yes, it is mine," and then I said, in a friendly way, "We're having a lot of rain these days," and she said, "Yes, aren't we?" and I said, "Fine weather for ducks," and she laughed, and I said, "Every time I leave my bumbershoot at home, it's sure to rain," and she laughed again, and I saw she had a sense of humor, which I like in a woman if they don't let it run away with them.

Next they put on a comedy about a fat geezer who gets stuck in a telephone booth and has to telephone to the fire department to get him out, and we both enjoyed a hearty laugh, and I turned to her and said, "That reminds me of the time a chum of mine and myself pushed Fatty Green—we called him Fatty on account of his being fat—down a well," and she said, "That must have been loads of fun," and the next thing I knew the show was over and I was walking out with her and saying, "How would you like a nice ice-cream soda?" and she said, "I'd dote on one." It was all as easy as pie. I hardly knew I was doing it.

We went into a marble soft-drink place, and it turned out to be a robber's den, as they soak you a quarter for one soda; but I did not grudge the expense, and, as a fellow can't just sit and guzzle, I got to talking, and I told her all about myself and the bean ranch, and she said she adored beans. She was shy, but I coaxed her so she told me all about herself. It seems she was some sort of secretary in an office of some kind, but wasn't working at it just then. She lived with a girl friend in an apt. uptown somewhere, and she was very refined, not smoking or drinking, or anything like that. You could tell she was a lady a mile away.

We had another round of sodas, but that could not go on, as I don't care for them and consider a quarter for one soda about as bad as burglary; so we blew out and walked up Broadway, and finally I got up nerve, and at the corner of Fifty-fifth Street I asked her what she was going to do about dinner, and she said she and the girl friend were going to brew up some cheese and noodles in their flat, although she was not partial to cheese and noodles herself; so I said I knew a place where they served a dandy dinner for one dollar and would she join me. Well, she hemmed and hawed a while and said she did not go out with strange gentlemen, but finally she said she guessed I wouldn't think things about her if she did, so she would. She went home and got fixed up, and I met her at the Times Square subway station and we had dinner, and it wasn't so bad; though you would think that for a dollar they could give a fellow more than one chicken croquette; and then we went to a picture show, and I was so busy talking to her I didn't notice it was the same place I'd been that afternoon. But it didn't matter, as we sat and talked until one of the West Point cadets came and asked us, very politely, if we wouldn't please pipe down.

I took her home and left her at her front door. I wanted to kiss her, but you could tell a mile away she wouldn't of stood for it. Well, I'd planned to catch the 9:17 back to Wilkesville next morning, but I didn't. I just stayed there, although my hotel room was costing me three-fifty a day and the way the bellhops dug tips out of you was something fierce. I stayed down three more days, and the girl and I went to movies and walked in Central Park, and we ate here and there, which burns up the dough, and we became fast friends. Finally I had to tear myself away and go back to Wilkesville, as I had to keep an eye on my beans, which are apt to go haywire if you take your eye off them. I gave her a bracelet to remember me by, although she demurred at first, and it set me back $9.50, but the diamonds looked real.

She promised to write, and she does write, and I write her nearly every day; so I guess it looks like wedding bells, hey, Frank? I been down to see her twice, though it's a sin the way the r. rs, hotels, etc, etc, etc, charge you, and we get along fine.

I'm hoping that maybe you won't be too busy to buzz over here in one of your snappy new six-cylinder jobs and stand up with me on the big day. We'll probably get married and have our honeymoon right here in Wilkesville, as her folks are big society people down in Waco, Texas, and she is on the outs with them on account of her coming to New York to seek a career.

I guess maybe it won't make some of the old scandal mongers eat their whiskers when they see you all dolled up and driving a new crate. Well, Frank, the best of everything to you, and a lot of it, and drop me a line if you feel so inclined.

Your old friend,
JNO. C. SMITH.

MR. JOHN C. SMITH,
146 State Street, Wilkesville, N. Y.

Dear Jno.: I was mighty glad to get yours of the 17th inst., and replying will say that I am glad to hear you are still in the land of the living; though you can hardly call Wilkesville that, can you?

This is a live-wire town out here, and I am one of the spark plugs. Going bigger and better every year. I don't mind admitting I'm some salesman. The "B" in my name doesn't stand for "Bradford" any more. It stands for "Bustling." I'm some little old bustler too.

But, say, Old Stick-in-the-mud, shake hands on that marriage thing. I'm right with you there, Jno., and maybe we can cook up a double wedding, as in a few months I am going to commit matrimony with one sweet little dame.

She's not your style, maybe, but she suits me right down to the ground. She's a bit rapid, maybe, but I like 'em rapid. I like a girl who is a good, two-fisted kidder, who can keep a party moving and who don't swoon at the sight of a drink, and that's the sort of girl my financee is. Am I lucky? Boy, listen.

I was in New York coupla months ago, placing an order for a dozen sedans with my old pal, Ace Lewis, and we go on a party. Ace knows more dames than you have beans. We go to a cabaret and he knocks me down to a pretty little kid, and the minute I see her I say, "Baby, where have you been all my life?" and she says right back, "Waiting for you, papa," and we go into a huddle. First thing I know I'm showing her pictures of my niftick new showrooms and describing a cute bungalow I can buy out in the new Maple Park section. I always was a quick worker, wasn't I, Jno.? Once I go for 'em, I get 'em.

Baby—that's what I call her—and she calls me Papa—had along with her a girl friend—a big rough redhead with a voice like an umpire, and although Red was supposed to be with Ace, she kept making a play for me, but I couldn't see anybody but Baby.

We danced and smoked and chinned a lot. When Baby saw the way I could step to the jazz, I guess she got the idea that Oswego is some town after all. I was wearing the new Tux I had built for me in Akron and a lot of dames gave me the glad eye as we whirled by, but I didn't have time for anybody but Baby. It seemed like we were made for each other.

We couldn't shake Ace and Red for a long time, but finally they went off to some road house and I took Baby home in a taxi. On the way home we got engaged. She'd never been engaged before. It was just a case of waiting for the right man to come along, and I was him. I hop East to see her every time I stick some rube with a used job, and I've shown her some spending that has made her eyes bulge. Just wait till you get a peek at the solitaire I bought Baby.

Now don't get the idea, Jno., that my financee is one of these Good-Time Tessies that hang around night clubs and don't care to whom they get engaged to. She likes her fun and don't object to a snappy story or a reasonable amount of petting, but Baby has her serious side, too, and knows how to cook and comes from a fine old Camden, New Jersey, family, but is an orphan. She's well educated and can talk on practically any subject, and in the flat where she lives with Red I counted sixteen books. Of course, she's not one of these highbrows. Maybe out in Wilkesville, on account of the way she smokes etc, they might think she was a little rapid, but I like 'em rapid. She's been on the stage and had a line to speak in a show last year, but just now she's resting. She says she hates to give up her career, but I guess she will for my sake.

You're the first person I have told the glad tidings to. I haven't spread the news around out here, as just about every jane in this neck of the woods has tried to throw a halter on me. I suppose they will be good and sore when I bring back my bride, but a fat lot I care. If they don't like her, we'll just move to some city where you can be yourself, like Lima or Sandusky.

As a matter of fact, the only thing Baby and I don't agree on is where we're going to live. She's crazy about living in New York City, not far from Broadway, in a shack on a roof that they call a penthouse, and she made the crack "Marry in haste and penthouse at leisure" but, of course, Red had to chip in and say, "You read that somewheres," and Baby admitted it. If there's one thing Baby is, it's frank.

I'm selling her Oswego, and of course she'll agree in the end, as she is wild about me and as I am all set here and making plenty.

I hope your future missus takes to Baby, so we can go up to Montreal on a real party some day.

Well, I got to ring off now, Jno. Congrats. again, and how about that double wedding? It'll save on the parson's fee, and that ought to appeal to you, you old horse thief. Tell the gang in Wilkesville that the next round's on me.

Your pal,
FRANK BRIDEGROOM (ha-ha) JONES.

MR. FRANK B. JONES,
2416 Front Street, Oswego, Ohio.

Friend Frank: Well, Frank, I got your welcome letter, and I certainly was glad to

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get it and to hear about your approaching matrimony. I wish you the best of luck, but you've always had that, hey, Frank?

The bean game is about as rotten as usual, but I suppose I should not complain, as I am at any rate eating regular, and besides, what can a fellow like me expect, and besides, I don't worry as much as usual about business these days as I am engaged to the little lady I referred to in my last letter.

I suppose you would call it engaged, as she has accepted a diamond ring—a real one—and I hate to think how many kidney beans it represents, though I suppose a fellow like me is only engaged once, if at all. She does not wish to get wedded right away, as it will take her several months to get her clothes etc together.

About that double wedding, Frank, I think it is a darn good idea, but suggest we have it at your place. I hope our wives will get on well with each other; although my girl is the refined, home-body kind and does not approve of girls who drink, smoke etc etc etc, but I think I can state that she is no prude. It may interest you to know that I call her Miss Lady and she calls me Mister Man. I told Miss Lady I had a friend—meaning you—that was going to get married, and she said, "What kind of a girl is he marrying?" and I described your girl as you outlined her to me, and Miss Lady said, "Personally, I don't go round with girls of that description, but I suppose she is all right, even though she smokes etc etc etc, and she will no doubt make a good mate for your friend, if he likes them that way." Miss Lady is young, but she is very broad-minded.

"I believe," she said to me, "that like calls to like, like it said in that movie, and that a quiet man should marry a quiet girl, and a red-hot sport like your friend should marry a red-hot sport etc etc etc. A girl who is smart should try to be the sort of girl the man she goes with wants her to be."

I think, though, that your girl and mine will have something in common, as they both seem to be carnivorous readers. Whenever I call on Miss Lady she is always deep in some book, or else sewing.

Well, Frank, I popped the question last time I was in New York. It happened this way. I was just sitting there in her apt., telling her about the bean crop, and she was nodding and listening and looking kind of dreamy, and my mind wasn't really on beans at all, as I was thinking all the time how much I'd like to kiss her, and then, right in the middle of a sentence, I up and kissed her. That pest, her roommate, was in the dinky kitchen at the time too. But I hardly knew what I was doing. Lost my head. Acted voluntarily, you might say. She hid her head and said, "Now I suppose we're engaged," and I said I supposed we were; so I suppose we are. She kept looking wistful at her finger, so the next day I went and bought the ring, and I guess that jeweler is a pickpocket or a footpad after office hours, if not in them. I have not kissed her any since that night, as she says she is not the sort which believes in permissuous kissing, spooning etc etc etc, which is O. K. with me.

And another way she is different from your girl is that she is dippy about living in the country. She comes from big chicken people down in Texas and is very fond of flowers, birds, trees, livestock etc etc etc. She says she would be perfectly happy living in a little rustic cottage, covered with vines, like one we saw in a movie, and that nothing would suit her better than to spend her time keeping house, listening to the radio, and putting up homemade jams and jellies. The poor kid is sick and tired of life in N. Y. City, and I don't blame her, with the prices they charge. Forty cents for a plate of beans—seconds at that—isn't a price; it's first-degree murder. Miss Lady wants to get away from it all and settle down in a nice peaceful spot where a person can get his or her breath. I got just the spot in mind—the old Cephas Green farm on the Turtle Turnpike—and I'm dickering with Fatty Green about it now, but the big slob wants to stick me, and there aren't many people sticking me, hey, Frank?

It has sixty acres, and an eight-room house in fair shape, though needing a bathroom; but if Fatty Green or anybody else thinks I'm going to fork out thirty-nine hundred for it, they can go whistle up a water pipe.

I am thinking that August 22nd would be a good day for the nuptials, as I expect to have the beans well in hand by that date. How does that hit you, Frank? Let me know soon, as I will have to put the matter up to Miss Lady, who, although she is reserved, has a mind of her own.

Don't take any bouncing checks.

Your friend and well-wisher,
JNO. C. SMITH.

MR. JNO. C. SMITH,
146 State Street, Wilkesville, N. Y.

Dear pal Jno.: Have not answered your letter before, as I have been East on a flying visit to Baby. Flying is right, as I flew from Cleveland, and it was a wonderful experience, although I was as sick as a dog most of the way. Baby was in fine spirits and we staged a big whoopee party and had Red and Ace and a crowd of chorines and fellows in the auto game, and Red fell downstairs, but wasn't hurt much, I'm sorry to say, and we did not break up till 6 A.M., when we all went out and had scrambled eggs—that is, all who could move.

Baby was the life of the party, and she had us rolling on the rugs with her comic cracks and the dance she did on top of the piano. Some sweet doll! I just had to climb out of the hay that afternoon and buy her a wrist watch. It cost a century, but I guess I'll show these big city pikers that a boy from Oswego, O., is no mummy when it comes to scattering the berries.

Replying to your esteemed favor, would say that August 22nd sounds good to me. Of course I'll have to get Baby to confirm it, but she's dizzy about me and will Yes just about anything I suggest.

Well, I kissed Hettie good-by—Hettie's Baby's real name, but I only call her that when I'm pretending I'm mad at her—and took the rattler back home, as I have a very important deal on which will net me an amount I will not tell you, as you would no doubt think I was lying.

Keep in touch with me, Jno., about the August 22nd date, and let's show 'em a wedding that will knock their eyes out.

Your pal,
FRANK.

MR. FRANK B. JONES,
2416 Front Street, Oswego, Ohio.

Friend Frank: I have not yet heard from Miss Lady in re the twenty-second of August as the date for our nuptials, but she is no doubt thinking it over, as she is the thoughtful kind who do not like to make any bulls. I am sure it will be a satisfactory time for the ceremony, and I am contemplating ordering a new dark suit for the same.

It is a very funny coincidence that your girl is named Hettie, as that is also the name of my girl—Miss Hettie Belle Hopkins.

Hoping that your deal comes off and that you clean up a bale, I am,

Your friend,
JNO. C. SMITH.

MR. JNO. C. SMITH,
146 State Street, Wilkesville, N. Y.

Dear Jno.: Answer me just one question: Is this girl you're engaged to a small blonde, about five foot two, weight about 105 lbs., who lives in the Grandleigh Court Apartments in West 65th Street? Yours,
FRANK B. JONES.

MR. FRANK B. JONES,
2416 Front Street, Oswego, Ohio.

Friend Frank: Your letter received, and am somewhat puzzled by the same. The girl that I am to wed is a small blonde and she does live in the Grandleigh Court Apts. with a friend named Daisy Dean. What's up? Have you heard anything about Miss Hopkins? If so, would like to know.

Yrs. in haste,
JNO. C. SMITH.

MR. JNO. C. SMITH,
146 State Street, Wilkesville, N. Y.

You miserable, little, double-crossing, two-faced pinhead! I'm coming down to Wilkesville and spread you all over your bean patch. You angleworm in human form, you have been courting my fiancée, Miss Hettie Belle Hopkins; and as she isn't crazy, she must have been stringing you along. If I hear of you uttering one more peep in her direction I'll tear you into bits and scatter you to the four winds. I mean business. FRANK BRADFORD JONES.

MR. FRANK B. JONES, ESQ.,
2416 Front Street, Oswego, Ohio.

Sir: Come ahead, you overstuffed catfish, and I'll jam a haying fork into that balloon you use for a bosom. Your girl? You're out of your head, which isn't far to go. Hettie was just making a bigger boob out of you than you are by nature, which was difficult, but she's a smart girl. She saw what a puffed-up blob of nothing you are, and kidded you along. I'm giving you fair warning: Lay off. I'm little, but I'm vicious when stirred up. Keep away from Hettie unless you're puncture-proof. I mean business. JNO. C. SMITH.

MR. JNO. C. SMITH,
146 State Street, Wilkesville, N. Y.

Dear Sir: In today's mail I received a printed announcement which read as follows:

MRS. CHARLES S. DOOLEY
of Brooklyn, N. Y.,
announces the marriage of her daughter
MISS HETTIE BELLE HOPKINS
to
MR. JAMES ELBERT BROWN
of
New York City
at
The City Hall, Bridgeport, Conn.
August third

Well? FRANK B. JONES.

MR. FRANK B. JONES.
2416 Front Street, Oswego, Ohio.

Dear Frank: So did I.

Yrs. JNO. C. SMITH.

MR. JNO. C. SMITH,
146 State Street, Wilkesville, N. Y.

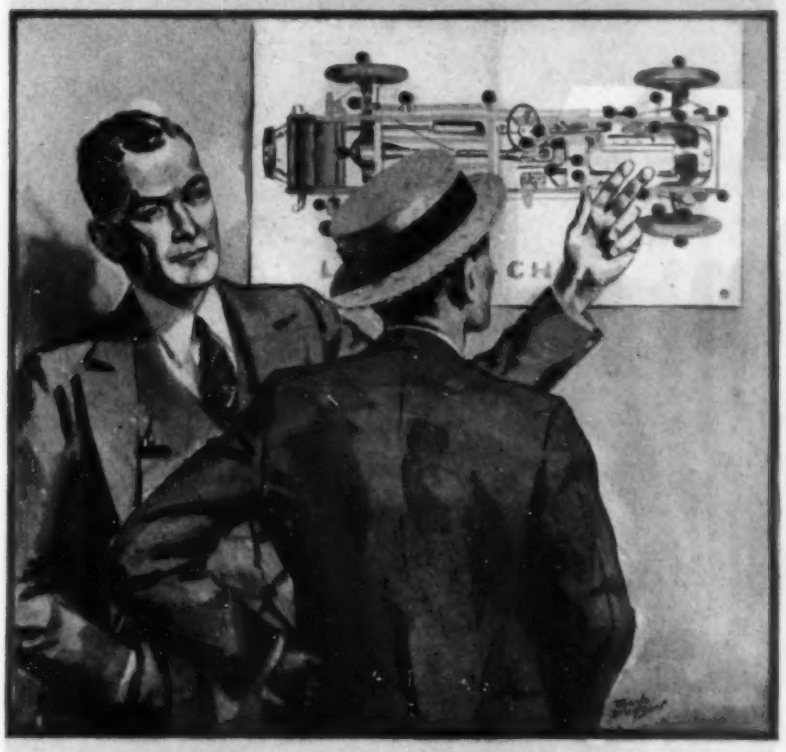
Dear Jno.: The deal came off, all right, and I cleaned up, and have some time on my hands, so why don't you and I sneak off and do a little fishing? I know a place where the bass bite a hole in the bottom of the boat to get at the bait. My idea is for you and me to go there, lay around in old clothes, grow whiskers, and curse every time the spirit moves us. What do you say, old kid? Your pal,
FRANK.

MR. FRANK B. JONES,
2416 Front Street, Oswego, Ohio.

Friend Frank: You're on. When do we go? Your friend,
JNO.

CITIES SERVICE OILS and GREASES

lubricate your car as its manufacturer intended it to be lubricated . . .



Unseen . . . hidden underneath your car are over 50 vital lubrication points that govern its performance. You can afford to use Cities Service Oil and Grease generously on these important parts because the cost of lubricating your car represents only 3 cents out of every dollar you spend for operation and maintenance.

CITIES SERVICE Oils and Greases are the type of lubricants the manufacturer of your car had in mind when he recommended frequent and thorough lubrication with high-quality products.

Every step in the careful manufacture of these products is carried on with a single purpose in mind—*to make your car run smoothly and powerfully with protection against repair bills and replacement charges.*

More than 4000 motor vehicles operated daily by Cities Service subsidiaries prove that this purpose has been accomplished.

You can afford to use Cities Service Oils and Greases generously, because the cost of lubrication represents only three cents out of every dollar you spend for operation and maintenance.

Your nearest Cities Service station or dealer is prepared to give expert lubrication service.

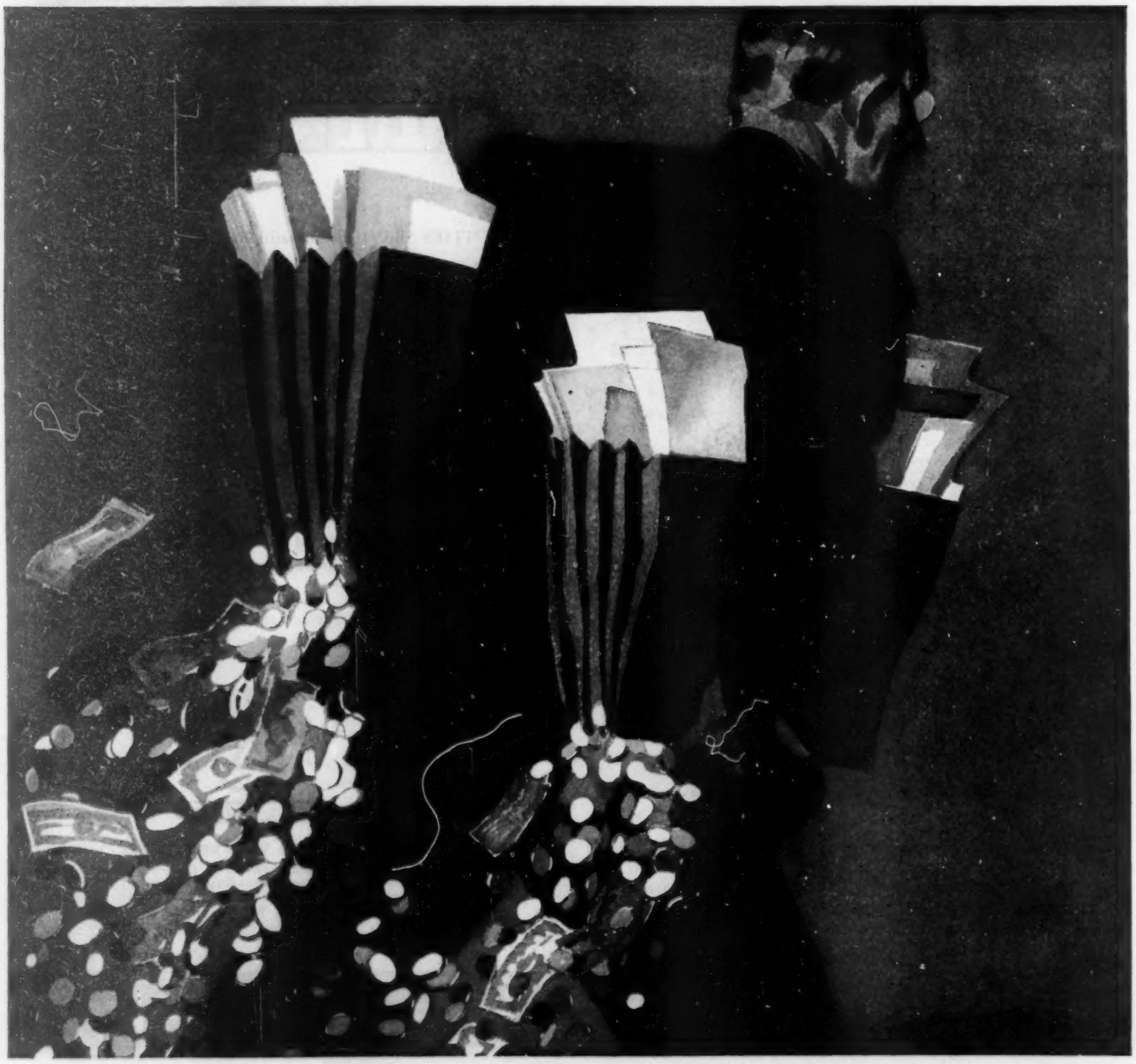
CITIES SERVICE OILS
ONCE - ALWAYS

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY, 60 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Cities Service Radio Concerts, Fridays 8:00 P. M., Eastern Daylight Time—over the following stations on the National Broadcasting Company's Coast-to-Coast and Canadian Network: WEAF, WEEI, WLIT, WTIC, WRC, WGR, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, KYW, KSD, WOC, WOW, WDAF, KSTP, WTMJ, KOA, WFAA, WKY, WSAI, WJAR, WCSH, WEBC, WTAG, KPRC, WOAI, KSL, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGO, KECA, CKGW.

Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

His President Called Him a Wonder... but the figures said "A WASTER"



THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

JOHN BROWN, salesman extraordinary, was the brightest luminary on the force. Not in dazzling sales feats. But in sheer numbers of orders. For time never slipped through John Brown's fingers. He covered and won bets that others passed by. Even in small railway junction towns during half-hour waits between trains Brown would always bag an order of some kind, from some dealer, however small. Brown was an exemplary worker. *But Brown was actually a liability.*

. . .

THERE are times, as Brown's president one day discovered, when over-zeal is the costliest thing in business. When turning a deaf ear to the "voice of production," clamoring for sales, is sound business sense.

The Department of Commerce's Test Census of Distribution started him to digging up figures. And he unearthed some startling facts. For instance—on 20% of his orders . . . the miscellaneous ones . . . it was costing him more to *pack, ship, and bill the goods* than his whole gross profit amounted to.

"Volume for volume's sake" was eating at the heart of his profits. What his business needed was not a dragnet for orders but a larger profit net on his ledger sheets. What he needed was "selective selling."

So Brown's president, like many another of today's thoughtful business men, began to review his whole sales policy. Began to realize the need for more flexibility in his sales control. The need for more immediate, more accurate knowledge of sales and cost. And picking up his telephone, he called in a Remington Rand man to study his needs and to set up a system that would show him in what states, counties, towns, there was a *really profitable* market for his products. What types of dealers it *paid* him to serve. Which salesmen were showing a profit. Which items in his line were on the way up . . . or on the way out. Whether a smaller volume, distributed by aggressive, credit-worthy retailers, might give him a *larger net profit.*

. . . .

TODAY it is relatively easy for business men to have these and other guess-removing facts about their business—in crystallized usable form, *every day.* Modern business machines and systems compile them, digest them, analyze them—bring them out of darkness into light.

Today the leading makers of all these business products have joined forces in order to provide you intelligently and impartially with the fact-and-figure gathering equipment your business should have. A call to any Remington Rand man is equivalent to enlisting on your problem the combined resources of all the leading manufacturers in the industry and the combined experience of 4,000 business record specialists who work with 20,000 businesses every day.

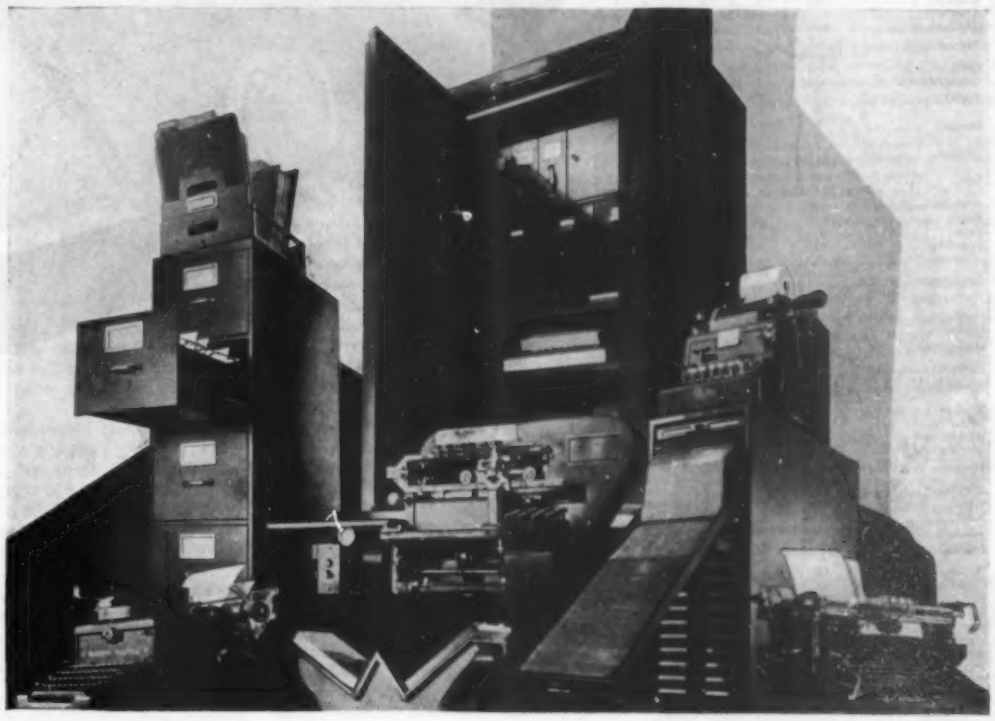
Remington Rand

BUSINESS SERVICE

Executive offices, Buffalo, New York. Sales offices in all leading cities.

LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service* ... SAFE-CABINET *Record Protection Devices* POWERS *Accounting Machines* ... INDEX VISIBLE RAND & KARDEX *Visible Records* ... DALTON *Adding and Bookkeeping Machines* . . . KALAMAZOO AND BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment* REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines*

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

THE LAW—often consists of a few well-chosen words of warning . . . "Go and speed no more".

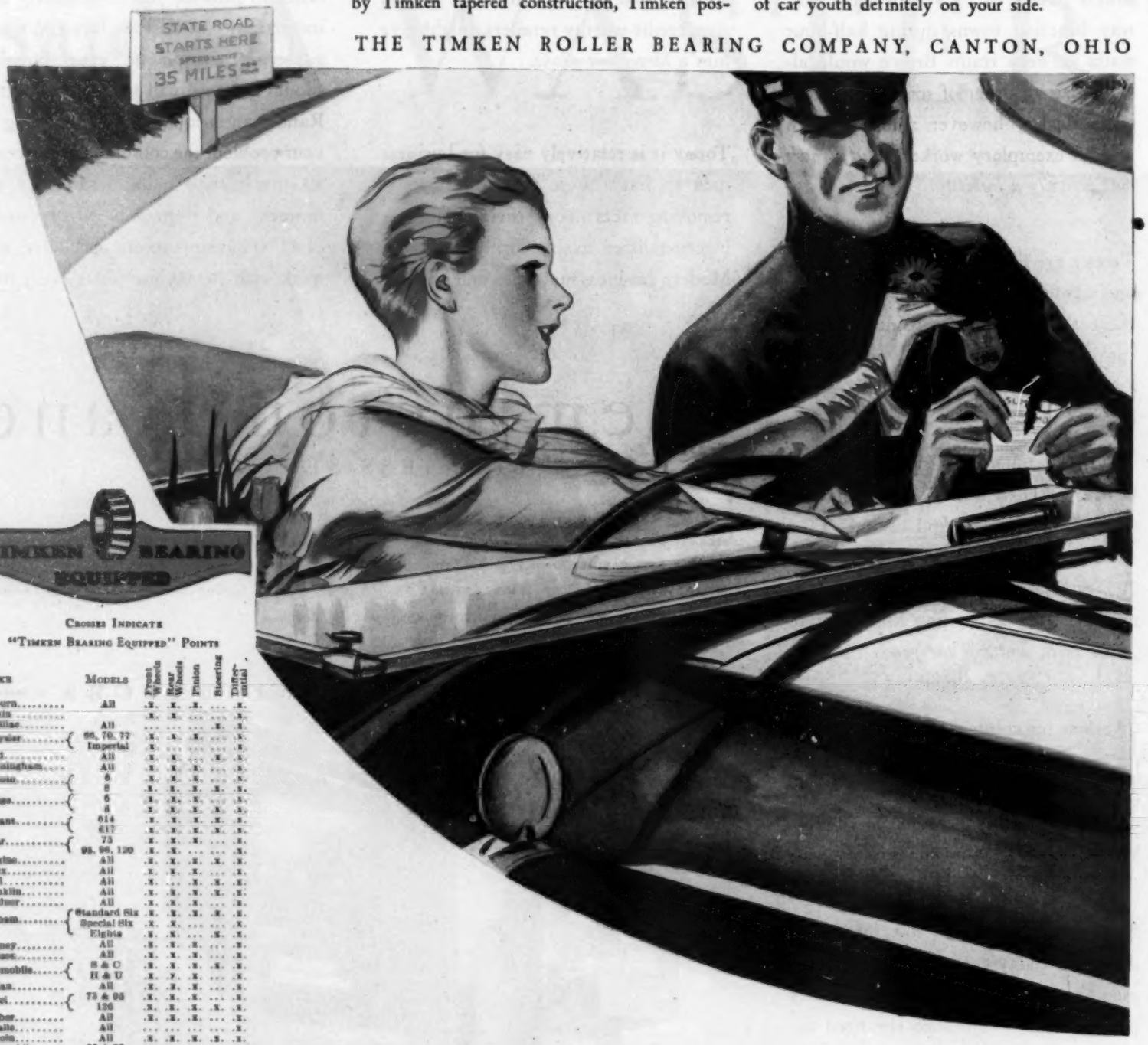
The best choice of words any motorist can make in selecting a motor car are but three in number . . . "Timken Bearing Equipped".

This says a speedometerful of miles, safe from the threat of advancing mileage protected by Timken tapered construction, Timken positively aligned rolls and Timken-made steel.

The list on this page shows the cars which make provision for *younger* mileage. Note where Timken Bearings are placed. They occupy positions of responsibility where service is most severe.

Remember to use these three words in buying—"Timken Bearing Equipped"—they put the law of car youth definitely on your side.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO



TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

Crosses Indicate "Timken Bearing Equipped" Points

Make	Models	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	X	X	X	...	X
Austin		X	X	...	...	X
Cadillac	All	...	...	...	X	X
Chrysler	66, 70, 77	X	X	X	...	X
	Imperial	X	...	...	...	X
Cord	All	X	X	...	X	X
Cunningham	All	X	X	X	...	X
DeSoto	6	X	X	X	...	X
	8	X	X	X	X	X
Dodge	6	X	X	X	...	X
	8	X	X	X	X	X
Durant	614	X	X	X	X	X
	617	X	X	X	X	X
Elcar	75	X	X	X	...	X
	95, 96, 120	X	X	...	...	X
Erskine	All	X	X	X	X	X
Essex	All	X	X	X	...	X
Ford	All	X	...	X	X	X
Franklin	All	X	X	X	X	X
Gardner	All	X	X	...	...	X
Graham	Standard Six	X	X	X	X	X
	Special Six	X	X	...	...	X
	Eights	X	X	...	X	X
Henney	All	X	X	X	...	X
Hudson	All	X	X	X	...	X
Hupmobile	S & C	X	X	X	X	X
	H & U	X	Y	X	...	X
Jordan	All	X	X	X	...	X
Kissel	75 & 95	X	X	X	...	X
	126	X	X	X	X	X
Kleiber	All	X	X	X	...	X
LaSalle	All	...	...	...	...	X
Lincoln	All	X	X	X	X	X
Locomobile	88 & 90	X	X	...	...	X
Marmon	69	X	...	...	...	X
	79 & H	X	X	...	...	X
McFarlan	All	X	X	X	...	X
Moon	All	X	X	X	...	X
Nash	Std. 6	X	X	X	X	X
———	All	X	X	...	X	X
Peerless	B & C	X	X	...	...	X
	A	X	...	...	...	X
Pierce-Arrow	All	X	X	X	X	X
Plymouth	All	X	X	X	...	X
Reo Flying Cloud	20 & 25	X	X	...	X	X
	15	X	X	...	...	X
Roamer	All	X	X	X	...	X
Roosevelt	All	X	X	X	...	X
Studebaker	All	X	X	X	X	X
Stutz	All	X	X	X	...	X
Whippet	All	X	X	X	X	X
Willys-Knight	All	X	X	X	X	X
Windsor	All	X	X	X	...	X

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

© 1930, The Timken Roller Bearing Company

THE ROSE

From Unpublished Manuscripts and Notes Left by Luther Burbank and Compiled by Wilbur Hall

AT HOME in all lands, the rose has perhaps been cultivated longer than any other flower.

Practically all the temperate climates have their own indigenous wild roses, and it is easy to see how people who loved flowers, whether they were Persian, Chinese or Anglo-Saxon, would be prompted to transplant the sweet briers of their own countryside into whatever gardens they had and watch and tend and cultivate them, gradually improving them, whether by accident or by design, until there were perhaps tens of thousands of varieties, all originating from native wild roses.

Because botanists could never agree, there are those who name more than 4500 varieties today, while others are happy with fifty or less. I could never be dragged into this argument. All I ask is: Will the rose grow well in my climate and soil? and: Is it the kind of rose that will give me pleasure there? I leave the debate as to Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas, Noisettes and Bourbons, Chinas and Persians to those who relish the dispute.

The truth is that rose lovers found, centuries ago, that the single form of the wild rose the world over showed a great willingness to become double, that those double roses were developed and cultivated in a thousand places at once, and that the results have been so crossed and hybridized since that we now have a bewildering multitude of exquisitely beautiful forms and colors in the rose, to suit any taste or fancy, and among them lovely flowers capable of being grown in almost any but the most rigorous climates.

A Seedling Rose From Crimson Rambler

Breeding for Fragrance

There was a time when florists exerted too much of an influence on the development of new varieties of roses—too much because they wanted perfect blooms on long stems, as free as possible from thorns, without caring at all how long the bloom would last or whether the bud would develop into a worthwhile full-blown rose. The result was a large catalogue of roses of no value in the home garden; also, probably, a good deal of strong language from growers who could get little for their pains in tending them. That time passed, mainly because so many very intelligent amateurs threw the florists' roses out and began to work toward splendid garden forms. Their success is witnessed now on every hand, in every garden in America and France and England and other places.

To my way of thinking, there are two kinds of roses that have been neglected too much by all breeders. I refer to the single rose of the Cherokee type, so close to the old-fashioned wild rose, and to the cluster rose, such as Seven Sisters. The former are particularly useful as runners or climbers, burying plain houses and ugly fences and shabby outbuildings under a mountain of showy blossoms; the latter can be used as bedding roses, to make a great display in tangled heaps and carpets of dark green and starry bloom in corners and along fence lines that otherwise might be austere or unlovely.

Also, a quality that I think every rose should have, but a quality too often overlooked by breeders in the rush for sensational color or size, is fragrance. No matter how beautiful a rose, it is not a rose to me unless its delicate perfume steals up to my window on dewy mornings or fills the twilight hours with rich and grateful odors. Therefore, much of my work in the last few years has been with bedding and single roses, and with the purpose of putting fragrance into the blooms. Crossing powerfully scented roses, such as General MacArthur and Ophelia, with any one of the hundreds of scentless or faintly scented varieties named in the catalogues is bound to result in many seedlings having the added value and treasure of fragrance. Crossing back such of these as show promise on the first parent tends, in some of the third generation, to an intensified perfume, and so the work can be carried on almost indefinitely; the one requisite for success being patience.

My work on the rose was begun some thirty years ago. [This was penned in 1912.] At that time roses were not abundant in California and, therefore, seeds were planted of almost any that could be obtained; though, of course, I was always striving to get the best varieties to work from. From the seeds selected I raised and brought to maturity between 80,000 and 100,000 seedlings. From this entire lot, the ones I considered really worth naming and introducing were four in number. This will give some hint of the amount of work entailed in finding a valuable and needed new rose.

Seeds

But the amateur and garden lover should not be too greatly influenced by that experience of mine. From 200 or 300 seedlings he is likely to get half a dozen that are pleasing to him and to his neighbors, and he may well feel just as triumphant and satisfied as the professional breeder who is aiming to introduce a commercial novelty, and who may succeed once or twice in his lifetime in adding a rose of true merit to the already long list in the catalogues of today.

Anyone who cares to do so can conduct rose experiments in his own garden. The first difficulty will be to find a bush that bears seed, because the rose has so long been trained to throw all its strength into beautiful petals that it has almost forgotten the duty which Nature originally impressed on all her children—the duty of reproducing themselves at all costs. But once such a bush has been found, its flowers must be carefully hybridized with pollen borrowed from another variety. This work can be done with the finger tip or a small camel's-hair brush, or, in the case of very open roses bearing heavy harvests of pollen, by shaking the fine yellow particles from the one rose into the heart of the seed bearer's blooms.

When ripe, the pollinated rose fruits are gathered and placed in the bottom of a pan, or in a strong sackcloth, and crushed out with a heavy club of wood, or by treading on them. When the pulp of the pips is well broken up, it is placed in water and rubbed with the hands; the good seeds will sink and the refuse and the sterile ones will rise to the surface.

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

LEWIS AYRES

in "ALL QUIET on the WESTERN FRONT"

All the foremost critics and reviewers who have seen Universal's fine production of "All Quiet on the Western Front" unite in declaring it the greatest moving-picture ever made, not only the greatest *war* picture, but the greatest of *all* pictures.

They are unstinted in their praise of Lewis Milestone, the director, who has made not the slightest effort to exaggerate, to stretch or strain, relying on the natural sequences written by the author which in themselves are the very essence of great drama.

Moreover, as Screen Book has it, "there is no conscious preaching or propaganda." It is a magnificent story of youth who entered the war from the schoolroom and never knew what they were there for—of a vast and unfeeling slaughter of the innocents that will remain in memory for all time to come. This picture will live long after most pictures have been forgotten.

June 1 was the day set for the closing date of the "Home, Sweet Home" award—that offer of Universal's for an idea for a story to be written around the beautiful old song. I have extended the date now to August 15 at the suggestion of many writers. All scripts or ideas should be in by that date. You will recall that I offered $10,000 for the best story.

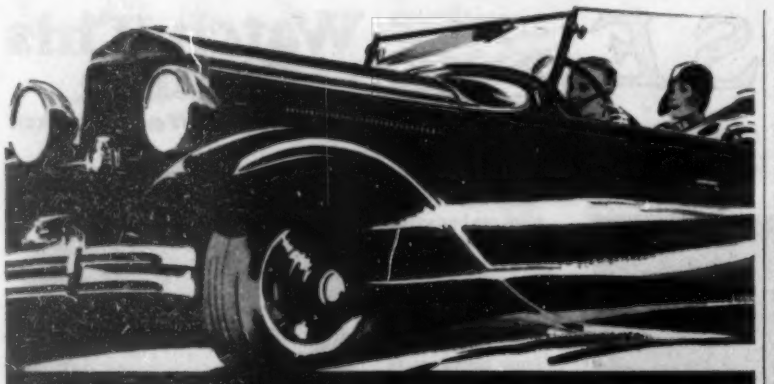
Before the public now, four tremendous pictures —"All Quiet on the Western Front", "The Captain of the Guard","Paul Whiteman's King of Jazz","The White Hell of Pitz Palu." Please write me your opinions as soon as you see one or all of them.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave. New York City



NEW
FINER
PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

PLYMOUTH IS NOT MERELY A LOW-PRICED CAR . . . IT RANKS IN PRICE AMONG THE *VERY LOWEST* . . .

But it ranks in quality, in smartness, in performance, in economy and in value among the finest achievements of Chrysler Motors engineering. Full-size Safety-Steel Bodies, 50-horsepower engine with full-pressure lubrication, internal hydraulic brakes, lateral spring suspension, safety gas tank at rear with gauge on dash. See the car—and learn the rest by inspection and demonstration.

$590 AND UP

Coupe, $590; 4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Convertible Coupe, $695; Coupe (rumble seat), $625; Touring, $625; Roadster (rumble seat), $610. All prices f. o. b. factory.

SOLD AND SERVICED BY
CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND DESOTO
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

FULL SIZE

Rose seeds must be kept moist after gathering; therefore, they should be immediately planted or else stratified in wet gravel in a shady place until planting time is found. This will insure quicker germination and a more vigorous and likely growth. We generally plant rose seeds in December or January in California, in outdoor beds; in colder climates they can be cared for in the greenhouse or in the living-room windows. The ground must be first made level and hard, and upon this the seed sown quite thickly, just as you would sow lawn seed. Next press the seed into the soil with a flat board and sprinkle on top sufficient sandy soil barely to cover the seeds. Over this goes a layer of fine gravel or ground sphagnum moss, of which you can probably get a sufficient amount through your florist or nurseryman, to keep the water from washing out the seeds and to render the surface loose and open to air and water and sun. Out-of-doors we then press this topping down and cover the whole bed with fine wire screen to keep off the birds.

The virtue of sowing the seed thickly is that the plants will grow more or less spindling, which forces the seedling to send down deep, well-laced roots and which also makes the plants easier to transplant. When the seedlings are three or four inches tall, they may be lifted out with a hand trowel, the soil shaken from them, and, if they have developed any branches, they may be trimmed down to a single shoot. We always have ready a thick mud of the consistency of whipping cream, into which the roots are dipped; then they are placed together in a piece of moist cloth and taken to the open garden bed for planting. Put them a foot or so apart, in rows from three to six feet wide. Pretty soon thereafter your fun will commence, for some of those seedlings, if not all, will give you a bloom or so the first year and begin to demonstrate to you what you have drawn in this pleasant game of floricultural grab bag.

The Time to Fight the Bugs

If you want my advice, I would say right here, though, that you should part immediately with all seedling plants that show themselves susceptible to mildew or that are too generously hospitable to insects. Some breeders choose to fight disease and bugs through the whole lifetime of a plant, but I prefer to select youngsters that themselves have the virility and character to resist the enemy. It saves cuss words later, and usually insures a thrifty, vigorous plant.

The double rose tells an interesting story of its forced development from the wild single rose. If you will examine one of your own roses carefully, you will see that the very inner petals are mostly small and ill-formed, and some of them will be found to be part petal and part stamen. The stamen is the pollen-producing organ and, doubtless, in the very earliest forms of the wild rose, the petals we know today for their beauty and grace and color were merely slightly developed stamens with a bit of advertising in the form of pink or red put out to attract the bees and humming birds, and set them to work shaking off the pollen onto the center column of pistils that lead down to the ovary—the hollow portion at the base of the pistil containing the ovules, which, if fertilized, become seeds.

No Two Alike

As man worked with the rose he developed a larger number of more beautiful petals from those stamens, and that the work is not yet completed is witnessed by the fact of some of those inner petals having anthers—the pollen-bearing knob at the end of the stamen—grown into them or else having themselves a sort of stem which is, in fact, one of the stamens. Evolution tells its own story in every form of life; this is one of the pages of the fascinating book Mother Nature holds open to us if we care to read it and marvel at its wonders.

The fact, referred to above, that the development of the rose is not yet complete accounts for the wide divergence in the seedlings that any rose seeds will produce. My work has taught me over and over and over again that the more the hereditary habits and lines of a plant—or an animal or a human being—are upset, the wider will be the variations in the children grown therefrom. You can plant redwood seeds by the million and the seedlings will be so nearly alike that it would take an expert to detect any difference. You can take a wild poppy and from its seeds grow plants of which no two will be alike. The redwood's heredity has been undisturbed for countless ages; the poppy's is unfixed, instable—in the process of evolution.

And so the rose seeds you plant will vary greatly, and if you have further disturbed the sleeping heredity by artificial hybridization, those variations will be even more marked and startling. From the seeds of any given rose pip you are not likely to get any two bushes alike, or to get any one that is like its parent roses.

If you are ambitious and desire to shoot at a mark in your rose experiments, then let me tell you that a blue rose—still a dream with rose breeders—is entirely within the realm of possibilities, and that a good, hardy, climbing rose that will show a true yellow bloom would meet a glad and generous welcome from all over this round planet.

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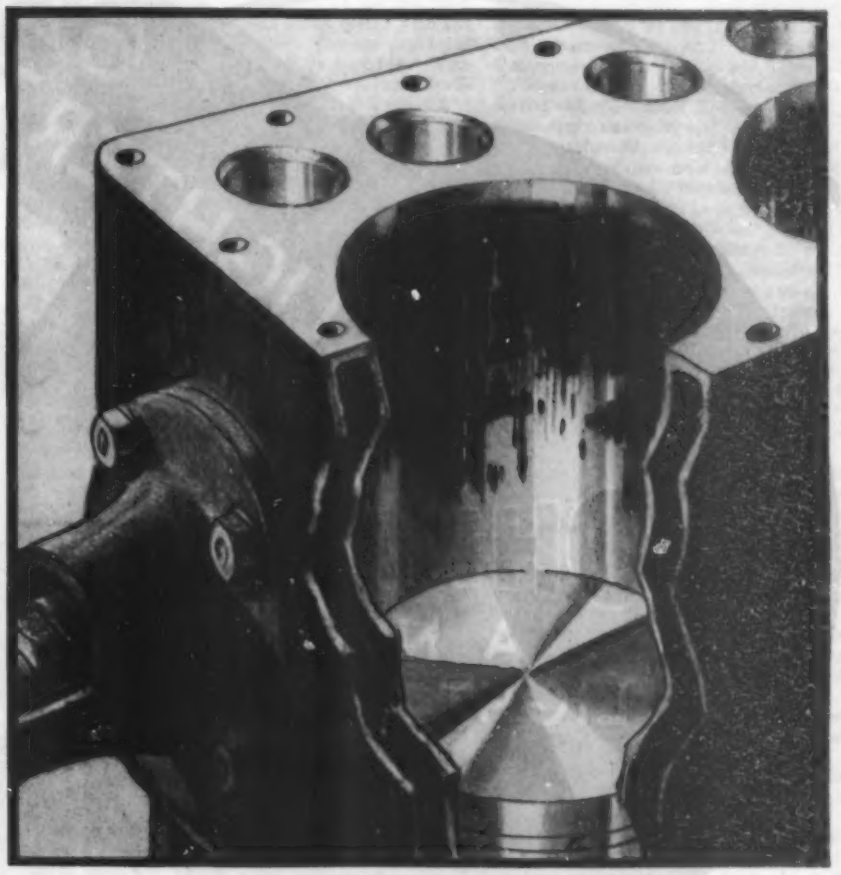
A Highway North of Lenox, Massachusetts

This is what can happen to *your* motor!

It tells you as plainly as print:

use

PENNZOIL



SECTION OF MOTOR, SHOWING MARKS OF FRICTION SCORED INTO THE CYLINDER-WALL — THE RESULT OF INFERIOR LUBRICATION

"THE BEST MOTOR OIL IN THE WORLD"

One of the hottest points in your motor is at the top of the cylinder-wall just underneath the explosion chamber. That's where ordinary oils won't stay. They cannot stand the terrific temperature. Consequently, visible damage occurs in the metal—a "scoring" created by the angry friction between piston and cylinder. In many cases these tell-tale marks extend well down the cylinder-wall. They are graphic evidence of the wear and tear that is being suffered throughout the entire mechanism.

This warning engraved in millions of prematurely worn-out motors tells you as plainly as print: "Use Pennzoil." *On motors lubricated consistently with Pennzoil, you don't find these damaging marks of friction.* That's because of Pennzoil's unrivalled resistance to heat. Pennzoil penetrates to every pin-point of working surface and *stays*. You will use it longer than you have ever dared use ordinary oils, and it will still look good when you drain it from the crank-case!

No wonder millions of motorists call Pennzoil "the best motor oil in the world." It is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude—and nothing else. It is always uniform in quality because it is refined *only* by the famous Pennzoil process in the refineries of the Pennzoil Company—largest organization in the world operating exclusively on Pennsylvania crude. And Pennzoil lasts fully twice as long as ordinary oils—therefore it's the most economical you can buy! Fill your crank-case with Pennzoil, and let your motor tell you the rest! Sold by dealers everywhere from Maine to California.

The Pennzoil Co. *Executive Offices and Refinery: Oil City, Pa.; Division Offices: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles.*

35¢ A QUART

(Slightly higher in Canada)

Hear "Chic" Sale on the air every Sunday night—8:45 Eastern Daylight Time—Columbia Broadcasting System. Ask your Pennzoil Dealer for Sale's Latest Book.

PENNZOIL

HIGHEST QUALITY PENNSYLVANIA OIL

This seal is more than a pledge of 100% pure Pennsylvania. It is our guarantee to you of highest quality finished Motor Oil.

PERMIT NO. 2—PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY GUARANTEED 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil of Supreme Quality PENNZOIL

COPYRIGHT 1930—THE PENNZOIL CO.

1,000 INDUSTRIES CAN ENJOY THESE ADVANTAGES

Habit! The barrier of business. Those who fail to swing free of its clutches, feel its fatal forte only too late to change a "time honored" custom.

For this is an age of fresh ideas. Modes and methods progress in the metal field as in every other commercial line.

These new metallurgical processes are as vital as the newest merchandising procedures.

Your business must be in tune with both.

To meet this constant and ceaseless demand has been developed a new light alloy called Bohnalite.

62% lighter than iron with equal strength are the requisite qualities which are rapidly changing the manufacturing habits of commercial America.

No more are iron castings the unquestioned and invariable practice.

Business knows the advantages of Bohnalite. In automobiles, in radio, in aircraft, in vacuum cleaners, in electric refrigerators, in washing machines, ironers, in motors of all descriptions, in radiators, and scores of other lines, Bohnalite castings are extensively used.

62% lighter than iron—with equal strength, the same physical properties, low machining costs, new economies in fabrication and assembly—high salvage value are but some of the reasons.

Bohnalite contains something which cannot be determined by chemical analysis. This is a distinct quality which has been developed through years of laboratory and shop experience and millions of tests.

There are still 1000 industries which can use Bohnalite to advantage. If your product needs a new punch to be there in the pinch, better investigate. 1000 leading industries are invited to consider the application of this new light alloy. When communicating, we suggest sending sample castings and blue prints.

Bohnalite is available as

Sand Castings
Permanent Mold Castings
Die Castings
Forgings and Extrusions

Other Bohn products

Brass Forgings
Babbitt Lined Bearings
Brass and Bronze Castings
Zinc Base Die Castings
Bronze Bushings

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Pittsburgh

THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 19)

Pretty Lucile Desmoulins gasped at him from that terror for her handsome husband.

"You are going to sound the tocsin?"

Madame Robert Keralio answered for him managingly, "Of course! It's for tonight!"

He ignored her. In this crisis he could not bother with women. The men crowded round him, anxiously asking innumerable questions. Yes. All was well. He had ordered the tocsin to be rung in a few minutes. They had better be ready. He was dominantly the chief. They spoke to him with an unusual respect, deferring to his colossally robust personality, to his acceptance of ulterior responsibility. Madame Robert Keralio pointed to him, dramatically tragic in emphasis upon that responsibility.

"This Danton! If my husband perishes tonight, I will stab him!" Bah! He silenced the hysterical fool, silenced the entire room with his formidable: "*Tais-toi!*" He needed to think with all his mind at this last moment, to make sure that nothing had been overlooked.

He indeed had been the chief artisan of this conspiracy which should decide whether he, hitherto but a suspect demagogue, contemptuously disregarded by the accredited leaders of the Revolution, should henceforth be revealed as a power to be counted with. Adjacent to the Tuileries Palace, where the King was virtually a prisoner, the Legislative Assembly was constructing a state whereof King Louis should be that amiable constitutional monarch to whom the majority of France was ecstatically loyal. The Revolution had gone far enough. It was becoming patently improbable that the Duc d'Orléans would ever clamber upon the ruins of a throne he had undermined. Chloderlos de Laclos, the brains of that ambitious profligate, had realized that it was now or never.

He, Danton, the man of unscrupulous audacity, had been chosen for principal agent. Robespierre, idol of the Jacobins, perhaps merely craftily using Orléanist machinery to clear his own road, had joined the plot. The Girondists, furious that their ministry had recently been dismissed by the King, were tolerantly cognizant of it, hoping that it might be turned to their political advantage. At the Palais Royal, the Orléanist wirepullers cynically exploited all these diverse ambitions. Their agent Danton would capture the authority of the Commune of Paris at the Hôtel de Ville and order the guards of the Tuileries to be withdrawn. The palace would then be attacked by the Parisian mob, led by the ferocious Marseillais. Fat Louis would be killed. The Duc d'Orléans would be proclaimed "revolutionary King," imposing a *fait accompli* on the other conspirators. The great danger was that the honest citizens of the National Guard were nowadays almost unanimously Royalist, that Mandat, the commander of the garrison at the Tuileries, was a man stubbornly loyal to his trust. If the insurrectionists failed, surely would they be disavowed by all parties, the leaders almost certainly killed.

With Herculean energy he, Danton, had planned and supervised every detail. Then, characteristically, at the last moment, when every preparation was completed, in a reckless impulse of filial affection he had dashed off to Arcis-sur-Aube to provide for his mother's future in case of disaster. Only this morning had he returned. Throughout that stiflingly hot summer day the word had flown, mysteriously: "It's for tonight!" Now, since eight P.M. in all the revolutionary sections of Paris, red-capped patriots armed with newly provided pikes were gathering in excited anticipation of the signal.

In the apartment of the Cour du Commerce they stood watching the clock. It marked a quarter to midnight. A sudden silence had fallen on the Rue des Cordeliers, overlooked by two windows of the room. It was as though all Paris were likewise holding its breath. And then suddenly came the deep note of a bell, booming solemnly in a shudder-fraught menace. He uttered a cry: "There it is!"

It was the great bell of the Cordeliers, sounding the tocsin as he had commanded. The next instant another bell joined it in harsh clangor, the bell of the adjacent church of St.-André-des-Arcs. Parish by parish, section by section, the belfries added their clamor to the exciting din, far and wide over Paris. From the street below came the roar of a mob, a frenzied beating of drums, a wildly confused shouting:

"*Ça ira!* To the Hôtel de Ville, to the Hôtel de Ville! *Vive la Nation! En avant, les patriotes! En avant!* Down with the tyrant! Down with fat Louis! *Vive la Nation! Ça ira! Ça ira! Ça ira!*"

Amid another rolling of drums, a blare of trumpets, they heard suddenly hundreds of men in a but recently familiar, strangely stirring chant:

"Allons, enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

It was the new marching song, written by the gallant officer, Rouget de Lisle, for the armies confronting Prussia and Austria on the frontiers, and sung now frenetically by these ignoble Marseillais who had made it their own. Their voices came thunderingly in the vehemently abrupt emphasis of the refrain:

"Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons!
Qu'un sang impur abreuve
nos sillons!"

He swung round to his confederates, vociferated orders in his stentorian voice: "*Allons, mes amis!* To work! Go to your posts! Clear out these fools of the Commune! Keep me informed. I shall not appear at the Hôtel de Ville until the insurrectionary Commune is established. Go now!"

He chased them from the room, interrupted brutally the final adieus of Desmoulins and Robert Keralio with their wives, drove them down the stairs to join that torrent of fanaticized humanity surging ferociously through the streets. Already the song of the Marseillais was receding into the distance, blurred in the ceaseless clamor of the bells, blurred in a sudden vague far-off uproar mounting from the great city. He turned to the three women Gabrielle, Lucile and Madame Robert Keralio, laughed callously at their agony of apprehension:

"I'm going to sleep. Call me at one o'clock."

He laid himself down on the sofa and dozed fitfully in that excessive fatigue. Away in the room the three women whispered together. Presently Gabrielle touched him on the shoulder.

"*Chéri*, it is one o'clock." She could scarcely utter the words.

He jumped up, reached for his hat and pistols, clasped Gabrielle in his arms. As he ran out of the room he saw her sink to her knees, praying for him.

It was twenty-six hours later—paling dawn of the eleventh of August. He slept again in that room above the Cour du Commerce, whither he had returned, utterly exhausted, late in that next day. Now, in his sleep he dreamed again feverishly of those events—was again at the Hôtel de Ville, its corridors choked with that appalling riff-raff of patriots, where he had arrived at the proper moment when the feeble legitimate Commune was completely discredited by the rival insurrectionary Commune in an adjoining room; had usurped the government of Paris; had peremptorily sent for Mandat; had given orders for that pistol shot which had assassinated him; had given orders for the attack on the Tuileries. He had not been present at that terrible business, had remained at the Hôtel de Ville, consolidating this snatched authority. In the distance he had heard the continual window-shaking boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry. It had been a successful day, but from the Orléanist point of view the plot had failed. Louis XVI had not been murdered. He had taken refuge with the Legislative Assembly. No one could yet say what the final result would be. With nightfall there had still been rapid fusillades, shrieks and yells, up this street and that; Paris was in anarchy. Utterly worn out, he had returned to the Cour du Commerce, had thrown himself on his bed.

He woke with a start. There was an abrupt knocking at the door. His heart sank in that shock of alarm. What had happened? Had they come to arrest him—emissaries of a triumphant reaction? The door was burst open. It was Camille Desmoulins and Fabre d'Eglantine, in high excitement.

"*Tu es ministre!*" they cried. "You are a minister!"

He stared at them incredulously. Minister? He, the mere subordinate, the vulgar demagogue of the Club des Cordeliers!

"You must make me your Secretary of the Seal!" cried Fabre d'Eglantine, characteristically prompt to snatch an opportunity for profit.

"And I," cried Desmoulins, more modest, "must be one of your secretaries!"

He rubbed his eyes as he sat on the bed. Was he still dreaming?

"You are really sure that I am a minister?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" they yelled at him. "Minister of Justice!"

He jumped to his feet, laughed that Herculean laugh of his.

"Gabrielle!" he shouted, still laughing, to the wife who had lain by his side. "Gabrielle! *Entends-tu? Je suis ministre! Je suis ministre!*"

He laughed again at her bewilderment, uproariously, with a naïvely boyish delight. Minister!

It was three A.M. He threw on his clothes, went off with Desmoulins and Fabre d'Eglantine to take possession of his ministry, laughing still.

It was the second of September in the same year. The King and his family were in the Temple, prisoners of the Commune. Orléanism was utterly discredited. The armies of Prussia and Austria were marching on Paris. He, Danton, was in his ministry in the Place Vendôme. With all his immense vitality, his giant energy, magnificently reckless of obstacles, he had shouldered his way to dominance over that terrified government of pedantic Girondists He did as he would. In his ministry he had cleared out all the former personnel, established his cronies. Fabre d'Eglantine was making an illicit fortune. What mattered it? Was not everything permitted in time of revolution? He himself thrust both hands into the public funds—those voted to his own ministry, those of at least two others—spent them right and left, careless of accounts, careless if some remained in his own pockets. Was such as he to keep accounts? It was an insult to expect it of him. He was the man who was saving France, was galvanizing that apparently impossible defense into an ardent reality, inspiring the whole country with a sublime frenzy of patriotism, sending to Dumouriez the fanaticized volunteers who, ragged and hungry, were to withstand the advancing armies of the tyrants. Those armies should, they must, be hurled back. Passionately he was determined on it. By every means, legitimate or unscrupulous, he wrought like a Hercules to insure it, would permit none to doubt of victory in that appalling peril which threatened all their heads. That very morning, in the Assembly, panicked at the imminent fall of Verdun, he had mounted the tribune, had thundered to those tiered benches of white-faced deputies.

"It is very satisfying, messieurs," he had begun in his great, resonant voice, "for the ministers of a free people to announce to it that the fatherland is going to be saved! All is in movement, all are marching, all burn for the combat!" Profiting by that instant applause, he had claimed merit for that insurrectionary and highly suspect Commune with which he was identified. "You can declare that the capital has deserved well of France!" Then, amid tumultuous approbation, he had demanded that whoever refused to serve should be punished with death, had demanded that at the sound of the tocsin all valid men should assemble in the Champ de Mars to be armed. "The tocsin which is going to sound is not the tocsin of alarm—it is the signal to charge against the enemies of the fatherland!" With an imperiously impressive gesture, he had dominated that storm of cheers, of handclappings. "To conquer them, messieurs, we need audacity, more audacity and always audacity—and France is saved!"

It had been a triumph. "*Foutre!*" he had said afterward to his intimates. "I have electrified them! Now we can go forward!"

It was a little past noon. He sat in his splendid room at the Ministry of Justice. Outside, that tocsin he had predicted was deafeningly clangorous from a hundred belfries. In the Place Vendôme he could hear bands of honest citizens, hurrying in revolutionary enthusiasm to the Champ de Mars. He smiled grimly to himself. A clever stroke had been that idea of getting all the reputable citizens outside Paris that day. There would be less to interfere with what must be done.

A man burst into the room. It was Prudhomme, a patriot journalist, an honest man, but a fool.

"Danton!" he cried. "Danton! What means this tocsin? They are talking of massacring ——"

He smiled at him, uncovering his teeth with that permanently retracted under lip.

"Yes," he replied imperturbably. "We were all to have been massacred tonight, commencing with the most patriotic. Those rascals of aristocrats in the prisons had procured firearms and daggers."

Prudhomme stared at him. "It seems fantastic. But what means are you going to use to prevent the plot?"

He laughed—laughed involuntarily from his inward excitement.

"What means? The people, informed in time, is going to do justice itself!"

Prudhomme's eyes protruded with horror. He could guess well enough what was meant. For the past ten days the prisons had been stuffed by mass arrests of even the most remotely suspect, or even not suspect at all but merely well-to-do. It was utterly impossible for them to attempt anything against the patriots. As for the real people of Paris, they were assembling in the Champ de Mars. Who were these who were going to do justice? Stammeringly, twisting his hands, nervous before this hugely formidable Danton, he ventured disconnected protests.

The fool! Did he not know that all was determined, that the Commune was but carrying out a long-prepared plan? The Revolution must strike terror into the Royalists, into everybody. Moreover, the Assembly intended to suppress the ultra-revolutionary Commune. The Commune would show that it was terrible, too terrible to be meddled with. Incidentally, there would be a fine profit from the possessions of their victims, and the Commune needed funds. That obscene little dwarf Marat had organized it all—Marat always screaming blood and daggers, Marat who could not have victims enough. But he, Danton, would save the Ministers Roland and Brissot, whom Marat had insisted on putting on the fatal lists, purchasing thus the frigid Robespierre's adherence to the plot. It

(Continued on Page 72)

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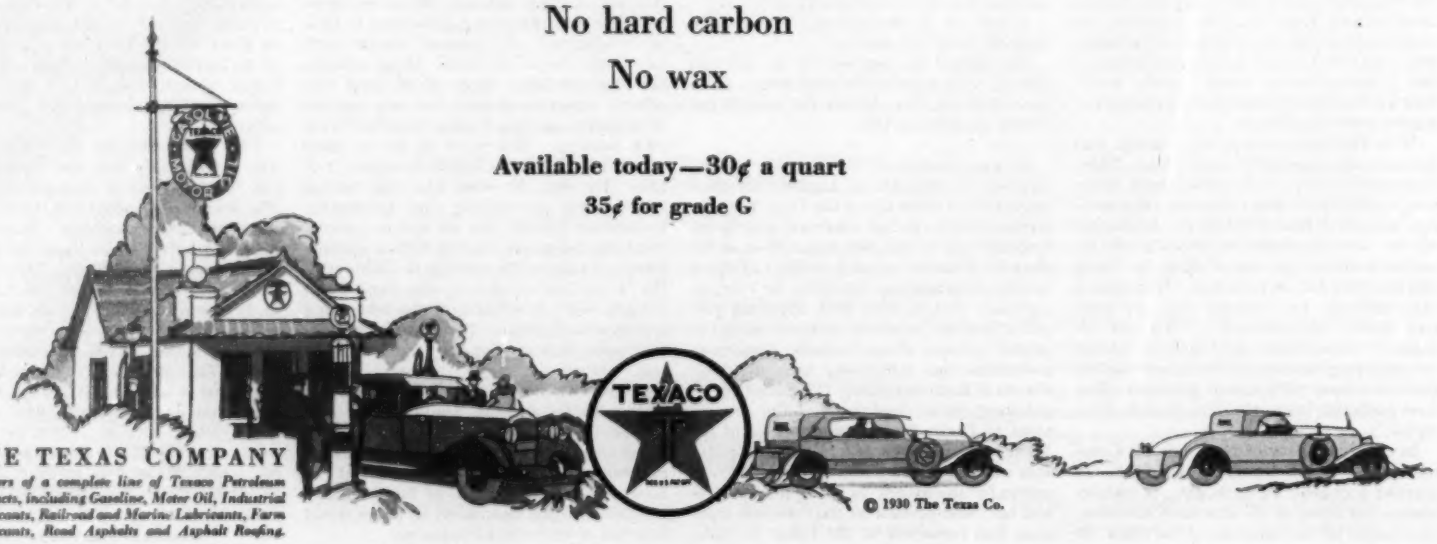

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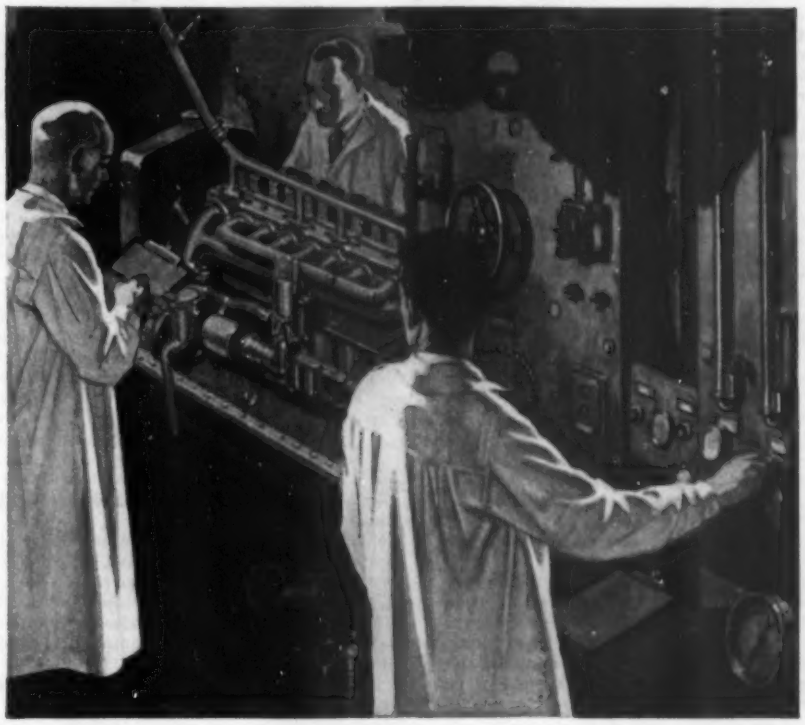

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LONGER—LASTING . . ."CRACK—PROOF"

(Continued from Page 69)

would be a bad thing to start massacring ministers. So the thoughts coursed through his head as, with but half his mind, he listened to this imbecile.

At that moment young Camille Desmoulins entered the room. He was glad of the interruption.

"Prudhomme has come to ask what is going to be done, Camille."

The journalist again protested, cried that his heart was rent.

Camille smiled equably.

"Haven't you told him, Danton, that the innocent will not be confounded with the guilty?"

"But surely," cried Prudhomme, "even so, one could take less violent measures! When I think of all those prisoners ——"

He rose, exasperated. For a little he would have thundered in his face, as he had already this morning thundered at that other fool, Grandpré: "*Je me fiche des prisonniers!* Let them take care of themselves!" But Prudhomme was a journalist, a man who put things on record. He had to be managed, persuaded. He took a worthy attitude, regretful but firm:

"Any kind of moderation is useless. The anger of the people is at its height. It would be dangerous to check it. Afterward, perhaps, we shall be able to make it listen to reason."

Desmoulins backed him up, argued plausibly with the journalist, more or less convinced him, led him at last to the door.

When the man had gone he burst into a shout of laughter. "These ——" He used one of the coarsely vulgar epithets characteristic of him. "How do they think one makes a revolution!" He clapped Desmoulins on the back with his great hand. "I'll tell you, Camille"—he quoted his words of the morning—"*L'audace, encore l'audace, et toujours l'audace!* After today none will dare meddle with us. And then to save France!"

Desmoulins laughed also, reminded him that dinner awaited him. Together they went into the adjoining room, where Gabrielle, incongruously *bourgeoise* amid this surviving magnificence of the old régime, Lucile Desmoulins and Fabre d'Eglantine were already at table. A messenger overtook him, whispered in his ear. He shouted with laughter again.

"All is going well!" he cried merrily as he sat down to the table.

In the prison of the Abbaye, the three hundred massacrers hired by the Commune at twenty-four livres a day had already begun that appalling butchery, not to cease for five days and nights in nine different prisons until thirteen hundred and sixty-eight victims, in majority utterly unconnected with politics, had perished.

"What is going well?" asked Gabrielle.

He checked for an instant. "The defense of the fatherland against the tyrants, *ma chérie*," he answered, giving a sharp glance to Desmoulins and Fabre d'Eglantine. Gabrielle—his Gabrielle, who worshiped her great man—must know nothing of his complicity in the horror which had commenced.

She was not yet reassured. "Nothing terrible is happening, Jacques?"

He got up, put his arm around her fondly, kissed her dear, honest face.

"Yes," he said, "something very terrible. Danton is forgetting he owes every minute to France, and is making love to his adored little wife!"

He laughed again, that tender happy laugh which few heard from him, but which to her was familiar. "Great child!" she said radiantly, yearning for his kiss.

It was the twentieth of February, 1793. He sat in the post chaise galloping furiously along the highway into Paris, the postilions shouting "*Place! Place! C'est le Citoyen Danton!*" to lumbering vehicles that threatened to delay them. He shivered, and not merely with the biting cold. His heart was gripped in an immense despair—a despair that made him hate the entire universe. His existence had crashed in ruins. What mattered it that he had saved France? Of what value now were those wildly hectic months he had spent in revolutionized Belgium, forcing her to union with revolutionary France—those uproarious months of reckless libertinage and pillage, everything permitted to the revolutionary at whose name all trembled? Especially bitter was the recollection of this past mad fortnight when, returned to Belgium after his dash to Paris to vote the death of the King, he had intensified that orgy in a Herculean enjoyment of success, Belgium terrorized by bands of *sans-culottes* to vote her own annexation, he himself greedily laying hands on everything within reach—gold, silver plate, fine linen, women. Those riotously joyous suppers where disheveled beauties had sung the Carmagnole before falling into his drunken embrace! How he had laughed then—he who would surely never laugh again.

For Gabrielle was dead! He repeated the words to himself, unable yet to credit them: "Gabrielle is dead!" A dispatch rider had brought him the message from Paris. She had died on the tenth of February. He could have destroyed all those women he saw, from the windows of the post chaise, walking and laughing together along the road.

What right had they to live when Gabrielle was dead!

Yet might he perhaps see her before they buried her. Again and again he had yelled furiously to the postilions, ordering them to spare not their horses, fulminating appalling menaces at them. The carriage rolled and rocked and bumped over the *pavé*. The hoofbeats of the racing horses were a maddening clatter. This cursed slowness! At last! They were at the barrier of St. Denis, raggedly uniformed patriots with tricolored cockades and long muskets running to the carriage. "*C'est le Citoyen Danton!*" They let him pass.

Still at full gallop, they raced through the streets of Paris, pedestrians jumping in alarm from the road, shopkeepers gazing out in curiosity. He cursed that normality of life which mocked his own disaster. It all passed before his eyes like a dream, devoid of genuine existence—churches decked with patriotic emblems, citizens laughing and talking in the cafés, a regiment marching with its band—"*Allons, enfants de la Patrie!*"—a crowd of the lowest mob dancing and shrieking the Carmagnole around a Tree of Liberty. Over the crowded Pont Neuf bumped and bounded the carriage, past the Palais de Justice, where once he had practiced as a lawyer, past the Café de Parnasse, where once plumply pretty Gabrielle had sat behind the counter, had blushed at his exuberant lovemaking. It dashed up the Rue des Cordeliers. He thrust his head from the window.

"Stop! Stop, you rascals! It is here!"

He jumped from the carriage, ran under the portal which led to the Cour du Commerce, sprang up the stairs. Even to himself he seemed mad in that moment. He must see her again—he must—he must! She could not be forever gone! He arrived at his own door. It was shut, great red official seals upon it. He thundered upon the wood maniacally, though it was evident the place was empty, sealed up until his return. There was no answer. No answer. No answer. Yet he could almost swear he heard her running to open to him. No answer.

He stumbled blindly down the stairs again. Neighbors were surrounding him compassionately, shocked at this blubbering giant in distress.

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle! Where is she?"

They answered timidly:

"She was buried on the twelfth, Citoyen Danton. Eight days ago."

"I must see her! I shall see her again! I will! I will!"

He was like a wounded massively big wild animal as they made way for him, groping blindly toward the waiting post chaise, tears streaming grotesquely down that huge, pitted, cicatriced ugliness of face. He shouted an order to the postilions, dashed away again.

There was nothing his will, formidable, terrifying, could not accomplish. They had not dared to object. Now he stood by the grave the diggers were reopening, at his side the sculptor he had commanded to attend him. It was a dream—a hideous dream. They hoisted up the coffin, opened the lid. He looked down upon that face which was, and yet was not, in stony immobility, Gabrielle.

While the sculptor prepared his clay, took that death mask he had ordered, he knelt sobbingly by the coffin, babbling incoherent repentance and grief. "Gabrielle! *Ma Gabrielle adorée!* I never loved but thee!" He cared not what they thought of him in that anguish. He was Danton, had a right to mourn as he liked.

All was over. The death mask had been taken. The coffin had been replaced. The earth once again covered all that mattered to him in the world. He was once more in that strangely empty apartment of the Cour du Commerce.

Pitying friends surrounded him, full of explanations, of stories of her last moments. "It was the Girondins who killed her," said one of them. "They made her believe that you were responsible for the massacres of September."

He swung round on them. Those cursed Girondins! Well he knew they hated him, always pestering him—him who had saved the country!—for his accounts when he was minister. That venomous Madame Roland, jealous of every other woman's happiness! They should pay for this! He would crush them, crush them! Recently he had been their ally, estranging himself from Robespierre and the ultras, half inclined to moderate this Revolution which threatened to be too terrible.

In the midst of that raving, a messenger arrived, brought him a letter. It was from Citoyen Robespierre. He tore it open, read with some surprise the expressions of condolence, of reminiscent friendship, it contained. He took a deep breath, the crafty peasant suddenly alert in him. The frigidly calculating Robespierre did nothing without deliberate purpose. He lifted his head, a strange light in his eyes. "Tell Citoyen Robespierre that Citoyen Danton thanks him. The friendship of the most virtuous of republicans is indeed a consolation."

As the messenger departed he burst into a laugh—a laugh of terrible ferocity. Robespierre's purpose was plain. He desired his alliance against those pedantically futile Girondins betraying a republic in which they did not believe. Danton and Robespierre together! Danton and Robespierre! Woe to those accursed Girondins who had killed Gabrielle! He laughed again—laughed so terribly that those around shrank from him.

It was four months later, the twelfth of June, 1793. The Revolutionary Tribunal functioned. On the thirty-first of May the Girondists had fallen. In the west and south the provinces were in savage revolt against an intolerable Jacobin tyranny. Paris, famished as ever since the beginning of the Revolution, seemed like a city of the dead. All save the dregs of the populace had prudently withdrawn from politics. The terrible Committee of Public Safety was supreme.

Wearing a long scarlet coat, an untidy neckband muffling the lower part of his face, his hat drawn down over his brows, Danton walked along a dingy street in the parish of St.-Germain-des-Prés. From time to time he glanced uneasily around him. The thoroughfare was empty. There was none to see him on this errand—an errand he himself would not have believed possible a few months ago. Almost now he recoiled from it, so grotesquely absurd was it, so utterly ruinous to him if discovered.

Then, vividly, tantalizingly, overmasteringly, he remembered that daintily beautiful young girl, not yet seventeen years of age, who so miraculously had drawn him out of that appalling misery of loneliness, whom tomorrow he would marry. It was no treason to the dead. Gabrielle had left word to him that he should wed Louise Gély, providing thus a mother for her children. It had seemed impossible. Then, suddenly, brusquely, in an incredible resuscitation of his old fierily ardent temperament, he had fallen in love with this exquisite child who smiled at him so timidly, tremulously flattered at her own conquest. In all that unceasing storm of politics where yet he dominated, he the lion whose roar resounded over Europe, he was obsessed by his desire for her. To obtain her, there was nothing he would not do. Her father, an ex-functionary, was notoriously Royalist. He found him a place in the revolutionary government. Father, mother and daughter were fanatically devout. They had stubbornly insisted on a religious marriage, before one of those refractory priests refusing to swear allegiance to this scandalously sacrilegious Revolution, whom he sent ruthlessly to the guillotine. He had agreed, reckless of everything so that she might be his. He had agreed also to this necessary preliminary he was now accomplishing.

He verified the numbers of the houses, stopped at one that was shuttered, apparently untenanted. He knocked at the door. There was no answer. He knocked again. Presently the door came cautiously ajar, an old woman peered at him.

"Is the citizen abbé at home?" he asked.

The old woman shook her head. "There is no abbé here, *citoyen*," she answered sourly.

He could not dawdle with her here. Peremptorily he pushed his way in, stood in the dark passage, the door closed behind him.

"The abbé expects me," he said. "I need to see him. It is urgent."

The old woman's face lit up.

"Ah, monsieur"—she called him now "monsieur" and not a revolutionary *citoyen*—"monsieur comes for the sacraments? That is different. Monsieur must excuse me. We have to take so many precautions. We fear always the invasion of those demons of the Tribunal."

He interrupted that garrulity, "*C'est bon!* Take me to monsieur l'abbé!"

She conducted him up four flights of stairs, knocked at a little door, admitted him. In that attic a gowned priest was pacing up and down, reading his breviary. It was the Abbé Kéravenan, a refractory priest, who, in 1792, had miraculously escaped from the massacres of September, who for the past eight months had been in hiding, death the immediate consequence of denunciation. He removed his hat, took the scarf from his face. The priest stepped back, startled, suddenly pale in that recognition.

He himself felt awkward, he the proclaimed atheist, the relentless persecutor.

"Monsieur l'abbé," he found himself stammering in this unaccustomed request, "I come to confess myself. Will you be good enough to hear me and give me absolution?"

The priest looked at him searchingly. He closed his breviary, indicated a plain deal *prie-dieu*, a crucifix hanging on the bare wall. Drawing up a straw-bottomed armchair to the other side of the *prie-dieu*, he seated himself in it, spoke with quiet dignity:

"Kneel down, my son."

He, Danton the terrible, knelt down, joined his hands, bent his great head, commenced that confession.

An hour later he was in the salon of his affianced. Louise Gély came toward him, slim, dark-haired, exquisitely desirable. She shrank back timidly, eluding his embrace, her childish eyes interrogating him.

"You have been to the ——" she stammered, not finishing that dangerous question.

He laughed from his Herculean immensity, submissive to this infant. "See, my child!" He held out the certificate he had insisted on obtaining from the priest. "In everything do I obey you."

She took the scrap of paper, looked up at him adorably.

"Oh, *mon ami*," she said, in earnest gravity. "If you knew how I pray God for you."

(Continued on Page 76)

ANOTHER ITEM IN THE FAMILY BUDGET THAT CALLS FOR *a woman's insight*

Needless automobile repair bills make unnecessary inroads in the most carefully calculated figures for running the family finances.

Fortunately for the family of today, women are keeping an eye on all branches of financial outgo

THE masculine half of the family may be the one who makes the money, but ever increasingly it is the feminine half who functions as the real watchdog of the treasury. There was a time when this financial secretaryship ended at the doors of the home.

Fortunately for the family of today, women are keeping an eye on all branches of financial outgo. Otherwise many modest incomes would not go so far as they do.

Stopping a Wasteful Drain

Women have found that the family car or cars can run up amazing bills for repair and maintenance. Carefully calculated budgets find themselves upset month after month, due to unexpected and unwarranted bills for car repairs.

And here woman's natural insight is bringing about a new order of things. They have discovered that Alemite Lubrication Service does away with noisy car operation—that squeaks and squawks are the warning signals that mean repair bills will follow. They personally attend to this important, money-saving item of maintenance. Every 500 miles, regular as clockwork, they drive their cars to a 100% Alemite dealer—thus diverting to needful uses the money that hitherto was spent unnecessarily on repair bills.

When you are ready to trade in your car on a new one, you can show this record of the care you have given your car

A Methodical System of Service

The years have proved that 80% of all motor car breakdowns are due to poor lubrication. No matter with what genius the automobile designer designs nor with what fine care the mechanics build a car, it cannot be expected to operate perfectly without proper lubrication.

The great automobile builders provide for Alemite-ing when they build their cars—installing the necessary fittings in the course of manufacture. They do this solely because after long research they have found that Alemite High Pressure Lubrication is the ideal method of keeping your car operating smoothly—free from mechanical difficulties.

There is only one warning to observe—Be Sure That You Have Your Car ALEMITED—not just "greased." This can only be done when the red, yellow and blue Alemite sign is displayed. For lubricants designed by Alemite for this use *offer you fullest protection against breakdowns and repair bills.*

We must be methodical in taking care of the mechanical well-being of our cars, if we expect them to keep clear of trouble. Drive in to any Alemite Service Dealer displaying the Alemite sign today. There's one not far away.

Ask about Recorded Alemite Service, a system for keeping an accurate record of Alemite-ing your car. You will receive a book in which a *written record* will be kept up by attendant. When you are ready to trade in your car on a new one, you can show this record of the care you have given your car, and get a much better allowance on the trade.

More Luxurious Performance

Above all, from your standpoint, Alemite-ing insures a quieter running, more luxurious car—one of which you will never feel ashamed, for it will continue to run like new even when it is slightly middle-aged as cars go.

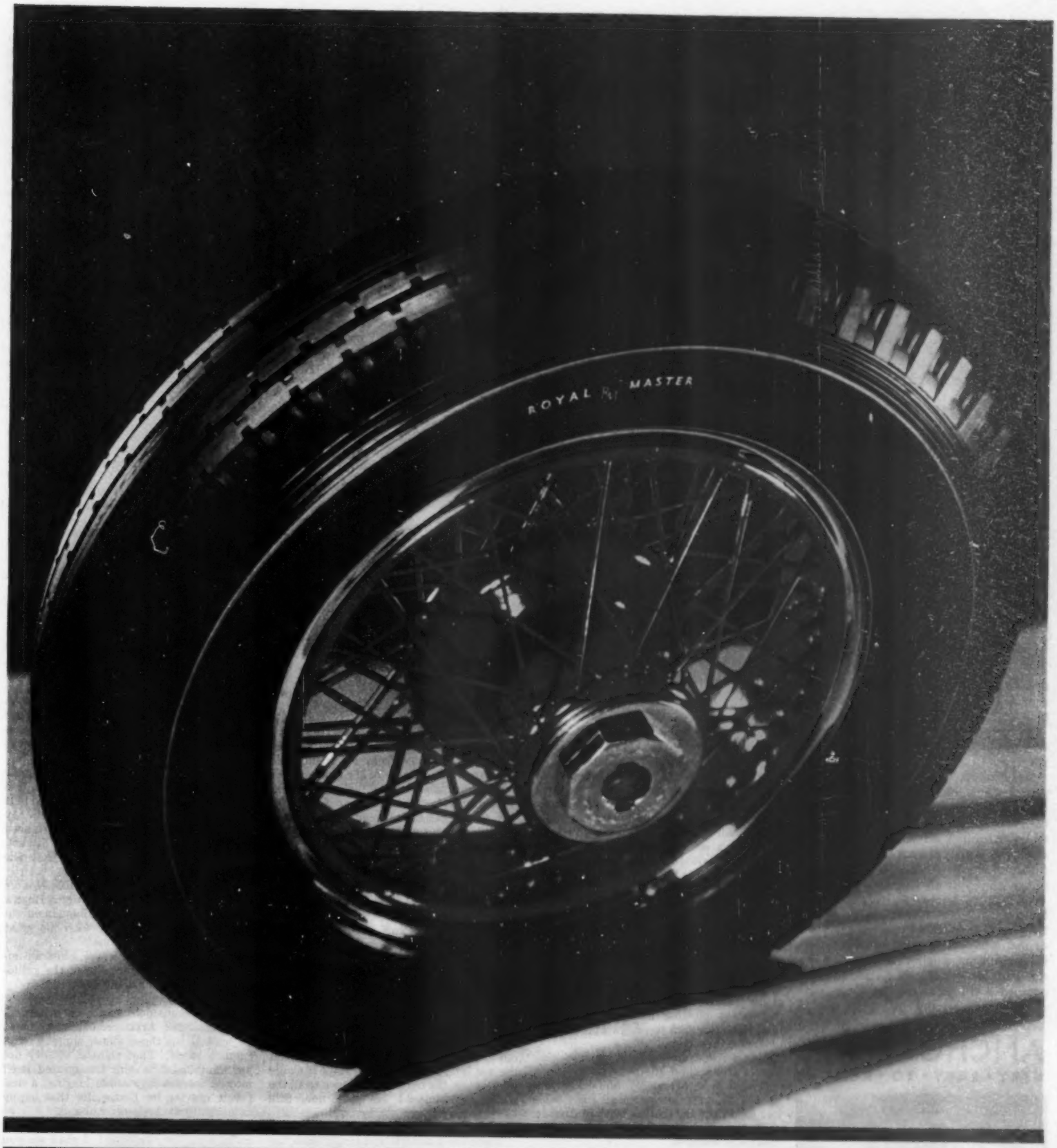
But do not trust your car's well-being in hands less expert than those you will find wherever the bright red, yellow and blue of the Alemite sign are displayed!

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2644-a N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

SUPERLATIVE AND ALMOST UNBELIEVABLY SUCCESSFUL

It was built only to set records of quality . . . but America's fastidious buyers have welcomed it so ardently that Royal Master is setting records in sales. Production has never quite caught up with demand. This is all the more remarkable when you realize that it is an almost extravagant tire, built without regard to cost for motorists who desire extra goodness, extra beauty and extra security from tire troubles as long as they drive their cars. You will appreciate Royal Master. It is fashioned with cream-white side walls, or in jet black, to meet your ideal of style.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US **WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RUBBER**


ROYAL MASTER

NUT PRODUCTS

SEE WHAT YOU BUY—BUY IN GLASS

. . . Only the finest peanut butter and nuts packed in Glass

Nuts and products made from nuts are carefully graded. The very highest grades are packed in attractive, crystal clear glass containers and sealed under vacuum with Anchor C Caps. Compare the taste of nut meats and peanut butter packed under vacuum with Anchor C Caps with those sold in bulk or otherwise.

And what an intriguing variety is offered you—salted almonds browned to a turn—or unsalted, if you prefer—big ruddy pecan meats—big golden salted peanuts—pistache and cashew-nuts—plump, tender kernels in assortments. And never to be forgotten on your market list—energy-building peanut butter for jolly fat sandwiches. See that a few jars are in the pantry at all times.

Keeping nut meats crisp and tasty—keeping nut products fresh—are just two of the many important functions performed by the Anchor C Cap. It's the closure most widely used on quality food products. Its presence is always an assurance of quality.

ANCHOR CAPS

VERY • EASY • TO • REMOVE

OPENING INSTRUCTIONS — Use your hook bottle opener or Anchor Opener. Place hook well under edge of cap, lift gently at several points.

P7-19

BUY ANCHOR OPENERS FROM YOUR GROCER OR FILL OUT AND RETURN THIS COUPON

Please mail one Anchor Opener
Enclosed is six cents in stamps

Name_____

Address_____

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

(Continued from Page 72)

He caught her in his arms, kissed her impetuously, as much in love as a schoolboy, he who at thirty-four was the formidable terror of Europe. She yielded with a shy docility, smiled up at him.

"You may kiss me, now that you are absolved."

Holding her in his arms, they discussed that wedding of the morrow, stealthily in secret, at an altar in an attic, before a proscribed priest, for all the world like those fanatics of La Vendée against whom he loosed fire and sword, he—Danton! He could not help but laugh, but, oddly, it seemed to him that he laughed from a novel inward lightness after that absolution in which, reasonably, he did not believe.

It was November the twenty-first—by the new revolutionary calendar, the first Frimaire, Year II. He was at that semi-manorial château he had bought at Arcis-sur-Aube, had been there for the past six weeks, enjoying those constantly extended broad acres for which he had a peasant's passion, with this girlish bride he adored, careless of all else. Let Paris do what it would! He was tired of Paris, tired of revolution. It was time the Revolution stopped, since he had obtained all he desired. Since July, when Robespierre had eliminated him and all his chief partisans from the Committee of Public Safety, he had stood more and more remote from the torrent of events.

They had been terrible, those events. In October, the twenty-one Girondists had been guillotined; the remainder were being hunted down like wild beasts. Marie Antoinette had taken her prematurely white hair to the scaffold. On November sixth, the Duc d'Orléans, vainly dubbing himself Philippe Egalité, had expiated his crimes. The Revolution was devouring its children. He had heard the news grimly, with a secret shudder, supervising the field work on his lands. Would it be his turn next? Robespierre hated him, he knew, with that coldly malignant venom which kept the entire Convention in terror of his mere glance. He heard of whispered accusations against him—he schemed for a dictatorship, he wanted to make himself regent for the little Dauphin imprisoned in the Temple; above all, he was guilty of counter-revolutionism, of *moderantisme*. He affected to laugh robustly at these stories. All he wanted was a quiet life. As for being a counter-revolutionary—where would he be without the Revolution? Certainly not on this fine estate which was his pride. But secretly he was anxious, was gnawed by anxiety.

Someone entered the room. It was young Charpentier, one of his nephews. The young man was booted and spurred, had come straight from Paris, had brought a letter that was urgent.

He took it, glanced at it. It was from one of his friends, informing him that Robespierre was plotting dangerously against him, imploring him to return at once. He uttered a furious cry.

Louise rose from her seat, came to him, put an arm around him.

"What is it, Marius?" She called him by the intimate nickname all his friends had used since the famous tenth of August.

He looked at her, an anguish in his ugly, dissipated features.

"Little one, I shall have to go to Paris."

She ejaculated in alarm, "Paris! Oh, no, no! Don't go! They will guillotine you! Everyone is being guillotined!"

He laughed. "Guillotine me, Danton! They would not dare!" He turned to young Charpentier, cried in that thundering voice of his: "Go and tell Robespierre that I am coming to Paris to crush him and his horde of bandits!"

Yet even as he spoke he bethought himself that it would be more politic to ally himself with Robespierre against Hébert, who was particularly virulent these days. He did not say this. It would be well if Robespierre heard of his threat—Robespierre, whom he knew to be a coward.

He turned to Louise. "Pack up, little one! I go to Paris in the morning. They shall hear again the roar of Danton! I am going to put an end to the Terror."

He laughed, loudly, boisterously, but even to himself his laugh sounded hollow.

It was the 9th Germinal, Year II of the Republic, otherwise the thirtieth of March, 1794. He and Louise had just returned from visiting Gabrielle's father at that house at Sèvres which was really his own, though prudently in the name of Charpentier. Much had happened in that vertiginous rush of sanguinary events. He had indeed allied himself with Robespierre to crush Hébert—five days ago, Hébert and sixteen of his partisans had been guillotined. For a moment Paris had gone wild with joy, believing that the Terror at last was ended. Had not Danton—or rather Danton's other self, Camille Desmoulins—preached in the Vieux Cordelier that the time for clemency had arrived? He himself, wearied, utterly fatigued, almost believed it. Hébert had incarnated the Terror. He had demolished Hébert. To those who had come to Sèvres to tell him that Robespierre, strictly shut up in his lodgings in the Rue Honoré, was plotting against him with Saint-Just, with Collot d'Herbois, Tallien, Billaud Varenne—all the most extreme of the Mountain, all—except Saint-Just—men whom he knew to be vulgar scoundrels—he had replied:

"Bah! They won't dare! I'll eat their entrails!" He had glanced at the mirror: "Look at my head! It's still solidly on my shoulders!"

Now, with Louise he reëntered that comfortably furnished apartment which had seen him in so many crises. Louise was nervous, anxious still, but he laughed noisily.

"See!" he said. "They have not dared! Today was their chance, and nothing has happened."

He sat down by the fire, stared into it, thinking of many things. Poor Gabrielle! Those massacred prisoners had had their revenge on him. Yet now he had Louise ——

There was a sharp knock on the door. Louise opened it. It was the Deputy Panis bringing a message from his friend, the Alsatian Rühl, member of the two omnipotent committees that day met in joint session. Robespierre had denounced him. All save two of the committeemen had signed the order for his arrest. Let him take immediate precautions. Desmoulins also was to be arrested.

He mastered that shock, glanced at Louise. She had gone deathly pale.

"Fly, Marius!" she gasped. "Fly!"

He shrugged his huge shoulders, remained seated, turned to Panis.

"The gendarmes are on the way?" he said. "Very well! Let them come. I await them."

Panis had gone. The suspense prolonged itself, hour after hour. Seated in front of the fire, he poked it nervously, exasperatedly. Louise watched him with haggard eyes. His two little sons had been brought out of bed, sat in the room, weeping. What use was it for her to counsel escape? Could he, Danton, the ugly Titan known to all the world, hide himself? He would not. Still he repeated to her: "They will not dare! They will not dare!"

There was a sudden tramping of men, the sound of musket butts dropped to the pavement, a sharp order resounding through the passageway into the Cour du Commerce. They had come!

They were coming up the stairs. He rose, gathered his two sons into his arms. Louise was clinging to him, sobbing. How many such scenes had he himself caused? He pushed back the thought—after all, he had saved France, and he had had a good time. Magnificently he had enjoyed this Revolution. Also, he was not dead yet. They should see how he could defend himself. The people would surely rise, deliver him.

The gendarmes, cockaded, in red-and-blue uniforms, had entered the room. Their officer read a warrant aloud, cried: "Arrest the prisoner!"

They seized him. He made no effort to resist. Only, as they pushed his huge bulk out of the room, he turned to Louise, laughed with a magnificent bravado. "You will see me again soon. These scoundrels don't know what it is to arrest Danton!" So perhaps would she be comforted.

It was the afternoon of the sixth of April, a day of brilliant sunshine. In the *guichet* of the Conciergerie, the executioner Sanson and his assistants were preparing the "batch." "Big game today!" one of the gendarmes had laughed to him. He, Danton, had laughed also. Never should this *canaille* see him weaken. Camille was sobbing, crying for his adored Lucile. Fabre d'Eglantine was cursing Billaud Varenne, accusing him of stealing for his own benefit the play in verse he left behind. He joked at him, sardonically playing on the word meaning both "verses" and "worms." "*Des vers!* Inside a week you'll make new ones all right!" Pinioned, he joked even with Sanson, cutting his hair. He'd given him work enough in the past. They were old friends! The brute had shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

This was the end. He gave no more thought to that travesty of a trial continued until that very midday, where they had accused him, among all manner of things, of corruption—where, with superb audacity, he had shouted back at them: "Bought! A man like me is unpayable!" They had silenced his lion's roar: "Infamous Robespierre! The scaffold calls for thee! Thou followest me, Robespierre!" The defense of himself and of his fellow accused had been summarily cut short. All had been condemned to death, guilty of an imaginary conspiracy to reëstablish the monarchy.

The preparations were complete. The condemned were pushed along to the three carts painted red, each with two horses, waiting outside. A close-packed crowd had gathered, unusually silent, stupid with astonishment. Danton, the lion of the Revolution, was being guillotined! What next? Magnificently he disdained this cowardly mob which made no effort to rescue the man who had saved France.

The carts lumbered along. Camille shrieked to the sight-seers: "People, it is your servants who are being sacrificed! It is I who in '89 called you to arms! My crime, my only crime, is that I have shed tears!" He, Danton, grimaced in disgust, said brutally: "Be quiet! Let that vile *canaille* alone!"

They went slowly along the Rue Honoré toward the Place de la Révolution. He saw the house where Robespierre lived in unctuous virtue, shouted to it with his great voice: "Thou followest me!"

At last they arrived where, amid an immense crowd, the silhouette of the guillotine was dark against the evening sky.

All his companions had been beheaded. It was his turn. Arms tied behind his back, he walked up those steps, slippery with running blood. That colossal vitality not yet annihilated in him transmuted itself into an intense impossible longing, a desperate craving for Louise, for that happy domesticity at Arcis-sur-Aube.

A cry broke from him involuntarily, in an agony: "My beloved! I shall see you no more!" He remembered, brusquely, that vast multitude watching the end of Danton; turned to Sanson with a last terrible laugh. "You will show my head to the people? It is worth it!"

At that moment he saw a man in the crowd, vaguely familiar—the Abbé Kéravenan—making the sign of the cross, pointing upward. Was there—incredibly—forgiveness? Oddly, he had no laugh for that absurdly superstitious thought, still incomplete in him as they pushed him to lie prone on the fatal plank, strapped him to it, pushed it forward ——

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

The imperial coach which carried Napoleon and Josephine to their coronation glittered with golden ornament. Drawn by eight richly caparisoned steeds, it was the most luxurious vehicle of 19th century France

* * *

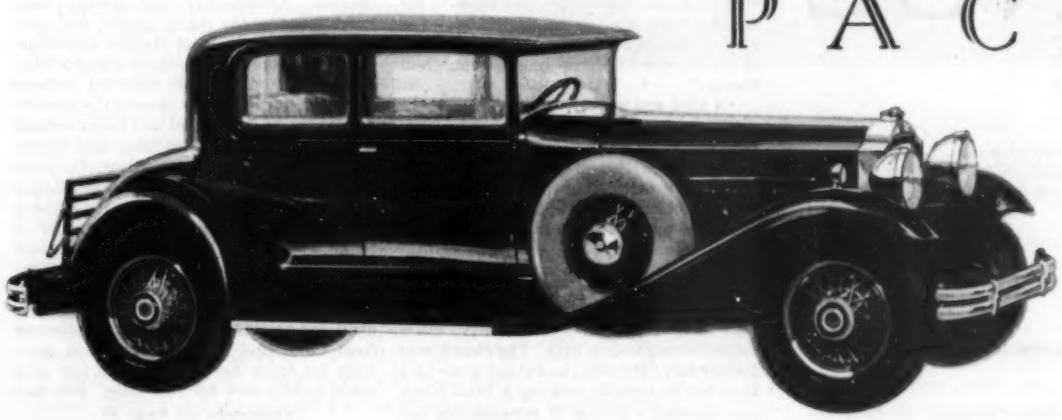
EVERYONE knows that the distinguished Packard Eight provides today's supremely luxurious transportation. But not everyone knows that Packard ownership need cost no more than motoring in vehicles of lower price and less distinction.

The facts are these: *Operating* costs in the aggregate are no greater for a Packard Standard Eight than for any other car of like size, no matter what its price. And *depreciation* cost is no greater when the owner keeps his Packard a little longer than he is accustomed to drive lesser vehicles.

Thus a car delivered at around sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars and traded in after two years or so costs fully as much in depreciation as a Packard Standard Eight driven for some three years. And records show that most Packard owners *do* keep their cars much longer!

Apply these facts to your own motoring. Compare the actual costs of your present car with those of a Packard Standard Eight —which any Packard man will gladly supply. Perhaps you, too, will find that *you are paying for a Packard* without enjoying its beauty, its distinction and its luxury.

And if you *are* paying for a Packard, *why not have one?*



PACKARD

ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE

Insure against both

with ONE economical Alliance Policy

THERE'S a deal of damage in store for the building on the receiving end when a crippled plane flames earthward or a truck leaves the straight and narrow. That such accidents are only too common is affirmed by the newspapers. And there will inevitably be more as we have more planes and automobiles.

To protect your property against BOTH of these hazards, the ALLIANCE offers a combination Aircraft and Automobile Property Damage policy. So low is the rate for this insurance for modern needs that it is poor economy to do without it.

Ask your

ALLIANCE

Agent

Look for him in your classified telephone directory under "ALLIANCE *Insurance*". If he is not listed, write us for his name.

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA

and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life.

THE MIRACLES AT HORNBY CORNERS

(Continued from Page 5)

a bit and see how things turn out. Personally I'd be delighted if Christopher would have a go at my scintica. I've tried everything else."

Mr. Gradely smiled rather palely and got up.

"I'm most grateful to you—most grateful. Your offer to help Christopher to a job has put fresh heart into me."

"Cheer up," said Sir John, putting a friendly hand on Mr. Gradely's shoulder, "and tell Christopher that I'd like to see him. Send him and Zeta up here on Sunday afternoon. I shall be quite alone this week-end, and it would be a kindness if they would come."

The vicar thanked him again and walked down the long driveway and back to the village. Before reaching the vicarage he turned in at a small, half-timbered house surrounded by fruit trees. Here Miss Marle lived, and, feeling himself in still further need of comfort and support, he rang the bell and received the news that she was in with a little exclamation of satisfaction.

Miss Marle was between forty-five and fifty, and almost an albino. The vicar rather admired her more-than-flaxen hair; and her very pale, weak eyes looked through their white lashes with more affection at him than at anyone else except Christopher. She was, without admitting it even to herself, half in love with Christopher, and she often felt that there must be some mistake about the date of her birth. Surely, surely, she couldn't be more than thirty-five—a young thirty-five. She was born at a time when every woman looked for romance, and she still half expected it would come to her. For a few years following Mrs. Gradely's death she had believed it might come through the vicar, but for the last two years she had transferred her affections to Christopher, though that young man was totally unaware of it, and not even Zeta's laughing warnings made him believe in it.

"Yes, I've heard about the Stebbings boy. It's all over the village, and Mrs. Stebbings is convinced that Christopher has cured him."

"I trust you have pointed out the folly and wickedness of such an idea whenever you've chanced to hear it spoken of," Mr. Gradely said.

"Oh, vicar, what am I to think? Christopher is such an extraordinary young man, I feel he might do anything. You think it so dreadful? I suppose it is, and yet queer things do happen, don't they? Look at Lourdes. You're not at all convinced? Well, of course, it's only hearsay. I've never been there myself. But I'm sure Christopher is quite humble about it. He merely feels himself to be an instrument. You think he oughtn't to be encouraged? Well, then, I won't, I promise you. I always do what you tell me. I am the most obedient of your flock. And I shan't say one word to Christopher—that is, supposing that I see him. He hardly ever comes to see me any more, alas! Now, dear vicar, let us talk of something else. I want to tell you of my scheme for decorating the church at Easter."

"A kind and worthy woman," mused the vicar, as he turned in at his own gate, "but neither she nor Sir John appreciates the real seriousness of this matter or the menace that such a delusion is to the boy himself. To say nothing of the appalling arrogance of it. He must come to his senses. It can go on no longer."

The vicarage was a smallish house of gray stone, with twin gables and narrow windows. It stood back behind a high stone wall in which was a pretty, ornamental wrought-iron gate. The church was farther down the road, and stood alone on a bare bit of ground, looking a little bleak and exposed. It was of considerable age and possessed some interesting stone coffins, a bit of Norman crypt and a Saxon font. It had been rather too carefully restored in the middle of the nineteenth century, but had escaped the worst that might have befallen it during that era of prosperity and Philistinism. The vicarage was comparatively modern, having been built late in the eighteenth century, and it possessed a pretty garden full of clipped yews that had once been the pride and joy of Mrs. Gradely, and were now tended by the vicar as a sort of pious duty. Zeta spent all the spare time at her disposal working in the garden, and could always count upon Christopher to help her with any digging or cutting that might be required, and old Joe Wicks came two days a week to help, but confined his activities to the vegetable garden. He was just leaving as Mr. Gradely arrived, and touched his hat in answer to his greeting.

"Oh, Joe, a word with you before you go. Tell me, have you heard any talk in the village about that poor lad of Martha Stebbings?"

"I hears as how Master Chris have done wonders wi' un," said old Joe. "'Tis common talk, for sure."

"Now, Joe," said the vicar, approaching nearer and lowering his voice, "I don't want you to believe any such nonsense, nor does Master Chris. He may have helped the boy to recover from his fit a little sooner than if he had not been there, but as for wonders or miracles, that's all nonsense, just silly superstitious talk. Will you please tell anyone you hear speak of it that I say so?"

"I'll tell folks as says aught to me what you say, Mester Gradely. But they'm mighty strong-headed folk hereabouts, and if they'm minded to think a thing, they'll think it for sure. . . . They peas is coming on famous, and if this weather do hold as 'tis, we'll have un on table 'fore the middle of June."

"I'm glad to hear it, Joe. Let us hope this fine, warm weather will stay with us for a while. Good day to you."

The bent, seamed, earth-colored old man twitched his cap again and hobbled off down the road. The vicar looked after him, shook his head and went into the house. It seemed to him that everyone was against him. Even Miss Marle, so pliable, as a rule, to bend to his wishes, would probably resume the attitude of mind in which he had found her, the moment his back was turned. He called up the stairs for Zeta, but there was no reply, and finding that Christopher was out, too, he went into his study—a shabby little room full of shabby books with dull, unlovely bindings. He sat down at his writing table and tried to get on with his sermon for the following Sunday.

It seemed to him that he was very lonely and alone, and that he was fighting a losing fight. Less and less did he feel he had the confidence of his parishioners. Less and less did they come to him for advice and counsel. Christopher had always been much loved by the village people, and now, since his seeming cure of Martha Stebbings' boy, they were ready to make a god of him. Even these once-simple folk had become sensation hunters. The ideas of the modern world that he so dreaded and hated seemed to have seeped down gradually and imperceptibly even to Hornby Corners. Only the day before, a young erring couple had defied him. Luke Allberry, a good-for-nothing lad, had admitted to being the father of Sarah Penforth's child, and when he had ordered them to marry he was met with a flat refusal, not from the boy but from the girl herself. She would bring up her own child, she maintained, without interference from Luke, and she wouldn't thank anybody for tying her up to a lazy boy who could hardly earn his own keep. She had

(Continued on Page 81)

Keep Stomach in shape *this way. .*

urges Norwegian Authority

Dr. J. E. Bruusgaard says, "I have used fresh Yeast for years"

HERE is friendly advice from the head of a famous clinic . . . Prof. Dr. Johan Edwin Bruusgaard, of the great State Hospital in Oslo, Norway!

Dr. Bruusgaard is an honored member of the most exclusive medical societies in Europe. He says:

"In my practice I have employed fresh yeast over the course of many years.

"Yeast keeps the stomach in good condition," he explains. "It stimulates the intestines and corrects constipation.

"Fresh yeast," he adds, "contains valuable vitamins necessary for health."

Leading doctors everywhere now trace many stomach troubles to an unhealthy condition lower down . . . to the backing up of poisons from clogging food wastes.

Fleischmann's Yeast corrects that condition. It actually "tones up" sluggish intestinal muscles, till they function normally. Poisons are gently cleared away. Secretion of gastric juices is stimulated. Healthy digestion is restored.

Try this sensible way to check indigestion! Watch appetite grow and energy return as Fleischmann's Yeast purifies your system!

Remember—Fleischmann's Yeast is a food and must be eaten regularly . . . 3 times a day. You can get it at grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Directions are printed on the label.

Physicians cite Yeast Benefits:

The famous Italian nutrition authority, Dr. Cherubini, explains: "Yeast performs the double and wonderful rôle of aiding two body functions—assimilation and elimination."

Europe's outstanding stomach specialist, Dr. Delort, says: "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the gastric and intestinal movements. It is a very effective way of treating digestive ills."

Prof. Dr. Brandweiner, head of well-known Vienna clinic, says: "A good fresh yeast will keep the digestive processes active and the intestinal canal free of the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin."

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Her experience bore out what great doctors say

(Below) "I was always bothered with indigestion," writes Miss Jeanne Johnson of Los Angeles. "Then I noticed a lot of the peppiest girls at school ate Fleischmann's Yeast. I tried it—and my indigestion was forgotten. My complexion improved, too."

(Below) "When I returned from the War I couldn't eat without indigestion," writes Willard Davis of Atlanta, Ga. "I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast, tried it, and soon lost my sluggishness and indigestion."

In the style of that master craftsman

CHIPPENDALE

Intricate inlay work that made Sheraton famous is well matched by this Linoset effect in Armstrong's Linoleum. Just one of the many figured inserts—No. 4

CHIPPENDALE'S FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP finds no better background than this Handmade Marble Inlaid floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. It captures the Chinese motif and is as sturdily built as his own skillful cabinetwork. Ask to see it at local stores—Design No. 73.

Graceful, delicate design, characteristic of Hepplewhite, is reflected in this feature border effect made up of several colors of the new Armstrong's Linostrips

Today your floors as well as your furnishings can reflect the work of the world's great designers

"THOMAS CHIPPENDALE?... Why, I thought he was a designer of furniture!" So he was. You see his artistry in the Chinese Chippendale furnishings of the room illustrated. But you also see his beauty of design reflected in the floor that forms the correct decorative foundation for this well-planned interior.

This motif in Handmade Marble Inlaid Linoleum which shows the Chippendale influence is but one of a number of authentically styled floors now offered in Armstrong's. Some suggest Sheraton with their intricate inlay work. Others match the graceful and delicate design of Hepplewhite. Even the modern has been skillfully mirrored by these fashionable Armstrong Floors.

They are built, too, as sturdily as a fine piece of cabinetwork, built to withstand relentless years of wear. Watch an Armstrong Floor being installed—trimly tailored to every nook and cranny, then firmly cemented in place over linoleum lining felt—and you will partly understand why these smart floors are called permanent.

Talk to any of the home lovers who boast Armstrong's Linoleum in every room of the house and you will begin to appreciate why they all say, "Our floor worries are ended for all time."

And floor worries include the nuisance of heavy cleaning care. A quick dusting keeps the Accolac-Processed surface shining. This surface won't spot or stain. Wax and polish it occasionally. Or simply renew it with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

If you'd like the floors of your home to be in keeping with fine furnishings, see the new Armstrong effects now on display at local linoleum, department, and furniture stores. And send for Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, *"New Ideas in Home Decoration,"* fully illustrated in color. It explains Mrs. Brown's offer of personal help in designing fashion-setting rooms. Enclose 10¢ for mailing. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Div., 333 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

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for every room in the house

Armstrong's (A) *Product*

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . ARABESQ . . PRINTED . . *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

(Continued from Page 78)

got a job in Dorminster and was going there in a few days, taking the baby with her. When he first came to Hornby Corners such an attitude of mind on the part of a young woman was unheard of.

He got up to throw some wood on the fire, for it was too cold to sit indoors without one, and as he passed the window he saw Zeta wheeling her bicycle in at the gate, and Christopher walking beside her. They were deep in talk and Zeta had her arm through Christopher's. It was perhaps the best thing he had ever done, he reflected—to take Zeta into his home. She had never given him a moment's sorrow or anxiety, and if anyone could turn Christopher aside from his crazy purpose it was she. He hoped they would come into his study, but they did not. Well, doubtless they thought he was hard at work, and so he ought to be. He would see them at supper. He sat down at his desk again, and rereading what he had written, tried to brighten and enliven a sentence here and there. Was he perhaps growing dull and his sermons labored? It might be so and he not know it. It should be guarded against.

There was not a shadow on Christopher's serene face that evening, but the vicar thought that Zeta looked worried. During supper he told them he had seen Sir John, but made it seem like a casual encounter and did not tell them he had gone to Hornby Hall for the purpose. He gave them Sir John's message.

"And, good friend that he is, he thinks he can find a position for you in London, Christopher. You are fortunate in having his affection and esteem. He spoke of the curator at the Natural History Museum, who is an old friend of his, it seems, and said that work might be found for you there. I imagine it would be interesting—most interesting."

Zeta looked swiftly at Christopher and away again. The vicar, of course, would spoil everything. If only he had let Sir John broach the subject, Christopher might have thought well of it. Now it sounded simply deadly, and made Sir John seem patronizing—which was just what he wasn't. Oh, why couldn't the vicar leave Christopher alone for a while?

"It's very good of Sir John, father," Christopher said, "and I'll talk to him about it on Sunday. But I don't want to leave here just yet. I'd like to wait a few months and see ——"

The vicar flushed angrily. "You may find," he said, "that there is a limit to my patience and even to my generosity. Most sons of twenty show some desire to make their own way in the world and to cease to be a financial burden to their parents. You, apparently, suffer from no such ambition."

Before Christopher could reply he got a warning glance and headshake from Zeta. He fought down a desire to answer impulsively and in his own defense, and got up from the table, calling to the two red setters that lay by the door.

"I'll feed the dogs now," he said. "I'd rather discuss this with you later, father, if you don't mind. Or after I've seen Sir John, perhaps."

When he had left the room, the two dogs bustling after him, the vicar said:

"I oughtn't to have spoken like that, Zeta, but sometimes Christopher is supremely irritating. He thinks he can continue to live in my house and at the same time directly oppose my wishes. You must help me. This mustn't go on. You believe in Christopher's alleged powers no more than I do."

Wednesday evening was their old servant's night out, and Zeta prepared the supper and washed the dishes. She now began clearing the table, and as she moved about it she paused for a moment and put a hand on the vicar's shoulder.

"I'm not so sure, father, that I don't believe, a little. Jimmie does seem better. Perhaps Chris has some sort of power. You know, ever since he was a little boy he's always wanted to heal the sick."

"Then let him study medicine."

"Oh, couldn't we just leave things as they are for a while?" she begged. "Chris is watching Jimmie; he goes to see him every day. If his fits do return, Chris will be the first to admit his failure. And now he wants to try to help Alfred Swane too."

The vicar pushed back his chair, frowning. "I won't have it," he said, "I won't have it."

"But, father, what harm can Chris possibly do? The doctors have done what they could for both Jimmie and Alfred. And it was Alfred Swane's daughter, Annie, who suggested it."

"Well, she's a silly, credulous girl. I absolutely forbid Christopher to lend himself to such a piece of ignorant folly and deceit. I forbid it. I'll tell him so myself."

Zeta went into the kitchen and began washing up the dishes. Christopher presently came in and helped her, and the vicar heard them talking together in low voices. He felt that they were in league against him, and his anger and indignation rose. He called Christopher into his study and there, pacing up and down the room, he gave free rein to his disapproval and disgust. Christopher stood by the fire, dressed in old tweeds that had suffered from many a brier and thorn. He listened with patience and understanding. He knew that what he was trying to do seemed to his father a sort of sin, and he understood that feeling, but he was at the same time able to look inward and see with remarkable clarity what was in his own mind and what motives lay at the back of his actions. And he was convinced that he had a gift, a power, that he must use. How great it was he could not yet judge, nor how far it might prove dependable, but it was there at certain moments, a thing seemingly independent of his own wishes, and, to a certain extent, controlling him.

He had gone into the schoolhouse that day to see if he could help Miss Godfrey, who had once confessed to being terrified whenever Jimmie's fits came on; and the moment he saw the boy on the floor he felt the power in himself, and his arms and hands tingled and vibrated and seemed to go out to the sufferer of their own accord. He had just the same power, but in a lesser degree, with animals, but he had never spoken about it. He had made Mrs. Stebbings promise she would never tell, but her tongue had become loosened as her wonder grew, and in a single day the news had spread for miles around. Christopher was sorry for this, for he had not wanted his father to know anything about it until he had had further opportunities of testing his power. He made up his mind to be patient with him and to temporize.

"But, father, what harm have I done? The only result is that I may have cured Jimmie. And only time will tell whether I have or not."

"What harm have you done? Incalculable harm already. The whole village is agog and athirst for fresh excitement. It is difficult enough, God knows, to instill into these people's minds enough simple Christianity to make them go to church once a week and observe the Ten Commandments. And now you try to turn them into superstitious heathens, and yourself into a sort of miracle-working fakir or medicine man."

"You know I didn't want anything said about it," Christopher replied quietly. "I begged Mrs. Stebbings not to tell anyone."

"The worst gossip in Hornby Corners. Is it likely she would have held her tongue?"

"I'm sorry she talked," he said, "but I couldn't help it."

"You should go further and be sorry you ever lent yourself to such a shabby deception."

"There is no deception, father. I may be mistaken—that I admit—but I'm not practicing any sort of deceit."

"You are deceiving yourself. The folly begins there. And worse than folly—sin. I will not argue with you, my boy, but I say that this nonsense shall stop. You will go to London and earn your living like an honest man. It is my last word on the subject."

"I think you're being a little unreasonable, father," Christopher told him gently.

"Unreasonable? Because I object to your claiming divine powers? May you be forgiven for your blasphemy and presumption."

"But, father, I don't look upon it as miraculous at all. Doctors know of plenty of faith cures."

"Be quiet, sir!"

"And I can't promise not to do what I can for Alfred Swane. I've told his daughter that I would try."

"You can do nothing for Alfred Swane. Doctor Ludlow himself says he will get no better, though he will probably get no worse. I forbid you to interfere. I forbid it! Now, I don't wish to hear another word, do you understand? And I strongly advise you to accept Sir John's offer and go to London at the earliest possible moment. This abominable affair has gone far enough."

Christopher saw that he had said all he wished to say, and so left the room, closing the door quietly behind him. He went in search of Zeta, and said to her:

"Zeta, what am I going to do? Father loathes the whole idea of the thing and thinks I'm just a cheat or a posturer. I had no idea he'd be so set against it. You'd think it was black magic, to hear him."

"I think he does think so, or he would if he believed in it at all."

"Have I got to give it up?"

"Oh, Chris, I don't know what to say."

"Do you believe, or don't you?"

She hesitated before answering. "I don't know. It's too soon to say."

"If I cured Alfred Swane would you believe?"

"Yes, I think I would." She averted her eyes.

"Zeta, I believe we've got all sorts of powers in us that some day we'll understand and develop."

"Do you, Chris dear? I don't know. I believe we shall find out more and more about medicines and drugs, and things like that."

"That's because drugs are your job. I think we've learned nearly all there is to know about those things. It's the mind that interests me."

They had seated themselves at the dining-room table—now covered with a red cloth—and placed a lighted lamp between them. Zeta took up a pile of mending in a basket and set to work on it. Christopher sat thinking for a while, his blue eyes fixed on space; then he took a notebook out of his pocket and began to write in it. Presently he looked up.

"I saw Jimmie again today. He's getting on better in school, he says."

"I'm so glad. What's that you're writing, Chris?"

"It's my report book. I put down any changes I see in him from day to day."

"That's a good idea."

"I'm going to see Alfred Swane tomorrow, Zeta. I've made up my mind."

"Even though father forbids it?"

"I promised Annie Swane I'd try."

"It's the first time you've disobeyed father about anything important since you were a child."

"I know it, but I've got to do it."

"When will you be seeing Alfred?"

"I'll arrange with Annie to push him in his wheeled chair as far as the stile at the edge of Taggart Wood. He likes it there because hardly anyone passes and he can sit and watch the birds. I want to come upon him when he isn't expecting to see me."

"Doesn't he know?"

"No. I told Annie not to tell him."

"Oh, Chris, can I come with you?"

"I'd rather you didn't, Zeta. I think we'd better be quite alone."

"All right. But you'll tell me everything exactly as it happened?"

"Of course I will. And try to have faith in me, Zeta."

"I'll help you as much as I possibly can."

He got up suddenly and went to her chair and put his face against hers.

"Zeta, I'm never going to love anyone but you."

She slipped an arm about his neck for an instant.

"Oh, Chris darling, don't! We mustn't think about that yet."

"I'm only telling you. I don't want you to forget it and fall in love with someone else."

"Oh, my darling, as if I could!"

"Suppose I really can cure the sick, or help them, would you come with me? I'd go all over the country."

"In a caravan?" she suggested, picking up her work again.

"That would be a good idea. You wouldn't rather I took a job in London, would you?"

She bent her head to examine a hole in one of his socks.

"Oh, Chris, I don't know yet. We'll wait and see how things turn out."

"But we'll marry, either way."

"If father lets us."

"Why shouldn't he?"

"I don't think it's ever entered his head that we're in love."

"No, I don't suppose it has. I've always been in love with you, since I was seven."

"You don't see much of other girls, Chris."

"I don't want to."

"Chris, don't ever quarrel with father, will you, no matter what he does or says, and no matter how much you disagree?"

"No, I won't. I don't want to quarrel with him. And I think he looks ill."

"I think he does, too, and I think it's partly worry about you."

"I hope it isn't. He was complaining of his heart the other day. He had to stop three times on his way to church on Sunday. I watched him."

"We must be careful not to upset him," said Zeta.

Just then there came a ring at the front door. Zeta went to open it and found a woman whose face she didn't know standing on the doorstep, with a shawl about her head and shoulders.

"Please, is Mr. Christopher in?" asked the woman, advancing an anxious face into the light.

"Yes. He's in. Do you want to see him?"

"Please, miss, my Aggie is took bad with the spasms and I'd like Mr. Christopher to come quick."

The study door opened then and the vicar came out.

"Who is this? Am I wanted?" He came to the door and looked at the woman standing there. "I think I know your face."

"I'm Mrs. Jenkins, sir. My Aggie is took bad with the spasms, and I want Mr. Christopher to come quick."

"Christopher? But, my good woman, you want a doctor, surely. My son is not a doctor. Let me send him to Doctor Ludlow's for you if your child is ill."

"No, sir, please, it's Mr. Christopher I want. My 'usband says Mr. Christopher will ease her quicker than any doctor. He stayed home with Aggie and I came because I can get about faster."

The vicar felt himself shaken with a kind of fury of indignation, not toward the woman, who knew no better, but toward his son. He took her by the shoulders and looked her in the face.

"My son is a foolish boy who can cure no one. These stories about him are untrue. He can cure no one, do you understand? . . . Zeta, run to Doctor Ludlow's for this poor woman, will you? Now go back to your child, Mrs. Jenkins. The doctor will be there as soon as he can."

Then Christopher appeared in the hall. He had evidently heard what the vicar had been saying.

"I'll go, father," he said. "I can get there quicker than Zeta."

The woman tried to seize his arm as he went by. "I don't want the doctor. I want you, Mr. Christopher."

But Christopher had reached the gate and vanished through it.

"Would you like me to come back with you?" Zeta asked, putting her hand on the

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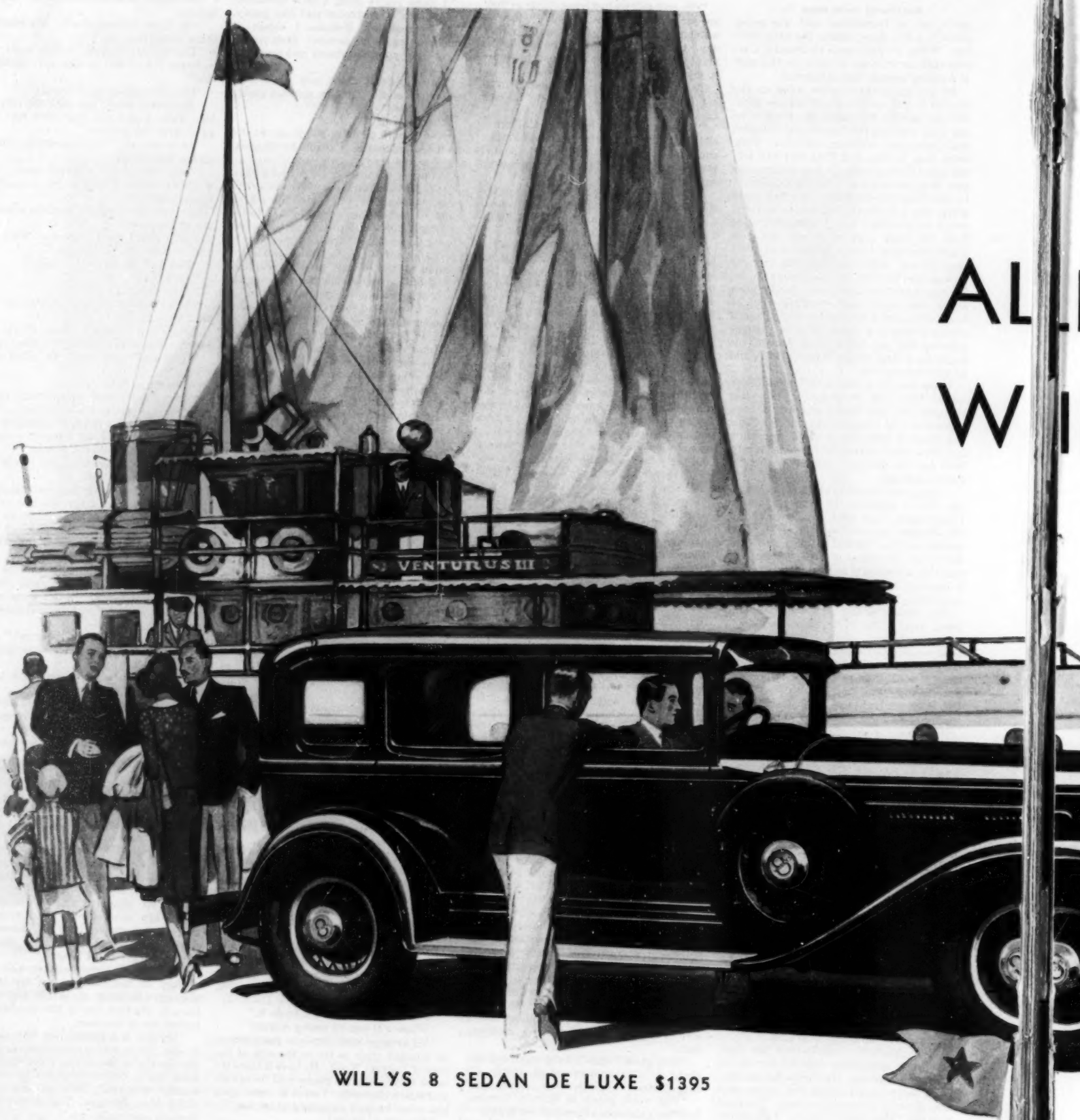

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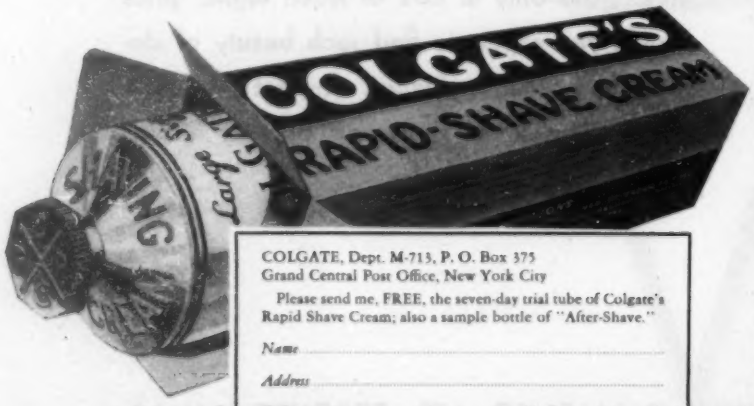

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(Continued from Page 81)

woman's arm. "Perhaps I can help till the doctor comes."

Mrs. Jenkins shook her head and drew back. Tears of disappointment were in her eyes and dropping down her cheeks. She turned away and went down the path to the gate. There she paused and called back, shrilly:

"You let him go to Martha Stebbings, because she goes to church regular, but you won't let him come to me because I'm chapel."

"Oh, my good woman!" cried the vicar, aghast, and went down the steps toward her, but she was already through the gate and lost in the darkness.

"This is terrible!" the vicar said to Zeta. "Terrible, terrible! You see the results—there is no knowing where all this may end."

His face looked white and drawn, and he presently went up the stairs to his room, holding to the banister and pausing at each step.

Zeta called after him: "Don't worry, father. In a few days it will all be forgotten."

He stopped on the landing. "You heard what that woman said to me?"

"Yes, but don't think about it. She was distracted, poor thing. She didn't know what she was saying."

"Good night, Zeta—good night," said the vicar wearily, and she heard him go into his bedroom and shut the door. She waited up for Chris and when he came back, breathless from running, he saw that she was anxious and upset.

"Oh, Chris, I'm frightened. Don't see Alfred Swane tomorrow," she pleaded.

"I must, Zeta. I promised I would."

"Well, whatever happens, make him swear not to tell, not to talk about it."

"I'll do my best. I did before."

She went toward the door. "Good night, Chris."

"Good night, Zeta. Don't worry."

"How can I help it? Father looked terrible. It was an awful shock to him."

"I won't be here for breakfast. I'll go out early. I won't let him see me till the evening."

"No," she said, "better not, I think."

The vicar lay later in bed the next morning than he had done for many a day. He felt weak and ill, and when he first tried to get up his heart jumped and fluttered and he found it difficult to get his breath. He had heard Christopher go out early, whistling to the two red setters to accompany him. What was he to think about his son? What was he to do? He recalled what Sir John had said—that Christopher had most of the virtues. Yes, he was a good boy until this thing had happened and turned his head. But far—very far—from being a saint, and surely only a saint could do what Christopher alleged he could do, and that only after fasting and prayer and a long life of holiness, apart from the world. That one could live in the world and be of the world and yet remain untainted, he did not believe. He could perceive many of his own faults and shortcomings, and Christopher was his son. He realized that, in a way, he was jealous of him and jealous of the love the village people had for him, and that he hated and resented their absurd faith in him. He tried to cast out this resentment and prayed that he might be freed from all such unworthiness, and at noon he got up, still feeling ill and shaken, and went slowly to the church, stopping once or twice on the way, for it was on a slight rise of ground, and even that small ascent was a tax on his breath.

Zeta got back from Allerford at the usual time and, putting away her bicycle, went in search of Christopher. He had not returned, and hoping to meet him, she crossed the fields at the bottom of the vicarage garden and walked in the direction of Taggart Wood. She went slowly. It was a perfect spring afternoon, and the trees, whose outlines were beginning to fill in and to turn delicately green, threw long, hazy shadows on the emerald grass. Blackbirds and thrushes were singing lustily, and from Taggart Wood two cuckoos called to each other in hollow, echoing tones. Behind the wood there rose up a smooth, green hill upon which still stood a few piled-up stones—all that remained of the old ruined abbey of St. Hilda. Zeta picked some cowslips in a meadow, and some wild forget-me-nots, and made a prim bouquet of them. Then she entered the wood, a little fearful because Christopher had been so long, and hardly daring to let herself wonder whether he had met with failure or success. But when she came within a hundred yards of the stile at the far side, a girl came running out from behind some trees and almost threw herself upon her.

"Oh, Miss Zeta, don't go no further! Oh, Miss Zeta, I've seen with my own eyes! Father got up out of his chair! I saw him! I saw him! I've seen a miracle with my own eyes! Oh, don't go no further, Miss Zeta! Master Chris and father be talking, up by the stile, and father out of his chair!"

Zeta's heart gave a great leap, and she seized the girl's hands and held them tightly.

"Annie, tell me exactly what happened."

The girl's round cheeks were bright red with excitement, and her fair hair was in wild disorder under her blue tam o' shanter.

"Miss Zeta, I didn't mean for to look, but I did. I left father there by the stile and went away, and when I thought it were over for sure, I went back, and Master Chris had just got there. He stood talking to father, and I listened, behind them trees. I heard Master Chris say he thought there were a golden-crested wren's nest in the hedge, and father said maybe there were, and Master Chris went to look, and then I heard 'un call out, excited like, 'Come here, Alfred! Here's four little wrens in this nest, just hatched out!' And father got up out of his chair quick and walked ten steps, and then he were like to fall, but Master Chris caught 'un. And he helped 'un back to his chair and says, 'Now you see, Alfred, you can walk if you will.' And father looked so scared like I thought 'un would faint, and then he begins to cry, like, and then laugh a bit, and now they be talking just like you and me."

Tears sprang to Zeta's eyes.

"How wonderful!" she said. "How perfectly wonderful! But, Annie, you're not to say a word to anyone, do you understand? Not a single word. Will you promise me?"

"I'll promise for sure," said the girl, "but what will folk say when they see father walking about?"

"Never mind, you must promise me not to tell a soul," Zeta insisted, shaking her by the arm to emphasize her words. That they fell on deaf ears, she knew. The girl was so full of what had happened that she would overflow when anyone came near her.

"Go back to them now," Zeta said, "and when you see that Mr. Chris wants you to take your father home, tell him you've seen me and that I'm waiting in the meadow at the other side of the wood, to walk back with him. And, please, Annie, don't talk about this to anyone. Try to remember, like a good girl."

What such promises were worth Zeta had a pretty shrewd idea, and that the story would be all over Hornby Corners by night seemed to her inevitable. What had Chris done? He had made a shell-shocked and partially paralyzed ex-soldier get out of his chair and walk several steps before collapsing. Swane had lain like a log when they first brought him back from the war. Then he had gradually regained his senses, then the use of his hands and arms, and eventually was able to get about a little on crutches. Of late, though, he had given up crutches and taken to a wheeled chair. He had not walked alone since the day he went into action for the last time, in the spring of 1918. The doctors at the war hospital in Dorminster had little hope of any eventual recovery, and what Chris had accomplished might well seem, to many, a miracle. But was it? And the vicar. What would he say and do now? And was it certain that because Swane had been surprised into walking once he would be able to walk again?

(Continued on Page 86)

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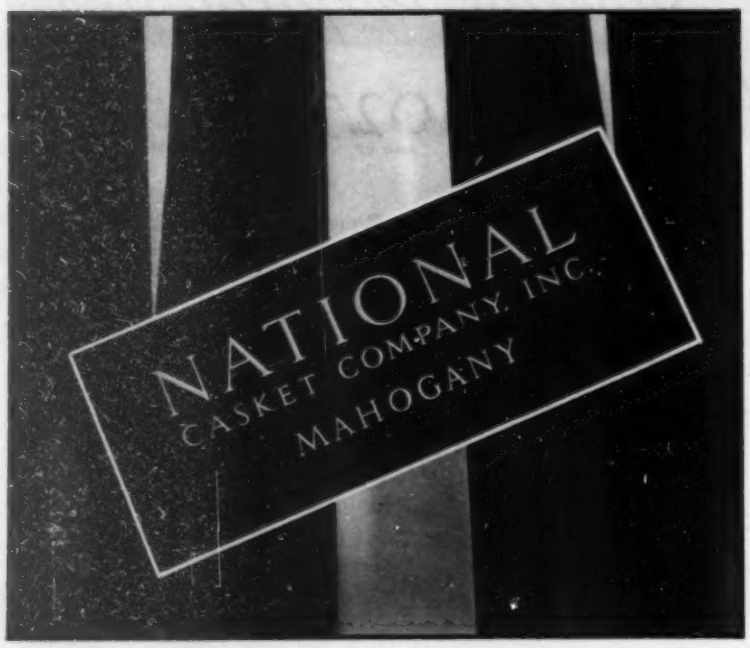

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But through these perplexities and doubts there shot a bright gleam. Chris had done something no one else had been able to do. He had accomplished something definite and capable of proof. With Jimmie Stebbings one had got to wait and see. But Alfred Swane had got up from his chair and walked, and before a witness. She heard Christopher's whistle, and turned to see him come through the gate and run toward her across the meadow.

"Well, Zeta"—his face was alight with excitement and elation and he was out of breath—"in a few weeks Alfred Swane will be walking as well as anyone. Now do you believe in me?"

She threw her arms about him and kissed him.

"Chris, it's wonderful! I saw Annie, and she told me. She saw it."

"It doesn't matter," Christopher said, putting his arm through hers and walking beside her toward home. "People will be bound to know when they see Alfred. And perhaps it's just as well there was a witness. Zeta, I can do it. I know I can do it now. I'm going to see Alfred again tomorrow. He says he felt all right till he realized he was walking, and got frightened and nearly fell. Nothing can stop me now, Zeta. I don't care what father says. I'll leave home and travel all over England. I'll live somehow. People who can pay will pay, and those who can't needn't."

A little chill went through her. He hadn't said, "And you are coming with me." And he was right. How could she? The only money she had she earned, and to go with Christopher she would have to give up her job and be penniless. How could they live? And yet she knew that if he wanted her she would take the risk and marry him and go.

She made him describe in detail what had taken place, and as they came in sight of the vicarage, she warned him to say nothing to his father.

"Though I suppose he'll have to know. Someone is sure to speak of it sooner or later."

"If only he had at least an open mind about it," said Christopher; "it would make things so much easier."

They found the vicar in his study with a rug over his knees. He said he thought he had caught cold, and that he had felt very chilly in church during a baptismal service. He wouldn't eat any supper, but went up to bed early, and hardly spoke to Christopher or looked at him, though he had not the appearance of being angry with him so much as deeply wounded. Their one servant told them, as they sat at supper, that poor little Aggie Jenkins had died during the night of convulsions. Doctor Ludlow had been unable to do anything for her; and it was very sad, she being the Jenkins' only child. Christopher and Zeta exchanged unhappy looks.

"I might have done something if I'd gone," Chris said. "I wish I had gone, instead of getting the doctor."

"You're not to blame. You had to do what you did," Zeta told him. "Let's not talk about it." She was struggling with a feeling of deep depression. She knew with a kind of dreadful certainty that the happy days at the vicarage were over. If Christopher stayed, there would never again be complete confidence and companionship between him and his father. She would have to make a sort of buffer of herself, shielding one from the other. If Christopher went, that meant darkness and loneliness for her.

And though she knew Christopher loved her and would always love her, she guessed that he would soon put his work first, and that it was perhaps right and necessary that he should, and his mood of quiet aloofness and inner excitement that evening was proof of it.

He made notes in his book, and then went into the little morning room which had once been the day nursery and played softly on the old upright piano, some of whose keys no longer gave out any sound. And Zeta put her head down on her arm and let herself drift into a dark sea of uncertainty and anxiety, and was only kept from wanting to drown in it by the knowledge that the vicar couldn't do without her, and that some day not very far distant her present sorrows and fear and doubts would be forgotten. And as to Christopher—what was she to think? Little read, inexperienced, she had only common sense to guide her. Were there such cures? She didn't know. Could faith move mountains? And how? And why?

She knew that Christopher believed there were no limits to the powers of the mind, and that it was the last and latest part of man to evolve and change and develop. But Christopher, too, was little read and equally inexperienced. The sort of books he wanted to read he couldn't afford. And perhaps if he could have read them, they would have disturbed the calm, clear surface of his ideas too much and muddied them with the thoughts of others. He might lose more than he gained, including a gift that was natural and intuitive and untaught. And as she listened to the notes that came from the morning room, she was struck by their wistfulness. It was as though the player were feeling his way and asking her help. She would help, she would believe. She would cast all her doubts away and be wholly on his side, and she would put his work first—a long way first—over every other consideration. And so resolved she presently turned out the lamp and went quietly up to bed.

The vicar, still feeling ill, nevertheless got up early the next morning, for he had visits to pay and a young couple to marry and a committee to attend before luncheon. Zeta thought his eyes looked hollow and bright, and there was a slight flush on his cheek bones. As he could not be induced to cancel any of his engagements, she made him wear a heavy coat and a muffler, for the weather had momentarily veered round toward winter again. Christopher had had his breakfast even earlier and departed; so she did not see him before starting off on her bicycle to Allerford. She liked her work there. The chemist, Mr. Sidgewick, was an intelligent and kindly person, and the bustle and life of a town at least twice the size of Hornby Corners were pleasing to her. It was nearly six o'clock, and she had just washed her hands preparatory to starting for home, when a customer left the Dorminster Gazette on the counter, and she picked it up and opened it. On the front page she saw:

MIRACLES IN HORNBY CORNERS!

Vicar's Son Casts Out Devils and Makes the Halt to Walk!

Two remarkable cases of faith healing have come to our notice within the past few days. Mr. Christopher Gradely, the twenty-year-old son of the vicar of Hornby Corners, has startled the community by curing a boy named Stebbings of epilepsy, and a helpless, shell-shocked ex-soldier of paralysis. Much interest has been roused by these apparently miraculous cures, and the villages round about are agog with excitement. Mr. Christopher Gradely is a modest and unassuming young man, and is very well liked in the district, where his father has been vicar for over thirty years.

So said the Dorminster Gazette. A little shocked and frightened—for the thought that Christopher might figure in the news had never occurred to either of them—Zeta put the paper in her pocket and started for home. It was raining, the thin, cold, slanting rain of early spring, and she turned up the collar of her raincoat and prepared for a wet journey. By the time she reached the vicarage, her hat, shoes and stockings were soaked, and she hurried up to her room to change. From her window she saw Sir John Forcel's large gray car glide up to the gate and halt, and saw Sir John's tall figure, wrapped in a loose overcoat, get out and go hurrying to the front door. Not sure that Emily was in, she quickly tidied her hair and ran downstairs to open the door to him.

"Ah, Zeta, my dear, may I come in?"

"Oh, do, please, Sir John. How nice to see you! I think I'm the only one at home,

(Continued on Page 89)

Family away?...you can Telephone them Quickly and Inexpensively

No matter how widely scattered your family may be, the telephone "keeps it together"

Your telephone is your pathway to the world . . . whether you are home or away

Telephone calls at regular intervals add much to vacation pleasures

MANY people find the telephone an ideal means for "keeping the family together" during the summer. No matter how widely scattered the different members may be . . . mountains, seashore, forest camp, lake resort . . . a telephone call reaches them quickly and easily. It is a convenient way to exchange news, make plans, order supplies, etc. And it means a lot to hear the voices of loved ones regularly . . . learn what they are doing . . . know that they are well and happy.

If your vacation plans call for traveling, the telephone will add much to your enjoyment. It will keep you in close touch with friends and relatives. By telephoning ahead you can be sure of hotel or camp accommodations . . . make arrangements of many sorts.

Busy executives leave their offices free from worry, knowing that if necessary they can be reached immediately by telephone. The vice-president of a large corporation was vacationing at a seashore resort when a question came up requiring instant decision. An associate prepared to travel to him, but before starting he telephoned. In five minutes the matter was settled, saving vital time and making the trip unnecessary.

Telephoning between cities is *Quick . . . Easy . . . Inexpensive.*

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

A point for any hand—fitted instantly by the dealer to any holder

He writes like this

Gerald J. Phelps

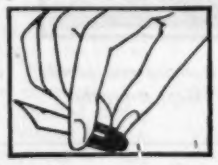
—so for his Personal-Point Fountain Pen, he chose the Eversharp BROAD FLEXIBLE POINT

Today you can buy a fountain pen point expertly fashioned for your individual handwriting—exactly as you once selected your favorite steel point—and secure it in a fountain pen any color, size or shape your fancy dictates. If you write a large flourishing hand, you want the easy-flowing Eversharp Broad Flexible Point. But, however you write, one of these 14 Personal-Points will *fit* your hand *exactly*. Each is a separate factory-perfected unit of point and feed . . . instantly *interchangeable* by the dealer, while you wait, in any of the many lovely Eversharp holders you desire. This revolutionary improvement makes possible hundreds of new and tempting combinations of point and holder from which to select your fountain pen "as you like it."

Buy your fountain pen this new and better way

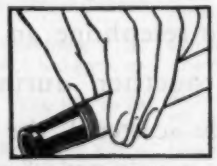
1 Select by test your Personal-Point

In a few minutes at any Eversharp counter you can choose the point that writes the way you like to write



2 Then—choose the holder you like best

A lavish assortment: the popular colors in all styles, sizes and shapes—for men and women, for pocket and desk

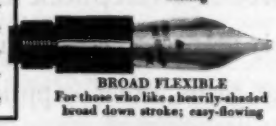


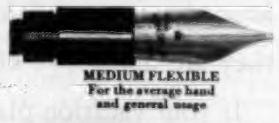
3 The two are permanently assembled—by the Dealer

Before your eyes, *your* point and *your* holder are instantly united into *your* personal pen for everlasting service

Use non-clogging Red Top Leads for complete writing satisfaction

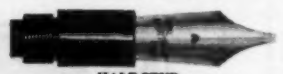
EVERSHARP
World's Standard Pencil to match your Personal-Point Pen—$5.00. Other styles 50c to $50


BROAD FLEXIBLE
For those who like a heavily-shaded broad down stroke; easy-flowing

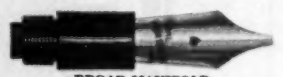

MEDIUM FLEXIBLE
For the average hand and general usage

FINE FLEXIBLE
For stenographers and Spencerian writers

FULL STUB
Writes very wide lines, heavily shaded


HALF STUB
Lighter than stub, with same characteristics

BALL POINT
Extra smooth, favored by older people


BROAD MANIFOLD
For "large" hands. Ideal for salesmen

MEDIUM MANIFOLD
A stiff point, excellent for accountants

FINE MANIFOLD
For bookkeeping, posting and Gregg Shorthand

BROAD SIGNATURE
For bold forceful hands, writes a heavy line

MEDIUM SIGNATURE
The executive's point for general desk work

FINE SIGNATURE
Preferred by women for correspondence

LEFT OBLIQUE
For left hand back-handed writing

RIGHT OBLIQUE
For right hand back-handed writing

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WAHL EVERSHARP Personal-Point FOUNTAIN PENS

$5 to $10

The Seal of Unconditional Guarantee

ONLY EVERSHARP PERSONAL-POINT FOUNTAIN PENS HAVE THE INTERCHANGEABLE POINT

(Continued from Page 86)

but I'll look into father's study. He may be there."

She knocked and heard a faint voice say, "Who is it?" and replied, "It's Zeta, father. Sir John has come to see you." There was no reply, so she opened the door and saw her father sitting at his desk, his head down on his arms.

He raised a haggard face and said, "I can see no one."

"But, father," Zeta persisted, "are you ill? It's Sir John."

Sir John was just behind her. It seemed he knew what the trouble was, for he pushed her gently aside and went into the room. Upon the vicar's desk lay the Dorminster Gazette.

"Now, Gradely, don't get into a state of mind about this. I've seen the paper too. It was bound to get into print. Well, what of it? The facts are true."

"They're lies," moaned the vicar—"lies! I'm disgraced, dishonored. I can never hold up my head again. I had better die."

Sir John looked closely at him. "You're ill," he said.

"Mentally," said Mr. Gradely, attempting to get to his feet, "and spiritually. I have been struck down by the hand of my own son."

Sir John took a firm hold of his arm and helped him across the room and into an armchair. The room was chilly and forlorn.

"Better light the fire, my dear," he said to Zeta, who had the match box already in her hand, "and get him a stimulant. Is there brandy in the house? If not, I can send Edmunds for some."

She applied the match, and then ran to the dining room, where, in the old mahogany sideboard, occasional bottles of wine were kept. She found brandy, and returned with some in a glass. She heard Sir John say:

"But, my dear man, I've seen the fellow and heard all about it. His sister is head housemaid at the Hall, and she told me this morning. I went straight off to see him and find out for myself. Swane, after some persuasion on my part, vouched for every word of the story, and so did his daughter, and to prove it he got up out of his chair, walked to the table and back again. That I saw with my own eyes. Chris made him believe that if he chose to use his legs he could—that's the gist of the whole matter. He hasn't mended a broken limb, he hasn't raised the dead; he has simply put heart into a man who believed himself paralyzed and made him do what he thought he couldn't do. It looks miraculous on the face of it, but it isn't. Though, of course, only Chris' faith could have accomplished it."

"It's trickery," said the vicar, and Zeta saw he was trembling so that he could hardly get the brandy to his lips. "It's deceit, it's charlatanism. I am shamed, shamed, and my whole life's work here has gone for nothing. Wasted, wasted."

"I think if I were you," said Sir John, "I would let me send Edmunds for Doctor Ludlow. I think you ought to go to bed and be taken care of for a few days. . . . Can't you persuade him, Zeta?"

"I tried to keep him from going out this morning," said Zeta. "I wish you would listen to Sir John, father. Won't you let me put you to bed and send for the doctor? Do, please."

The vicar shook his head. "Who will preach my sermon tomorrow?"

"Let them do without a morning service," Sir John said. "I've no doubt it will be the first time in thirty years. Mr. Hawksley can come over from Allerford and take evensong. The world won't come to an end. Come, come, Gradely. This is foolish. You're shaking from head to foot, and I believe you've a temperature. Bed, my friend, is the place for you. Tell Edmunds, Zeta, to go for Doctor Ludlow, and ask him to look in this evening if he possibly can."

"Where is Christopher?" asked the vicar, hardly above a whisper.

"I don't know, father. He's probably with Jimmie Stebbings," Zeta said as she went to the door.

"Trickery and deceit, all of it. I don't want to see him. Tell him I don't want to see him. He must keep away. All my work here has been wasted. Let us go back to charms and potions, magic, sharks' teeth, babies' fingers, newts' blood and all the rest of it. Let him go about beating on a tom-tom and bringing the rain. Let us have devil dances and devil worship."

"Now, Gradely, don't be unfair and intolerant. What Christopher has done is good. How he has done it we don't know, but that is because we are ignorant. He doesn't know himself. Come along, now, take my arm and we'll go upstairs. Then I must leave you, for I have to go to Dorminster."

"You are a good friend," said the vicar, as he got up with Sir John's help; "most kind to me—always most kind."

"How old are you, Gradely?" Sir John asked as they went slowly up the stairs.

"Seventy-four. . . . Isn't that so, Zeta? . . . Ah, she's gone out. Seventy-four, I believe, Sir John, and today I feel every year of it, every month, every day. It is a terrible thing to be undone and destroyed by one's own child."

"Stuff and nonsense. I wish Chris were my son. I'd tell the whole world about him. . . . Here we are. And if you are really seventy-four, in my opinion you don't take proper care of yourself. You do too much. . . . Now I must be off. Get into bed, and I'll look in for a little while tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," replied the vicar. "Must there be a tomorrow? My work here is done. O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace."

"A little light-headed," said Sir John to Zeta on the stairs. "Keep an eye on him. I'll wait in the study till Edmunds gets back with the car. Good-by, my dear. Let me know if there is anything that I can do for you."

Zeta pressed his hand. "Bless you, you're so good," she murmured.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 24)

What escape is there but the theater—the very, selfsame iniquitous theater we once sought to put down? Today the theater still exists and flourishes where virtual nullification is in effect. But the theater is not the same happy place it was before radio. It has become morbid. The quality of the stuff it serves is noticeably lower. Vice lurks around it as it never lurked before. In the theater today our children learn the ways of all flesh where once they just got tights.

There can be no doubt that radio is gnawing at the heart, the very vitals of our greatest institution, the family. Picture in your minds' eye a typical happy American family—papa, mamma, Junior, sister and the maid—all with both feet on the ground. Now picture them today! What has radio done to them? Are they still happy and contented? No.

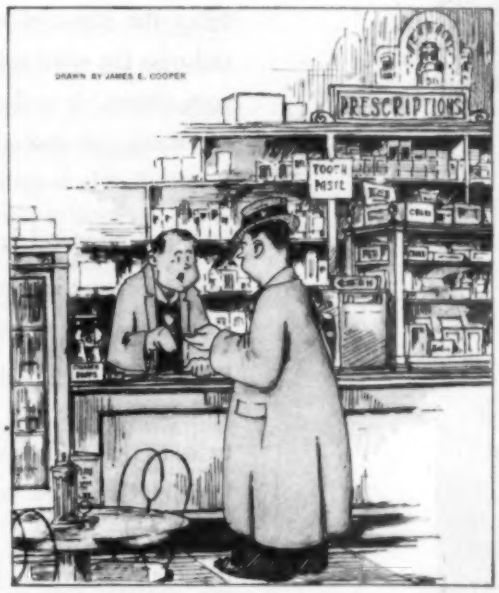
Mother wants Rudy Vallée. Papa won't have him, wanting instead, a banquet being given to the visiting Middle Michigan Dairymen's Coöperative League at which a former boss of his—a Mr. Funkle—is to speak. Junior wants Amos 'n' Andy. Sister wants Paul Whiteman. As if this were not enough, the maid wants English lessons.

Hers is a crying need. She absolutely requires those English lessons. She is entitled to the benefits of a country she has chosen. No family, however, can be expected to listen to English lessons. Nor can any family, in this day and age, afford to jeopardize its maid. The result is chaos.

Junior calls up a girl and takes her downtown to a quiet little theater where he's known, and spends $13.20 for what never cost more than $5 in pre-radio days. Papa puts on his hat and wanders around the corner to shoot a little pinochle with the boys at the cigar store. The maid gets her English lessons. As a result of this, she gets a better job and leaves. Mamma gets sick of the whole wretched state of affairs and, resolving to take matters into her own hands, she gets a divorce, although she still hasn't got Rudy Vallée. That's the end of that family.

This is but one example of what is going on every day all over the country as a result of radio. It is time to stop being hypocritical and take radio by the horns. This is borne home by the evidence that in New York City alone more than 99 per cent of the population votes "radio" and thinks "theater."

Something must soon be done to remedy this dreadful situation. What? —CARROLL CARROLL.



Customer: "Give Me Some of That Prepared Monoaceticacidester of Salicylic Acid."
Druggist: "Do You Mean Aspirin?"
Customer: "Yeh! I Never Can Think of That Name"

The Biographical Bogy

WE MUST not wink, we must not drink,
We must not act too free,
For it all comes out, beyond a doubt,
In a man's biography.

So live a life that's dutiful
And sober and seraphical,
And leave a record beautiful
For volumes biographical.

Don't break the laws or sin, because
Some scribe is sure to see;
A person ought to give some thought
To his own biography.

So banish with finality
The rowdy and riff-raff-ical.
Embrace a strict morality—
For reasons biographical!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Swimming becomes sheer delight in a JANTZEN

The joy of a plunge in cool summer waters is greatly intensified in a Jantzen!

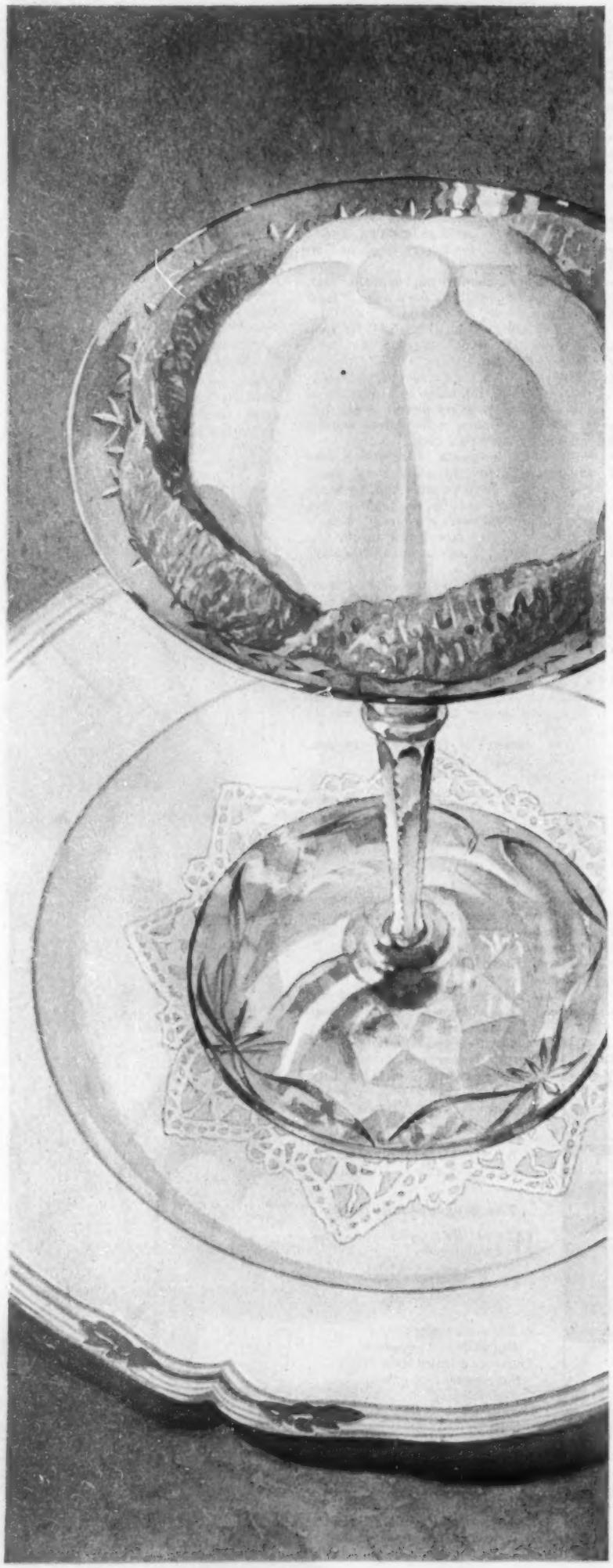
The comfort, the freedom, the perfect fitting qualities make swimming sheer delight. So snugly, so smoothly does a Jantzen conform to your body that it seems a very part of you.

Only true artistry of design achieves the smart lines of a Jantzen...trim, lithe, slenderizing. Colors, too, of rare loveliness, to suit every taste, to suit every type. See the new Jantzen Shouldaire in alluring monochromes.

On every genuine Jantzen suit you will find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen
The suit that changed bathing to swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 17, Portland, Oregon
Please send me free "Jantzen Color Key to Smart Sun and Sea Togs"
Name
Address



Whip

FOR ten cents a pint, generally—never more than eleven—you can fill your need for cream to whip and use in desserts. And it's *not* "just as good." It's *better*. Pet Milk used in place of cream will give you better, more wholesome desserts than can be made with cream. Children may eat as much as they will. The more they eat, the more sturdy they'll grow in rugged health. And adults—none need shun Pet Milk desserts for fear of doing damage to the slender lines of youth.

The Reason's Plain

Cream is rich only in fat. Pet Milk is rich, not in fat alone, but in all the milk-food substances—the elements that make milk—*not* cream—the most nearly perfect of all foods. It takes the place of cream, because in *degree* of richness (in solid substance) it is equal to ordinary cream. It makes better food than cream can make, because the richness of Pet Milk is balanced, whole-milk richness.

Unsurpassed In Texture and Taste

It isn't often that we find things good, that are *good for us*. But in this case it is true. You can't make, with anything, better desserts, in texture and taste, than Pet Milk desserts. More than twice as rich as ordinary milk, Pet Milk gives the "creamy" richness you like. Homogenized—the fat globules broken into tiny particles so that the cream stays in the milk—Pet Milk gives the "melt-in-your-mouth" texture that can't be surpassed.

There are 25 recipes for desserts and sauces using whipped Pet Milk in our new recipe book. In both the desserts and sauces the whipped Pet Milk gives fine texture and flavor—makes as delicious desserts and sauces as can be made—and they are more wholesome than if they were made with cream. You'll like the economy.

it - use it -

RICH enough to use in place of cream, Pet Milk is extraordinary milk for every milk use. By every test that science knows, there is no better milk. In these points, it is *superior:*

1 *Pet Milk is as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world.*

2 *It is more easily digested than ordinary milk.*

3 *Every drop of Pet Milk is constant and uniform in most wholesome richness.*

4 *It never sours on the doorstep. Pet Milk comes to you as fresh and sweet as when it left the farm.*

For Ten Cents a Quart

A tall can of Pet Milk—equal in food value to more than a quart of the milk you ordinarily buy—can be bought generally for ten cents—never more than eleven. Used in place of cream, it costs less than half as much as cream.

By Grocers Everywhere

If your grocer doesn't have Pet Milk, ask him to get it for you. Send us his name and address. We'll make it easy for him to get a supply. It is the original unsweetened, concentrated milk—the standard of highest quality since the first can was made. You'll like it.

Pet Milk is sold in two sizes—six ounces (small) and sixteen ounces (tall). The cans are of the same respective size and contain the same quantity of milk of the same uniform, high quality at all stores.

The essential points of superior quality of Pet Milk have brought leading specialists in the care of babies to recommend this form of milk as the best of milk for babies. The same superior qualities—sure safety, uniform food content and more ready digestibility recommend it as the best of milk for children—the best and safest of milk for every need you have for milk.

Children can be readily taught to like Pet Milk. Put an increased quantity of Pet Milk each day in the milk they've been accustomed to drink. They'll soon be drinking it, either undiluted or diluted with an equal part of water, and liking it. To stimulate their appetites mix Pet Milk with fruit juices. The formulas are in our new loose-leaf book.

Here's our new loose-leaf recipe book. It is more than a recipe book, though it contains 300 recipes. It will show you how Pet Milk will help you to put more milk in your family's food—that is, by the verdict of every authority to give them sure, more rugged and more vigorous health. And yet your better food will cost less money.

PET MILK CO., 1421-G Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
I would like to have your new free loose-leaf cookbook.
Print name and address

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dear! It will run clean in just a minute."

"Anything else I can get you, dear?" "No, thanks. Everything's just fine."

Do you offer your guests apologies... or the COMFORTS THEY EXPECT?

AN apology every time guests wash their hands! Makes you almost hate to be hostess, doesn't it?

So unnecessary, too—now that the new Chase Copper Water Tubing makes it such a simple, economical matter to replace worn-out, rusted water pipes. This remarkable product does away with slow-running water, rust-ruined laundry and costly makeshift pipe repairs for good and all!

You see, Chase Copper Water Tubing is *flexible.* It comes in long coils that your plumber can easily bend to suit the course of the water line. Instead of ripping out walls, floors and tiling to lay the whole line bare, he usually makes a small opening . . . perhaps lifts one of the floor boards. Then he runs the Tubing *down through the wall* . . . bending it here and there (instead of using fittings) when the direction changes. Often he doesn't even bother to take out the old rusted pipe . . . just runs the Tubing beside it. When he does have to make an occasional joint, he uses special Chase Fittings that go on quickly.

Simple, isn't it? And look what it saves—plumber's time, damage to your house . . . and the many expensive fittings you'd need if you used rigid pipe.

More than that—you've an *absolutely rust-proof water system.* Chase Copper Water Tubing cannot rust, for it's 99.9% pure copper. It will give you clean, clear water at full pressure as long as your house stands!

How much will it cost? That depends on your particular water system. Just ask your plumber. He'll be glad to estimate exactly how little it will cost to completely modernize your home with Chase Copper Water Tubing and Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings.

CHASE

The mark that is stamped on all Chase plumbing products

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING comes in a coil, bends around corners, and is 99.9% pure copper. Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings are marked and guaranteed.

NEW HOUSES. When a new house is being built, and open walls make pipe easy to install—use Chase *Alpha* Brass Pipe.

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

A PRODUCT OF CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

Chase Leaders and Gutters — Chase Bronze Screen Cloth — Chase Plumbing Supplies — Chase Copper and Brass Sheets, Tubes and Rods for every industrial purpose

WHAT HAVE YOU?

(Continued from Page 9)

They got her to the nearest hospital in an ambulance. She had broken her hip. She wrung their hearts with her poignant bravery and goodness through all the ordeal of examination and X ray.

"I can bear anything by just making myself think of you two," she told them.

The doctor said she would be in the hospital at least three months. For the first few weeks two nurses were essential. Bee knew it was horrible of her, but she couldn't help feeling a little less badly about the drain her father had been on their resources. It was almost a pleasure, when she and Mal got into a taxi for home, to be very casual about the financial end of the situation:

"Nanny's week ends tomorrow. I'm sure I can get her another job and know she won't hold out for two weeks' notice."

Mal couldn't argue the point this time. "I'm sorry," he said.

"It's ridiculous, our having a maid for that little place, anyway."

Mal squeezed her hand. "We can eat in restaurants a lot," he said. "We'll still have our evenings."

"When you've eaten my cooking you won't deign to go to restaurants."

"I'll see if I can't get the boss to squeeze out some kind of a bonus."

"One always hears that this sort of thing brings people together," Bee joked. "It comes just in time too. Do you know I was getting rather indifferent to you?"

They grew so gay on the subject that they stopped at a florist's and chose some flowers for Mrs. Clement.

"*Toujours le beau geste,*" Mal said, "or is it *la beau geste?*"

When they arrived home, there was a telegram on the console in the hall.

"I'm afraid to open it," Bee said, seeing her name.

"Oh, nonsense. We've had so much bad luck lately, it must be good news."

Mal had flattered the law of averages, however. The wire was from Bee's father. It read:

MOTHER OPERATED ON FOR APPENDICITIS TODAY STOP DOING NICELY STOP SITUATION ONLY GRAVE FINANCIALLY

Bee handed Mal the slip of yellow paper.

"This is a nightmare," she said.

Mal kept the curve in his upper lip, which showed better control than if he'd stiffened it.

"It's no nightmare with you in it, honey."

"But what are we going to do?"

"Manage somehow. There are places where I can borrow money on my salary. If the boss doesn't come across with a bonus now I'll have to use a jimmy on him."

"But, Mal, you didn't bargain for anything like this."

"We were kids expecting a picnic. That isn't life. What the deuce, honey! We'll swing it!"

"Darling!"

As they kissed, Bee felt that together they were strong enough for anything.

It is comparatively easy to make the first gesture of a necessary course of action, but when time, which has been stepping along briskly, slows to a rheumatic creep and one has to repeat the gesture, and repeat it, the strain tells.

The boss came across with a bonus, but times were hard and it was small. He was more useful in feeding Mal with extra work which Mal could do at home in the evenings. To work all day and come home to more work of the same kind was a little harder for Mal than it would have been when he was fresh from Boston Tech, however, or even before he'd been married.

He would help Bee with the dishes—at which she protested before she understood the reason—read every item of possible interest in an evening paper, and finally, with an audible groan, make himself sit down at the table where he worked.

Plays were out of the question, of course. They even begrudged themselves the price of a movie. Bridge had to be abandoned because you couldn't get two players at whatever uncertain hour Mal finished his stint. If that wasn't too late, they had a rubber or two of double dummy or some slap solitaire.

It was hard for Mal, but it was harder for Bee. The housework didn't make money—only saved it, which is never so satisfactory. Besides, there wasn't enough of it to suit her. For hours she had to sit and try to read beside Mal, who was working on mechanical problems she couldn't understand. And as she sat she would fancy that she could see a change coming over Mal's face. Toward midnight its boyishness would be all gone. It would be the face of a harassed married man.

For three consecutive months, in spite of their effort and economy, instead of repaying part of what Mal had had to borrow, they borrowed more. Bee had written to her Great-Uncle Peter about the family maladies and received a postal card in reply—one of those simple, tasteful affairs the Government offers for one cent. It said:

Sorry to hear about the folks.

"I'm going to ask Uncle Peter for help out and out," she announced in desperation the day Mal had to borrow for the third time.

"It won't do any good," Mal told her, "and I advise against writing. An eminent psychic has warned me to avoid the older generation. They're our dangerous element."

"I'm glad you can joke about it," Bee said.

She herself couldn't. It was hard for her to joke about anything now. She knew that she and Mal were seeing too much of each other for her to be a very stimulating companion.

"Thoughts get inbred, like families that marry too much," she told herself sadly. "Finally their offspring don't have noses or fingers enough."

Yet she managed to blame herself that their conversation had become somewhat featureless. It was really because she hadn't sufficient richness of mind.

That evening, as she watched Mal, she thought of the Park Avenue girl. Despite everything he'd said, that girl must occupy an enviable place in his thoughts these days. From then on the Park Avenue girl became almost an obsession with Bee.

"No matter what she looks like," she remarked to her reflection in the bathroom mirror one night a week later, "she can't be much plainer than I am these days, or much less fun. I'm the mistake in his life. I'm the tame oat, which is so much more ruinous than all the wild oats a man can sow."

Mal was still slaving, and she knew she mustn't interrupt him with an emotional scene, so she went to the bathroom door, where his pajamas hung, and kissed the breast pocket of his pajama coat.

"I'm sorry, my dear," she told it, "but I don't know what to do about it. I don't believe you'd want me to jump in the river."

Having got that out of her system, when she called good night to him she added: "Hasn't your boss ever heard about all work and no play?"

Mal smiled up at her. Forced himself to smile, she would have put it.

"Just that it makes jack," he answered her question. "Do you suppose you could have some coffee in the vacuum bottle? This looks like an all-night session."

Bee didn't get to sleep very soon after she'd made the coffee. She did that unpleasant thing one calls facing facts, which means that one rather blackens their faces. Hitherto she had pretended that conditions would get better within a year. It wasn't true. Recovered from their present ailments, their three responsibilities would go right into others, and then others.

Mal had said that the Park Avenue girl was a holy terror. Bee hadn't realized at the time that it was a rather attractive description.

"If I had any money," she thought, "I'd let him get a divorce and marry that girl. But I can't ditch dad and mother that way. My loyalty to them makes me bleed Mal white."

It was not a sleepy-time hour which would have been popular if broadcast.

Bee felt better about things next morning, of course, and during the day resolved to be so efficient and charming and amusing that it would make up to Mal in part.

She got special things for dinner, and, as flowers were not to be considered, was arranging a sponge, an apple corer, a glove and some cooky cutters into the caricature of a cactus when the telephone rang.

"I'll be kind of late for dinner, Bee. Do you mind?" Mal said.

"Not a bit."

"Fine. So long."

As she hung up the receiver Bee realized that she was frightened, but didn't know why. Then she knew. It was because his voice had sounded so gay. She had a pitched battle with herself.

"You're a nice person not to be glad to have your husband sound a little unmarried. He's met some friend, of course. Maybe he's had a couple of cocktails."

He hadn't had cocktails, though. The sparkle in his eyes was more authentic than that. Something nice had happened to him—something of which he wasn't going to speak.

"Hello, young lady. Are you in a rage at being kept waiting? Is dinner on the table or have I time to get into pajamas and a dressing gown first? The signs are for another long pull at the oars, and I want to be comfortable."

"Where have you been, dear?" Bee asked, entirely against her intention.

"Don't you wish you knew? I'll be with you before the soup is hot."

It was nice to have him high-spirited again, but there was an impersonality about his high spirits. Or was that just imagination? Bee might have concluded that it was, if, after having deserted the chair beside him for bed, she hadn't seen an envelope he'd taken from his pocket and put on the chiffonier beside his watch.

The envelope had arrived that morning, containing the bill from Mrs. Clement's hospital. Across it, in Mal's handwriting, was scrawled an address: "— Park Avenue, five o'clock."

"I know perfectly well that nothing serious has happened," Bee told herself. "And I wouldn't have any right to object if the most serious thing imaginable had. Mal's earned any liberty he wants. But oh, how I hate to have him want it! How can I go on being a drag like this?"

That night Bee touched rock bottom and slept so little that a great deal of her misery was intact, to be lugged to business with her the following morning.

At about 11:15 she had a summons to Miss Greene's private office.

"I've been watching you, Bee," Miss Greene said. "What makes you so mopy? Aren't you interested in this work any more? If you'd thrown in a couple of smiles that Easthampton heifer would have taken the *vieux* Paris urn, and I'd certainly be glad to see it go."

"Of course, I'm interested in my work," Bee said, fear clutching at her vitals. "I've just gone stale. I'll snap out of it."

"Why have you?"

There was nothing for it but to tell the truth.

"Oh, when I get blue I feel that all my life I'll go on selling things that don't matter to people that don't matter, and getting absolutely nowhere. Aren't you ever bothered that way, Miss Greene?"

"You bet I am," Miss Greene said, "and I've been thinking that if I could get up my nerve I'd go into the manufacturing side of this business. That's the answer as far as I'm concerned, but it's taking a risk."

"Do it," Bee urged her, "and be glad that you're a person who can afford to take a risk."

"By George, I will," Miss Greene took her decision. "I've got five marvelous pieces of old chintz. I'm going to have them reproduced to sell wholesale. If they go over I'll have an income apart from what dribbles in here."

"That will be marvelous," Bee said.

"I wish I could get a sixth pattern," Miss Greene mused, "but they're hard to find."

"I've seen one that would be just right."

"Well, you get hold of it, and if it suits me I'll pay you a royalty on every yard I sell."

The piece Bee meant had been pasted in a haircloth trunk she'd happened to see when she was hunting furniture for the apartment. Not only had she considered it beautiful, she'd thought at the time that it was exactly the sort of thing to appeal to Miss Greene. The only trouble was that she wasn't certain just what shop it was in.

At noon she had a cup of soup instead of luncheon and hurried to Third Avenue. She didn't find the trunk, but she narrowed the limits of where it might be. She would look some more the next morning before she went to work, and at noon. There was no chance in the afternoon, because Miss Greene, Inc., stayed open as long as the Third Avenue shops.

It wasn't until she was hurrying home at the close of business that she realized how more than cheerful she was. It was premature, and illogical to be so, but she was. And somehow the main good that would come if she found the chintz and it sold in tremendous volume didn't at that moment seem to be that she could free Mal to marry his Park Avenue girl.

He was in the apartment and at his worktable.

"I've got the most exciting thing to tell you," she said, pulling off her hat, and she poured out the news in torrential sentences.

"Gee, that's great!" Mal said.

"And, Mal, even if I can't find that one I'm looking for, I saw a piece today that was pretty good. And if I can get one that Miss Greene can use, I'll make hundreds of dollars. Then you'll feel you don't have to work this way, won't you?"

"No," Mal answered, "not at present. Nothing could stop me."

It was chilling, and her face must have shown it, for Mal went on:

"I wanted to save it for a surprise, but I guess I've got to tell you. I've only been doing about an hour's work for the boss these nights. The rest of the time was for me. I've got an idea. If it's any good it will improve the gasoline engine about one-eighth of one per cent."

"Is that a lot?" Bee asked, not being good at figures.

"Enough to make us so rich that income-tax day will take ten years off our lives every time it comes around."

"Mal!"

"I got an appointment with Steinert, who knows more than anyone else about the subject, and told him what I was doing, yesterday afternoon. He seemed to think there was something in it."

"At five o'clock and — Park Avenue?" Bee asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"I just happened to know. Mal, I'm so happy!"

"So am I. Chasing this idea of mine has been more exciting than any detective story I ever read. It's made me pretty bad company, I guess."

"Not one bit," Bee lied. "Come on, help me with dinner. There's some potted chicken I've been saving against the unexpected guest. This is the night for us to gorge on it, smothered in cream."

(Continued on Page 96)

with Vacation

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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breakfasts . . .

these delicious flakes help you guard your vacation health

Crowded days! So much to see—so much to do—don't forget to take care of yourself.

It's so easy to become irregular, when your whole routine is changed. Eating different foods, and what an appetite! Keeping different hours. Trying to get as much pleasure as you can in every precious day.

No wonder, then, that you need to watch out for constipation.

Remember to ask for Post's Bran Flakes when you order breakfast! Every spoonful of this crisp, toasty cereal contains bran bulk to encourage normal, regular elimination of waste matter—which otherwise may interfere with the very health your vacation is meant to build.

Wonderfully popular—you find it everywhere

In restaurants—on lunch counters—in dining cars—in resort hotels—the Post's Bran Flakes package awaits to shower its golden-brown bounty of delicious, crisp flakes into millions of breakfast and luncheon bowls every day.

For more people eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world. What better proof could there be, that it is delicious—and effective?

Probably you already have these famous bran flakes in your home. But—remember to get their benefits on vacation. Or, if you've never sampled them—now is a good time to begin.

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

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Fire Association of Phila.
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EVERY JUST CLAIM PAID IN FULL SINCE 1817

(Continued from Page 93)

They were so hilarious in the kitchen and setting the table that, as they sat down, Mal suddenly said, in a quite solemn tone: "You realize that we are a pair of idiots, don't you, Bee? Why should we be so cockeyed happy? We haven't a thing more than we had yesterday except two bare possibilities."

Bee thought it over for a moment. "We've got just what we gave your mother, and dad and mother."

"Hope." Mal named it. "I suppose it is the greatest thing in the world."

Bee stretched out her hand and caught his.

"Not quite," she said, and from the pressure of her hand he knew what she meant, and pressed it back.

Bee was hurrying out the next morning when the elevator boy arrived with the mail. Mal, still at the breakfast table, heard her groan.

"What is it?" he called.

"Letter from Uncle Peter."

"Saying what?"

"Oh, that he fell down the cellar stairs and landed on a leper and got leprosy, and the leper is suing for damages, and the doctor's bills are terrible, and shall he go to the county farm or not?"

"No, what does he say?"

"I haven't opened it, but Uncle Peter's letters are always bad news."

Bee had gone back into the living room.

"Read it," Mal urged her.

She slit the envelope and skimmed the pages.

"Scolds because I haven't kept him in touch with dad and mother's progress," she reported, "and says business brings him to town today, and can he come here to luncheon."

"The answer being 'no.'"

"Oh, I guess the answer is 'yes.' I've got to talk to him, Mal. It's all very well for us to preserve the bubble for the rest of our relatives, and I want to while our strength holds out, but Uncle Peter has got to know that we haven't any money. I'm sure he won't help out with mother and dad while he's alive, but it might make all the difference about his will."

"I guess you're right," Mal agreed.

By arrangement with Miss Greene, Bee was at the apartment to meet Great-Uncle Peter at one.

He arrived a little shabbier than ever, and walked around the small, charming rooms looking as though he'd taken sour pickles and found he had mumps.

"Must be very nice to be able to afford things like this," he commented. "I never could."

"I get them cheap," Bee reminded him. "My business, you know."

"I guess there are cheaper things in the stores," he sniffed.

"Now that we're on the subject of money," Bee said, as though one weren't always with Great-Uncle Peter, "I want to say something to you." She hesitated a moment, then plunged: "Something about your will."

"Oh, you do, do you?" Uncle Peter inquired. "Well, it's too late. I've been to see my lawyer this morning."

"If you haven't left something to mother," Bee replied, "you can go to see him again. Have you any idea how desperately she needs it?"

"For your father to lose, huh? Well, I've never left her a cent in any will, and I'm not going to."

Bee had a small brainstorm.

"It's beastly of you," she said. "And if you've left it to some charity for your own aggrandizement, I'll—I'll ——"

"What'll you do?" Great-Uncle Peter crowed.

"Put something horrid on your tombstone," was the best Bee could manage in the way of a threat, and she couldn't help laughing as she said it.

Uncle Peter cackled too.

"At least," Bee said, "before you decide you've got to know one thing."

"I've decided"—Uncle Peter stopped her—"and if you want to make your father and mother an allowance when the money is yours, you can make it."

"When the money is mine?"

"You've had the sense to make a good marriage. Maybe you'll have the sense to let your husband increase what little I've got. That is, if you get it. Shouldn't wonder if I'd outlive you, leading the life of Riley as you do."

"Isn't there any wisdom in what the moralists say about prevarication being a mistake?" Bee queried of her husband when she reported the anecdote. "Nothing but good seems to have come out of that lie of ours."

"Am I to take it that you did not disillusion Great-Uncle Peter?" Mal asked in his turn.

"Well," Bee answered, "what was I to do? I couldn't tell a real whopper and say I hadn't made a good marriage, could I, when it seems to me I've made the best one in the world?"

DRAWN BY P. WESS

"But, Gwendolynne—You Don't Understand—I Need Someone Like You to Mother Me Now and Then."

Low again..*oil pumpers always are*

PERFECT CIRCLE SAYS:

It's time to change the Piston Rings ★

OIL-PUMPING is simply the result of worn-out or inferior piston rings. But it can be corrected, and at small expense. If *your* car is pumping oil, it is time to install PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings . . . Don't wait until you have scored a cylinder or burned out a bearing as a result of running out of oil. See your dealer or garageman now, and tell him to install a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and *Compression* rings—the rings that are used as standard equipment by most leading car makers.

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Single-Duty Oil-Regulating Type, 60c
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Constant sparking voltage — for a given gap — assures an average voltage requirement 50 per cent lower than ordinary wire throughout the life of the spark plug.

Lasts longer and is much more resistant to fouling.

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THE ARTIST RELAXED

(Continued from Page 23)

"Just a minute," objected the novelist. "I'm beginning to get the hang of the thing."

"I used to blow them three feet in diameter," the actor said.

"With glycerin?" asked somebody.

"With glycerin," stated the actor, "I could blow them four feet in diameter."

"Glycerin gives them lovely colors too."

"A lot of people don't like glycerin."

"They're crazy."

"I say, Joe," the actor addressed the host, "haven't you got another pipe?"

"And some glycerin?"

Joe disappeared in search of pipes and glycerin, while the guests all got down on the floor around the basin of soapy water and the novelist, who was improving marvelously. Joe returned presently with several more pipes and two basins of water. He'd been unable to find any glycerin—"Probably just out today," he apologized—but had dispatched his chauffeur to the village, three miles away, with strict orders to spare neither time nor effort, but to fetch glycerin.

Putting all nonsense aside for the time being, they went to work on the bubble proposition in earnest. After several experimental solutions of soap, glycerin and water, they found the perfect solution, and began producing bubbles that for size, beauty and vitality established a record for New England. In time, of course, means were found of converting the play into a gambling game, five dollars being the admission to a pool which went to the blower of the biggest bubble. Everybody played but the host's young son, who put up a squawk, but was overruled and advised to go somewhere and read a good book.

"Just before midnight," my friend reported, "they returned to poker and kept at it until time to catch the 9:19 to New York the next morning. I am not kicking, you understand," he added hastily; "it was just that—well, they just didn't seem to be the kind of games that dear old William Cullen Bryant would have suggested."

This, now, was a matter that obviously wanted looking into. Fun is fun, and all that, but —— Then, when I got to thinking it over, I realized that I myself, for all the evidence I had to the contrary, still harbored some notion that a convention of mental and spiritual workers meant a little high-toned culture, in one way or another. I don't know why I had this notion, but I did.

Now a man can't go on through life with his head full of fool notions like that. He's liable to miss something. I remembered that once when I was working on a newspaper in Brooklyn I read that Mr. Christopher Morley, then columnist on the New York Evening Post, was trying to get the staff of that paper interested in folk dancing. "That was my idea of real fun," he wrote; "to get the office staff out in St. Paul's graveyard and do a little folk dance."

Getting Up on His Home Work

This news so alarmed me that I promptly abandoned all efforts to get a job on a newspaper in Manhattan, on the grounds that if this were metropolitan journalism I'd better stick in Brooklyn, where I knew what I might expect, roughly. Years later when, still fearful, I went to the selfsame paper on which Mr. Morley had worked, I found that I had fretted without reason. He had, in truth, tried to get the boys down for a little old-fashioned hoofing among the tombstones, but the boys, I was relieved to learn, had objected, to a man.

I do not think I can go so far as to say that anyone is going to miss anything by not accepting invitations to places where members of the artistic rackets are going to be, but it is always just as well to have the records as straight as possible. I have in mind a friend who went to some trouble to prepare himself for such an occasion. Remembering the advertisements, he bought a copy of an anthology which was claimed to be a compendium of the best thoughts in prose and poetry from the beginning of time up to last week, and set himself to learning, by heart, the most dazzling of the quotations, trusting to be able to drop them casually into conversation.

Thus fortified, he went eagerly to the party, and was scarcely in the room before popping out a little gem from Coleridge. It laid, as they say in the drama, an egg. He tried another, and another, and still another. It was of no use. Once or twice someone turned to him and said, "What are you talking about?" but mostly the guests confined their attention to a game they were playing, which my friend remembered vaguely as a kind of genteel version of spitball shooting. He has never since felt quite the same toward literature.

Puzzles for Outsize Brains

The brief findings set down here, made through personal observation and the incomparable snooping of my staggering staff of under-cover operatives, might have saved him his chagrin as well as the cost of that book. Warned in advance, he would have carried his pea shooter and probably had a most delightful time. It seems, when you look at it that way, a pity that this investigation was not made sooner.

I have myself, I am proud to say, mingled unperceived, on infrequent occasions, among the intelligentzia. I may even say at this point that my name is said to be up for membership in it; almost any day now I'm liable to get the word. But I have never observed diversions there comparable to chanting the Odes of Horace in Latin—or out I'd have got! On the contrary, what I remember all seems to fall more or less easily into the duck-on-a-rock school, in which I am something of a teacher's pet.

I mean to say that only a few days ago, at the last gathering of the metropolitan branch of *belles lettres* that I attended, the floor was finally cleared of writers and singers and artists, and one of the country's most distinguished literary critics proved what he had been maintaining very hotly for about a half hour, and that was that he could stand on his head.

There was a literary tea last fall—and that's where you really see things!—which was thrown into a panic when one of the most eminent guests, an essayist from the United Kingdom, suddenly, while talking quite solemnly to a young lady, fell full length to the floor with a fine, loud crash. It developed that it was a tumbler's trick which he had learned from a young composer, who, in turn, had picked it up from an acrobat, and if timed correctly was guaranteed to occasion much excitement, to say nothing of breaking up most of the furniture.

Again, I was in a department store with a young lady, a novelist and short-story writer of considerable serious reputation, and a hostess of almost equal fame, who was doing some last-minute shopping in preparation for a large party of literary lasses and lads at her home that evening, and our last visit was to the toy department.

"I want a lot of assorted toys," she explained to the clerk. "Puzzles and things like that."

"For what age, madam?"

"Ten, going on twelve," she replied.

She bought a dozen puzzles—little glass-inclosed boxes in which BB shots must be maneuvered into position, in which little celluloid rings must be thrown over a cat's tail, in which tiny capsules containing drops of mercury must be coaxed into slots; little games that required patience, delicacy of hand, and nothing else much to do that day. Three suggestions, described as fit for children of fifteen, she rejected.

"Too old," she said.

Her affair that evening was, if one may judge from the complaints of the neighbors, very successful indeed. She had a most impressive collection of word and paint jugglers, a couple of genuine poets and some Humanists, and those that were unable to cop one of the puzzles retired to another room to play a game in which a rubber ball suspended on a string from the top of an upright post was batted around and around and around, until something—I never could find out what—happened.

One of my operatives, in turning in a report of his pickings, suggested that some of its contents might be a little hard to accept. He merely wished, in this connection, to point out that during the past four or five years there has been a considerable adult craze for juvenile games, and that such of these games as cross-word puzzles, once an intellectual diversion for the grammar grades; acrostics, originally the favorite of lads at the Rover Boy stage; charades, great stuff for rainy afternoons in granny's attic; croquet, generally for the smaller kiddies; and anagrams, preferred by members of the St. Nicholas clubs—all were suggested, played and publicized into new popularity by the dweat bid ole sophisticates of New York. He feels that if one will chew on that fact for a minute or two anything else will come easy.

This operative probably had reference to a game which he says a famous cartoonist plays with great heartiness. Meeting a friend, he says, "Hello, T. U.!" like a vice president of a trust company who meets another vice president of the same company; and the latter replies, like a shot, "Hello, B. A.!" thus making the word "tuba." It seems to me that there ought to be more to it than that, or else it ought not to be played at all, but the operative—usually a very accurate chap—insists that it is played, and played so. One can scarcely believe it.

Against games like that—honestly, I still can hardly believe it—the craze for rough-and-tumble sports like croquet seems almost intellectual. It seems quite reasonable that one of our most eminent playwrights takes with him on week-ends his own custom-built mallet, a cunningly balanced affair without which he is, as he puts it, lost.

It cost him fifteen dollars, and is mysteriously loaded to fit his own peculiar stance. If he fails to have it with him when a game is started, he must sit on the sidelines, sulking, for he will not disgrace himself with an unworthy exhibition.

The Charm Test Fails to Charm

He plays, according to one of my reports, with a group consisting of a dramatic critic, a portrait painter and two or three high-toned, low-comedy actors; and one of the lawns that they play, said to be the finest in America, is electrically lighted, a bright but shaded bulb on each wicket, so that the players can continue at their mad sport until two or three in the morning.

Operative 2X6, arriving on horseback at this very moment, brings word of another parlor game which he claims is the admitted favorite of a distinguished movie critic, and is played with great gusto wherever master minds gather of an evening. It is called In Your Hat, and the White Hopes of American Letters take turns tossing a deck of cards, one by one, into a hat set sunny-side-up eight feet away on the floor.

Its vogue is confined, the operative says, to the literati, all morons apparently having something better to do. It sounds very silly, and having observed it on occasion, you may knock me down if it isn't. The record, held by one of the town's smarter librettists, is thirty-eight out of a possible fifty-two, cards resting on the brim not being counted. A variant, for veritable giants of intellect, is In Your Cups, in which the same rules hold, except that a teacup is used instead of a hat. More fun!

In my own bouquet of memories there was an evening when I got involved in a horde of artists, and the first thing I knew I had a piece of blank paper in my hand and was being instructed to answer such highly personal questions as: "To what extent have you bodily grace and ideal proportions?" "How hearty or musical is the ring and sound of your laughter?" "How much whimsy and playfulness is there in your make-up?" "Have you chummed around with the opposite sex since childhood?" "Are you free from marked neuroses, hysteria, abnormalities or instability of temperament?" "To what degree have you physical attractiveness, personality and magnetism?"

I could not see how this line of approach could lead me to any good, so I refused to answer. I may be wrong, but some things, it seems to me, are sacred. I went home and could not be induced to come out of hiding for weeks. I would not come out even when I was informed that this was just part of a game called the Charm Test, which was all the rage that season among the anti-Babbitts.

All You Need is a Soapbox

Other reports indicate, however, that it was not an isolated form of pastime in the higher reaches. One of these reports has it that the best-liked game of the most illustrious of American composers requires the presence of a magazine, a piano, Reinald Werrenrath, Miss Peggy Wood, John V. A. Weaver, and a comprehensive knowledge of music. It's a little beyond me. One of the most skillful of the bridge experts is reported to be awfully fond of a game which calls for four decks of cards and four pages of typewritten description, most involved, so we might just as well pass that one up too.

I can understand a game called Soapbox, played by the most spectacular of metropolitan columnists. At parties he calls on someone to stand up in the middle of the floor and speak for five minutes on an assigned topic, such as The Nuances of Tone Color in Debussy, whether he knows anything about it or not. I can understand it, but I can't say I'm a fool about wanting to be there when it is played.

Also I would just as soon hear, third-hand, about the means of relaxation employed for his guests by one of the more scholarly critics, the author of several profound volumes on American literature and a judge of one of the monthly book societies. He asks a guest, a gent, "Whom would you rather be locked up in a tower with for six months, Texas Guinan or Mary Queen of Scots?" If Miss Guinan, "With Miss Guinan or Queen Elizabeth?" And so on, and so on, until the names of all the women in the history of the world have been used, or the guests have all sneaked out. As this critic has absolutely no right in the world to provide his guest with this tower and his choice, it all seems so futile.

The records, as presently compiled, are filthy with similar odd and interesting facts. The games played range in intellectual content from Guggenheim and Twenty Questions, which have so thrilled players that they have been known to refuse invitations to parties where it may be brought forth, all the way up to Going to Jerusalem, Post Office, Drop the Handkerchief and Bobbing for Apples; so if sometime a guest who has attended several of these stimulating parties reasons the thing out and appears at the next one in rompers, it will not be a miracle.

In conclusion I have one personal fact to add. Lest what appears here has misled someone into assuming that these are probably the diversions that are offered in my own home, I wish to say that so far we have resisted the temptation to provide any such childish, inane, stupid and half-witted nonsense as entertainment. In my home we play ping-pong.

GUNMAN

(Continued from Page 28)

"I told you he was a queer nut," the editor chuckled. "And the reason I told you was to prepare you for just this sort of thing. Remember my first request: Judge the man by the results he gets rather than his manifest characteristics."

"But," Wilton complained, "he left the whole thing up in the air. High as a kite! He didn't even make another appointment. For all we know, we'll never see him again."

"You'll see him," the editor chuckled. "Ten to one right now that you'll see him again." He laughed as the others disregarded the offered wager. Later on, they had reason to be thankful for this, for they did see Bekins again. Unexpectedly he appeared, and the very mildness of the little man rendered his presence dramatic.

Less than a week had passed, when, unannounced, he limped into Wilton's office, on the very field, so to speak, of the battle he was ready to wage.

XII

"I'M OUT here after the Camorra." The detective smiled at the manufacturer.

Wilton rose eagerly and in delight extended his hand. "Welcome, as they say, to our city," he greeted.

Bekins sighed and settled himself into a chair which Wilton placed for him at the side of a great mahogany desk. "You must not talk about my presence here," the detective said instantly. "Your secretary must be kept in ignorance, your associates here in the office and at the bank, even your wife—everybody, you must keep in ignorance."

Wilton nodded. "Sooner or later, I presume," he ventured, "you will have need of the local police. Perhaps for raids or something of that nature."

"Gee whillikens," Bekins interrupted, "I'm not going to raid anybody. My sakes, you mustn't talk so!"

Wilton flushed. Embarrassment lay broad upon his features.

"I decided in Washington," Bekins went on, "that I must make my own police force, my own prosecutor, and my own courts."

"Do I take it," Wilton asked unbelievingly, "that you have succeeded in doing this?"

There was a shade of impatience in his voice, a vague annoyance at the mild manner of the secret-service man.

"We'll have to see," Bekins responded. "There's a chance. These murders are terrible. I hate to deceive anybody, but somebody's got to do something to stop all these killings."

"Right!" Wilton exploded. "Don't you worry about deceptions. The good Lord knows, this mob has deceived us enough. The end gained will justify any sort of means."

"My sakes, you're violent," Bekins smiled. "Let me tell you again, you must just forget I'm in town. I won't bother you at all. But there's one thing someone will have to arrange for me. Probably that will be you."

"Anything under the sun I can do," Wilton promised emphatically.

"I want to get into the bank clearing house," Bekins answered simply. "I want to get some actual facts on the Scarvak and the Castagara checks that have been cleared."

"Checks?" Wilton grunted, mystified. "What do you expect to gain through checks? Oh, yes, I see," he exclaimed vehemently. "Not a bad idea that, Bekins! From the checks you can tell just who the members of this gang are. Though I don't suppose he'd pay corrupt officials by checks."

"Exactly," Bekins said tremulously. "But you can arrange the information? I may have to dig back into last year's bank records too."

"I'll do it," Wilton nodded. "By hook or crook, I'll do it."

And he did. Though he worked very much in the dark and could but hazard a guess as to Bekins' ultimate purpose, he coöperated. In the matter of half an hour he had arranged by telephone for Bekins to have access to present and past clearings.

The detective thanked him profusely, his high voice filled with earnestness and his shortsighted eyes dancing behind the thick lenses of his spectacles. Then he restored his battered hat to his head and, with a final admonition to silence, left Wilton quite as dissatisfied as he had been in Washington.

The manufacturer, however, could find nothing to satisfy his curiosity, and straightway called the editor on the telephone, with the request for a prompt interview. Then he called Currier and invited him to attend the conference at the editor's office.

"You see, I was right," the newspaperman greeted them in his inner sanctum. "Lemuel Tobias is on the job. Personally I feel lots better for it."

"What do you suppose he wants of clearing house and bank records?" Wilton inquired. "It seems ludicrous for a renowned detective on the trail of a gang of murderers to spend his time hidden away in a bank, thumbing canceled vouchers!"

"I never even knew he was here," Currier complained.

"Nor I," the editor admitted. "And after all, gentlemen, why should we? If he needs us, he'll make the fact known. If he doesn't need us, so much the better for our time, if not our peace of mind. In any event," he prophesied, "we may expect some interesting developments before many days go by. I don't want to seem fulsome, but if Lemuel Tobias Bekins starts hunting for the Camorra in the clearing house, that fact alone is enough to convince me that the Camorra is in the clearing house. You get my meaning?" he chuckled. "Bekins will waste no time. What his angle is, I don't know. But he knows what he's doing or he wouldn't be doing it."

So the best the three could do was conjecture, and they were so occupied when Wilton was called to the telephone by his secretary. After a brief conversation, he turned to the others in the room.

"That's funny," he muttered. "My secretary just called. She relayed a message from the United States Commissioner. He wants me to call him on the telephone at once."

"Well"—the editor smiled—"call him. Call him from here if you like."

Wilton reached for the instrument. "Obviously it is something to do with the investigation," he said. "It couldn't be anything else. If he should want me to come to his office, will you gentlemen take the time to accompany me?"

They agreed, and the conversation which immediately ensued took them all below stairs and into a car headed for the office of the United States Commissioner. There they were met by the commissioner himself. He led them into his private office.

"My purpose in calling you," he said slowly, "is to find out what you know of a gentleman named Bekins."

Wilton cleared his throat and wet his lips. Currier glanced at the editor. None of them spoke.

"You needn't be afraid to speak out with me," the commissioner assured them. "Perhaps, though, it may make it easier if I do the talking. Mr. Bekins is an operative of the United States Secret Service. He came to me this morning with some drastic requests. He assured me that any one of you gentlemen would fully indorse him."

"You can lay to that," the editor snapped. "We'll indorse him 100 per cent, Mr. Commissioner."

"You don't even know his requests yet." The commissioner smiled in surprise.

"Which shows the extent of our indorsement," the editor returned emphatically. "Frankly, we're not supposed to talk about Mr. Bekins. What his requests are we neither know nor care. However, if it will ease your mind any, I'm sure all three of us will give him unqualified approval."

The commissioner dropped into a momentary brown study. He traced designs on the desk top with the forefinger of his right hand; he moved some papers without realizing that he did so.

At last he said, "Of course, I can take the usual steps of verification, but this Mr. Bekins expressly asked me not to do. He referred me to an official of the Federal Government. He told me that you gentlemen would know the identity of this official."

"We do," the editor answered instantly. "And I urge upon you the necessity of satisfying yourself as to the ethics of Mr. Bekins' demands only through that official. The interests Bekins serves are tremendous. Under the circumstances, we hope you can forgo the usual routine procedure of verification."

Apparently satisfied, the commissioner bowed and shook hands with each of them. "I shall be pleased to govern myself accordingly," he told them. "I presume you gentlemen will have no objection to my consulting with you if need should arise?"

"At any hour of any day," the editor responded earnestly. And so the conference ended.

On the sidewalk outside the Federal building, the newspaperman gave final counsel to Currier and Wilton. It was brief and to the point.

"Bekins is on the job," he said. "He's already at work. He'll do a grand piece of business if we just let him alone till he hollers help."

"But how shall we conduct ourselves in the meantime?" Currier wanted to know. "This is my first experience dealing with outright crooks, and already I'm getting so I don't so much as dare talk to myself. I have a sneaky feeling that even my thoughts are being read!"

They joined in laughter that was actually light in tone. The undeniable presence of the quaint Lemuel Bekins had heartened them inexpressibly.

"Act perfectly naturally," the editor counseled. "Try to forget that Bekins is here at all. The citizens' committee should go on as you would have had I not interrupted your plans. I'll see to it that our paper coöperates in the matter of publicity for you. Now and then you fellows ought to make a statement about the Camorra and demand some definite results from the police. We'll throw a little dust of our own," he chuckled by way of conclusion. "Then, when Bekins does strike, he'll have an open road and a free shot."

The next ten days passed so slowly for Wilton that each of them might have been constituted of forty-eight hours. He heard absolutely nothing from the quaint detective. Because he and his associates had agreed among themselves never to use the telephone in talking over the details of their war against crime, he felt isolated from the field of action. So it was with great relief that he glanced up on the afternoon of the tenth day and looked upon the battered hat, the thick lenses and the heavy cane of Lemuel Tobias Bekins.

The detective jerked his head up and down twice by way of salutation. Wilton placed a chair for him and held a match while he puffed into life one of his frayed black cigars.

"No doubt, Mr. Bekins," he beamed, "you have come to advise me of some development."

"Gee whillikens!" Bekins sighed. "There's lots of developments. I've got to have your coöperation now, Mr. Wilton. I've got my own police department, my own prosecutor and my own court. But now I need a little help. And in order to get it, I'll have to tell you about everything I've done."

"Good," Wilton responded happily. "I'm fair bursting with curiosity. Do you really see light ahead?"

"My sakes, yes," Bekins avowed. "Plenty light, Mr. Wilton. So much light that it worries me. Scarvak is one of the biggest bootleggers in America. In addition to that, he controls a lot of the foreign labor in town. They don't know he controls them, but he does. That egg business of his might be called a new departure in institutional activity!"

He sucked his teeth and smiled. "Gracious sakes alive," he went on, "it's nothing but a new form of blackmail. Whoever heard of terrorizing people into buying eggs?" He shrugged his shoulders and replaced the cigar in his mouth.

"So Scarvak's really a crook, eh?" Wilton scowled. "Well, you could knock me over with a feather! Can you prove he's a crook through those checks you've been looking up?"

"Prove?" Bekins asked tremulously. Then he chuckled to himself. "I don't want to arrest Mr. Scarvak for a while. It wouldn't be safe. Gee whillikens! There are a thousand desperadoes in this town that have made a fine living on his bootlegging. If we stop that too quick, they'd take their guns and begin robbing and killing the public. They've had their taste of blood, you see, and we'll save a lot of lives by going a little easy. Gee whillikens! They'd be terrible."

"You mean to tell me, Bekins," Wilton snapped, "that you're afraid to arrest this man you know to be guilty of law violations?"

"Gracious sakes, no!" Bekins answered tremulously. "I'm not afraid to arrest him. I'm just afraid if I do a lot of innocent people will suffer through the violence of his helpers. Gee whillikens, Mr. Wilton, it ain't my fault you're in this mess. It's been going on right under your nose for years. I can't cure it in a minute."

"I realize that," Wilton returned in hurt tones. "But what do you intend doing? We've got to start somewhere."

"Sure," Bekins nodded. "I'm going to start; start tomorrow morning at the United States Commissioner's office. I told you I had my own police force. I'm it. I told you I had my own prosecutor. He's the collector of internal revenue. I told you I had my own judge. He's the United States Commissioner. I'll have my first prisoner in the morning. He's a gentleman named Pino. Lefty Pino they call him. Part of the time he's a butler, and part of the time he's a bootlegger. But all of the time he's a murdering gunman and one of Scarvak's trusted lieutenants. He's the first one I'm going to try my three-man justice on.

"Also, I'm going to arrest a gentleman known as Mouse, and another one called Gyp, and four others that come from Mr. Scarvak's egg business. All these precious rascals I'll have in my own little murderer's mill before dark falls tomorrow night."

"But what are you going to arrest them for?" Wilton demanded excitedly. "What can you prove on them?"

"Oh, I can't prove anything," Bekins returned mildly.

"Then what the devil are you arresting them for?" Wilton thundered.

"My sakes alive, Mr. Wilton," the detective said steadily, "I should think your digestion would be terrible. Things excite you so."

"Why shouldn't I be excited?" Wilton demanded to know, his temper quite out of control. "You come here as the world's greatest investigator and ask me to put you in a clearing house to read canceled vouchers. I hear absolutely nothing from you for a solid ten days. Then you show up and tell me you're going to arrest a lot of people against whom you can't prove anything! What'll we gain by that, I ask you?"

(Continued on Page 105)

THIS BEE IS OUT OF LUCK

THIS BEE is a drone. He won't work. And with bees, it's no work, no home. So the other bees drive him out of the hive. Good riddance!

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Quaker State Motor Oil means more engine power because of its better piston seal. It stands up better under heat—keeps its protective oiliness longer. It gives spark plugs, piston rings and every working part of your motor a longer life. Get a filling of Quaker State at the nearest green and white service station sign. Your motor will purr a peppy "Thank you!"

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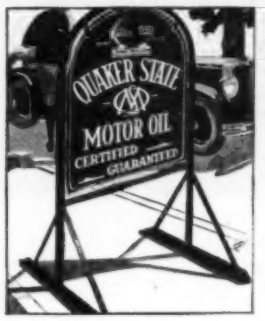

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Split seconds that make you realize

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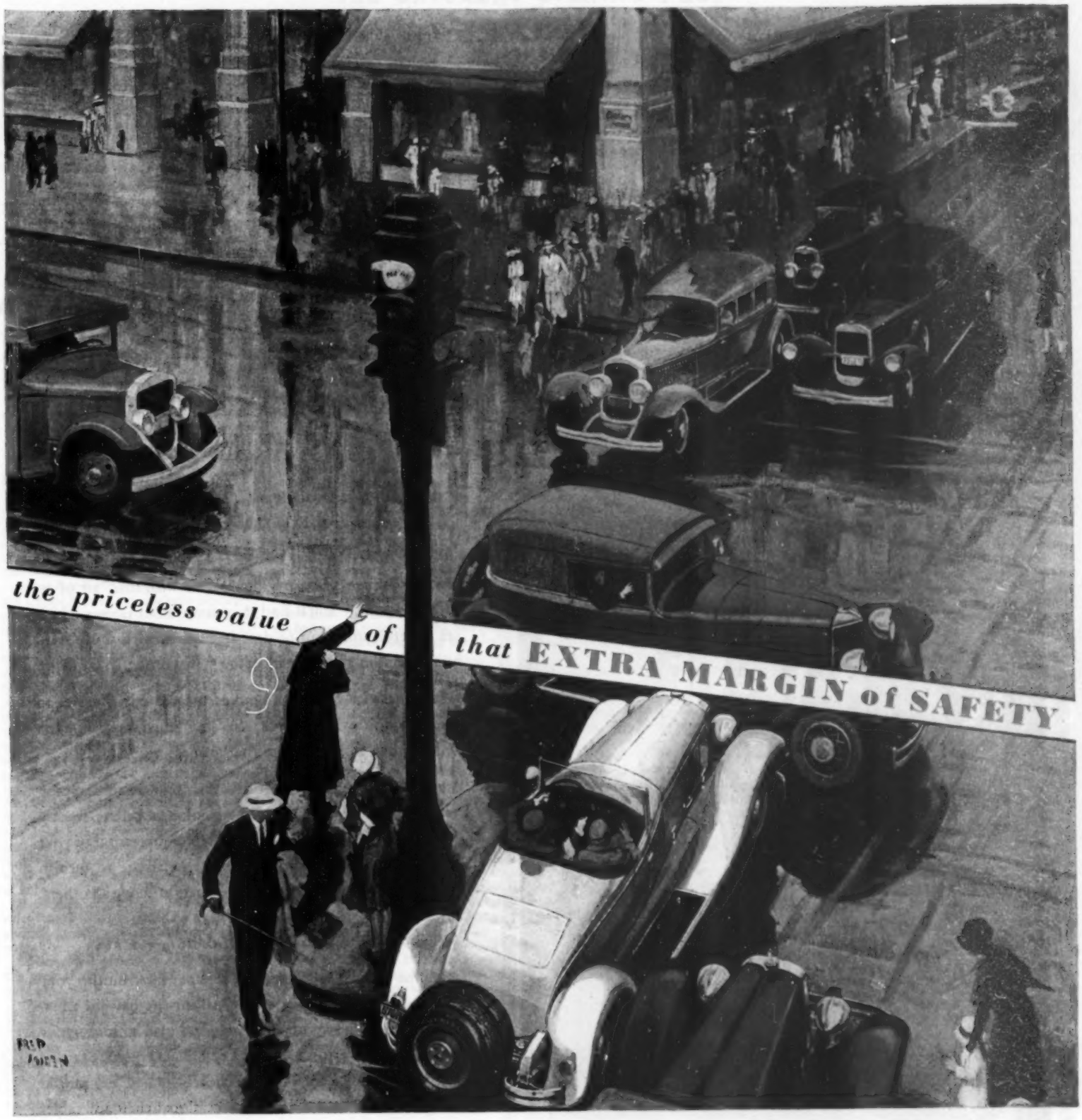

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Drop in at the store displaying the above emblem and get your copy of this 24-page color-illustrated booklet—free! It will help you give your home the atmosphere of success!

(Continued from Page 100)

Bekins sucked his teeth. "Gee whillikens," he whined, "we'll put them in jail. That'll get them off the streets anyway."

"But ——" Wilton interrupted again.

"Sakes alive, be quiet," Bekins went on imperturbably. "Just as soon as these fellows are in jail and can't get out, Scarvak and Castagara and Zatich will all start to work. That'll give us a chance to size them up closer."

He paused a moment, puffed his black cigar, then added, "You see, I got all the information I wanted from those bank clearings. It took a long time and a lot of work, but it showed me that not one of these men has filed an income-tax return comparable to the amount of money that was checked in and out in his name. Now, Mr. Wilton, the difference between the income-tax law and all others is that the defendant has to prove the Government's wrong when it comes to income tax. In all other laws the Government has to prove the defendant wrong. By that I mean," he explained further, "any collector of internal revenue can assess any man arbitrarily. Just as soon as the collector says that you should pay a million dollars' income tax, that settles it until you prove you shouldn't pay that much. That's the law. Look it up.

"So I'm arranging to have all these gentlemen assessed enormous amounts. I have also sworn out warrants for their arrest on a charge of perjury. The minute they show up at the Federal building, I'm going to arrest them for perjury, the internal-revenue collector is going to levy an assessment, and the United States Commissioner is going to remand them without bail. That's all. Simple, ain't it?"

He stopped abruptly, his voice high and tremulous on the last note. "And then, you see," he added at last, "we won't let them out. The charge is entirely a Federal one, and we'll probably be granted a change of venue and try these men in a distant city. Once we get them out of here, we can convict them, because they're guilty. We'll send them all to a Federal penitentiary for perjury and then I'll put in a detainer against them. Maybe you don't know it, Mr. Wilton," he pointed out, "but no man can possibly be considered for Federal parole as long as there remains a detainer on his record. Once again, that's the law. So, once we get these thugs in prison, they'll serve their whole sentence with no chance of parole."

He sighed contentedly and paused at some length while he puffed his cigar. "By gravy," he said at last, "that's the whole story."

"Where do I come in to help you any in the program you have outlined?" Wilton inquired.

"You and that newspaper fellow go to Washington tonight," Bekins said casually. "You go right to the official who detailed me to this job, and you see to it that nobody finds a loophole in my little scheme for a change of venue. That part of it you'll have to do. It'll take influence, and I lack that."

"Yes," Wilton exclaimed, rising, "and by the Lord Harry, I'll do it!"

"Just as soon as we get it done," Bekins pointed out, "it'll force Castagara and Scarvak out into the open. About the time these crooks in jail realize that they're up against a proposition bigger than the leader of their gang, they'll begin to talk to protect themselves. The rest will be fairly simple. A few convictions for malfeasance in office will quickly change the song and dance out here a lot. But that, again, is up to you. I warn you that every trial will have to be conducted under the watchful eye of the big shot in Washington if you expect convictions. I'll take care of my end, Mr. Wilton. The rest is up to you."

XIII

LEFTY PINO swaggered into the office of the United States Commissioner. His clothes were of the latest cut and a huge diamond sparkled on the little finger of his left hand. Until he was told, he failed to remove the daintily crumpled soft hat he wore.

"This little rube told me you wanted to talk to me about income tax," he announced importantly to a clerk, at the same time sneering at Lemuel Tobias Bekins.

"I don't know," the attendant returned. "Come to think of it, I guess there is some open report on your return."

"They got the wrong name," Lefty grunted. "I only made eighteen hundred bucks last year, and I got a dependent kid brother that's crippled. I don't pay no tax."

In due course he was led before the commissioner and smiled confidently upward at that official. The smile, however, faded quickly when the tremulous voice of Lemuel Bekins spoke up.

"I have here, Pino," the detective said, "a warrant for your arrest on a charge of perjury. You may now consider yourself in custody. Do you wish me to read you the warrant?"

"What the hell are you tryin' to pull off here?" Lefty demanded through an amazed snarl. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"I think, Mr. Commissioner," Bekins went on tremulously, "that you'll find the warrant in order."

The official glanced at the document, seemed to consider for a moment, then said to the astonished Lefty, "I find that the collector of internal revenue has assessed you personally in the amount of $373,961.44; this being the amount of your just and legal tax for the previous year. The tax remains unpaid and you are charged in this warrant with perjury through fraudulent tax return. I, therefore, remand you without bail for hearing on the perjury count. I will not set bail in any figure until the total amount of this collector's assessment has been paid in full."

Before Lefty could speak, the commissioner turned to a bailiff. "Take him out," he ordered. And over violent protests and unbelieving oaths, Lefty was led away.

"I got a right to a lawyer!" he shouted. "You mugs can't get away with this! I got a right to a lawyer!"

"My sakes alive," Bekins sighed in shocked tones, "what language! Get yourself a lawyer. That's all right with us."

During the day, six others of the Scarvak retinue underwent exactly the same treatment. The smallest of the collector's assessments amounted to better than two hundred thousand dollars, and the largest to almost half a million. Each of the prisoners was told that he must make this payment in full before he would be allowed bail on the perjury charge.

By two o'clock in the afternoon, Angelo Castagara had gone into session with the commissioner, and for once his suavity and legal chicanery encountered a brick wall of resistance. After he had tried cajolery and failed, he resorted to the less gentle but more direct business of legal artifice.

"I must point out to you, sir," he told the commissioner, "that you are holding these men contrary to law and their rights as free men."

"Just where am I doing that?" the commissioner asked quietly.

"The assessments against them are perfectly ridiculous," Castagara fumed. "Why, to pay a tax like that they'd have to have annual incomes of millions."

"I know nothing of that," the commissioner shrugged. "These defendants are legally brought before me on a properly executed Federal warrant for perjury. I remanded them for grand-jury hearing."

"But they've a right to bail!" Castagara shouted. "I'll have them out on habeas corpus in no time!"

"Bring them out whenever you're ready," the commissioner challenged. "We've enough evidence for a hearing and will gladly present it on demand. In fact, my understanding of the matter is that the Government hopes for an immediate trial in each case. I think if you'll look into this matter, Mr. Attorney, you won't be so anxious to hurry things. You'd best get the entire facts from your clients and come to court prepared. The burden of proof, my friend, is on you, not on the Government."

A look of doubt crept into Castagara's eyes. "Even so," he went on less violently, "if these men are to be given a fair trial, they've a right to freedom on a reasonable bail bond in order that they may prepare for defense."

"Under normal circumstances," the commissioner returned, "that probably would be true. In the cases of these defendants, however, I see fit to disagree with you. Denial of bail is my legal prerogative. The object of a bail bond is to protect the rights of the people by assuring proper trial of those accused. Therefore, even were I to set a figure, it could in no case be a lesser amount than the assessment as levied by the collector of internal revenue. The Government has altogether too much at stake to permit any risk of loss. Under the law your clients must prove that they should not make this payment. Until they do prove that, I am duty bound to assure their presence for trial. That, sir, is my final word in the matter."

A very much chastened Castagara left the commissioner's chambers for an interview with his clients. To each of them he told the same story.

"This is a different kind of a rap," he said in worried tones. "For the time being, you'll have to take it. I'll see Tony tonight and, of course, we'll work out some way to spring you. In the meantime, don't open your mouths for anybody. I'll see you again tomorrow."

He left them scowling and threatening, but inextricably incarcerated. From the Federal building he went direct to Scarvak's home. There he explained the situation to Antonio, and a great wonderment came upon the gang leader.

"What do you make of it?" he asked dubiously. "We never had one like this before."

"That income-tax law is absolutely unfair," Castagara growled. "The point is, Tony, they don't have to prove you guilty. You've got to prove yourself innocent. Until these fellows go into court and prove that they shouldn't pay this enormous tax, that commissioner can hold them. And he knows full well we don't dare go to court. He can spring plenty of continuances on the perjury trial too. That'll keep the boys in jail almost as long as he wants them."

"It's a crooked rap from start to finish," Scarvak growled. "Why should the collector of internal revenue plaster those mugs with any assessments like that? It's a frame-up," he insisted. And without thought of his own past trickeries, he added, "The dirtiest rat alive is a guy that will frame other people! Why should a tax man frame Lefty an' the others?"

"That's just it," Angelo admitted dubiously. "Why would he? You check back a little bit, Tony, and you'll see that they've got three of the boys that have been mixed up in recent shootings. Mouse and Gyp just bumped off Gabby Mola. Mouse and Lefty bumped off those two Karfola agents not long ago. The other four recently bombed two places, killed a truck driver and stole half a dozen trucks in the egg racket. It ain't income tax that's started this thing. That's just a trick, Tony. A trick to keep Zatich, or any of the rest, from helping us." He made the admission savagely.

Scarvak took to pacing the room. "I've always told you," he warned, "that your job was gettin' us out of trouble when it came along. You've always done plenty of talkin', Angie, about our end of the racket. Here's a chance to show how good you are at your own. These guys are in a jam, see? You get 'em out of it."

"Oh, I'll get them out some way," Castagara mumbled half-heartedly.

Scarvak glanced at him sharply, because in his words there was a good deal of uncertainty. "You better had get 'em out," he grunted.

"It's a big rap," the lawyer pointed out. "Somebody's after us that don't want to

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come out in the open. Whoever it is, they're smart too. They've turned the spirit of this law inside out just to trap us. They know we can beat any charge they bring in the local courts. This is just a trumped-up scheme to break up the gang. I'll get Washington on the telephone. I'll talk with every congressman from this part of the country. I'll also get both our United States senators. From them, I'll demand justice. In the meantime, I'll have a chance to sound out certain people to see where this rap comes from. Of course there's some way to square it, just like there is to square all these things. Our job is to find that way. I don't know who did it, but somebody certainly threw a scare into this commissioner and revenue collector. You can't reach them with a platinum yardstick!"

"Who made the pinches?" Antonio inquired suddenly.

"They didn't even have to make any," Castagara lamented. "A little, cockeyed yokel with a lame foot and a thick cane got every one of the gang to show up at the Federal building on one excuse or another. But he don't figure. He 's just a clerk in the office down there. Hasn't got brains enough to give him a headache in a paint factory. After the boys were in, he read them warrants and the commissioner remanded them."

The two journeyed to the Scarvak sleeping quarters, where they were busy several hours on the long-distance telephone. Congressmen at Washington received the story of Mr. Castagara most courteously. They promised instantly to look into the matter and report back. As a result of this, Angelo began to receive telegrams before the day was done. Each of these messages conveyed the astounding information that various departments at Washington could give no information on the cases. They were, it was explained, being handled by an individual whose prestige and multitudinous occupations made it hard to interview.

When, after a panicky reading of these ominous messages, Angelo called Scarvak on the private wire, it took him twenty minutes to reach the gang leader. This was due to the fact that the line was continuously occupied. Though Angelo had no way of knowing it, the sudden development involving Antonio's trusted lieutenants had thoroughly frightened the gang leader. His telephone was busy, because he called Rose and warned her against any thought of returning home for at least another week. This took considerable time and left both husband and wife in a tempestuous mood. Antonio went so far during this conversation as to promise to visit his wife within the next few days and personally give her full details.

When finally he had finished his talk with her, he looked feverishly through a little red notebook in which reposed the names and telephone numbers of racketeers in other cities. One of these he promptly called on the telephone and was fortunate enough to locate. They visited together at some length, and by way of a vague feeler, Antonio pointed out that he would be in town soon to visit his wife's sister and would like to give a sumptuous dinner for his old friend and the latter's associates.

So, when Castagara's call finally did get through, Antonio's mind was occupied with things other than the more or less expected reports of his Washington friends. The gang leader instantly detected in Angelo's words and voice distinct uneasiness.

"For the first time in my life, Tony," the lawyer told him, "I don't know which way to turn to beat the law. Not only are these birds sticking to the letter of the law, they are using the fullest powers the law gives them. They're giving us every possible bad break. There isn't a legal loophole we can crawl through. And when I had the commissioner sounded out as to how much it would take to square him, he laughed in our faces and promised to have us all in for attempted bribery if we spoke of the matter again."

"This has been a swell day, all right," Scarvak complained savagely. "Rosy just had me on the phone and swore she was comin' back tomorrow."

"I wouldn't let her," Castagara snapped. "Just as soon as she comes back, this citizens' committee is going to demand an investigation of the Camorra thing, and there's no telling what harm she might do. Keep her away until the thing dies out more."

"You're tellin' me?" Antonio demanded. "Just to be dead sure she won't come back, I even agreed to go an' see her for two or three days."

"You're going to see her?" Castagara asked, startled.

"What else could I do, Angie?" the gang leader queried. "It's a cinch we don't want that dame here to talk with the Wiltons or any lawyers they may hire. As it is now, they can keep on demandin' arrests from the police, but until the arrests are made they can't get any results. That's the way we want to keep it."

"Of course that's true," the lawyer agreed slowly, "but it's a bad time for you to be away, Tony. I don't like the look of things much."

"The boys ain't sufferin' down there, are they?" Antonio inquired. "They got plenty of dough. They don't deny 'em the right to send out for meals, do they?"

"They can send out for meals all right," Castagara answered, "but, believe it or not, they won't let them have a drink for love or money. Every screw down there knows that they're in on some kind of a big rap and they're all afraid to go anywhere near them."

"You better kid 'em along a little," Scarvak advised. "Make 'em think we're doin' plenty of work an' they'll be sprung within three, four days at the most. They're pretty sure to learn I went out of town, so you'd better tell 'em that I went to Washington to square this thing."

After he had hung up the receiver, the gang leader opened a wall safe and from it took his personal accounts. He went over these very carefully. In them were records of more than a million dollars in cash stored in safe-deposit boxes about the city. These he totaled with the stub of a pencil and withal made mental calculations of just what he must face.

There ever was in the back of his mind the realization that the reign of a gang leader lasted only three years. He could not understand what was behind the sudden development which had already incarcerated seven of his trusted helpers, but he found in it a dire manifestation. It seemed to him that by this incident the curtain of the future was drawn aside. What it disclosed was stark, frightfully real, incontrovertible.

After years of scheming and millions spent in bribery, he and his array of legal talent were suddenly face to face with an inexplicable and confounding situation. He saw that unless he could free the men who had been arrested, their confidence in him would quickly disintegrate. For their own protection against a sudden menace they could not understand, they might easily make disclosures which would involve himself.

It seemed to him that his hour had struck; that it would be sheer idiocy to remain for warfare against this new and surprisingly powerful element. In his own canny way he planned sudden departure. Such real property as he owned was indisputably his. The house on Betzer Hill was in his name and paid for in full. Four warehouses which he had used as booze depots also remained his. Of these he could not be deprived. Then there was about a million and a quarter dollars in actual cash. In view of these things, he would be a fool to go on to the violent death none of his predecessors had been smart enough to avoid. He would be a fool, and he knew it. So decision came to him.

The first thing in the morning he would gather from the various safe-deposit boxes the cash that lay there. Later in the afternoon, he would entrain for the distant city where Rose and the children awaited him. It would then be a simple matter to deposit his cash, secure a letter of credit and send Rose to buy a villa in the old country. He could give her a million in cold cash and upon this they could live sumptuously in the land whence they had sprung.

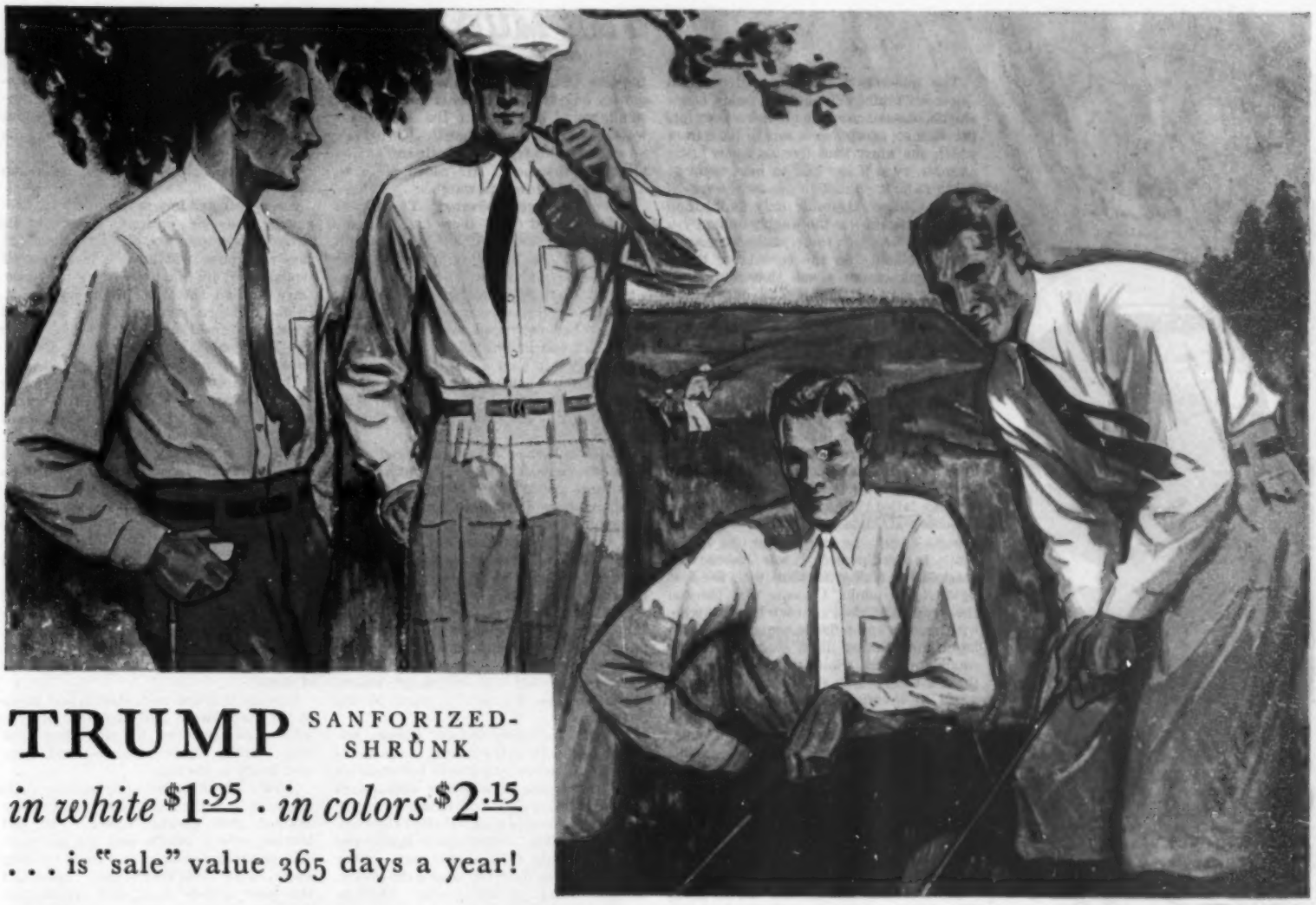
But even better than that, while Rosy was on the high seas and getting settled in the old country, he could use the funds above the million for new contacts in the distant city where his old friend operated. This, in fact, had been in the back of his mind when he suggested the sumptuous dinner.

These thoughts he regarded with complacence. He took them to be the ideas of a big man, and a smart one. In a year or two, an agent could dispose of his real estate and buildings, and what he got for them would be clear velvet. After he was gone, someone would rise quickly to fill his place. Probably that someone would be Castagara. After all, why not? Angie wasn't a bad sort, though outside the law he wasn't as smart as he might be. Let him try a whirl at real leadership. It was the thing to do. The wisest of all men, Antonio determined, is that man who quits at the very height of his power; quits before the law actually lays hold upon him; quits while he is rich and can afford to quit. And, above all, quits while yet some fool remains to murder for his place and so cover his tracks with a warmer scent.

His determination was in no way lessened by reports in the evening papers to the effect that all seven of his erstwhile lieutenants had been indicted by a Federal grand jury and remanded for trial without bail. Following this information was a statement by a special United States attorney from the capital to the effect that he would apply for a change of venue and try the culprits before an impartial jury in a locality where no possibility of personal feeling could exist. The account concluded with a statement to the effect that the accused men had no chance of being released from custody before their trial and acquittal by a jury of their peers.

The blow had fallen. Antonio's hour of flight was at hand and he met it calmly. Met it with a certain strange thrill of anticipation and pleasure. It would be good to drop all the burdens. He had enough. In the old country he would be a big man—an honest big man. That night he wandered through the mansion on Betzer Hill gathering together especially prized trinkets and packing them thoughtfully in his luggage.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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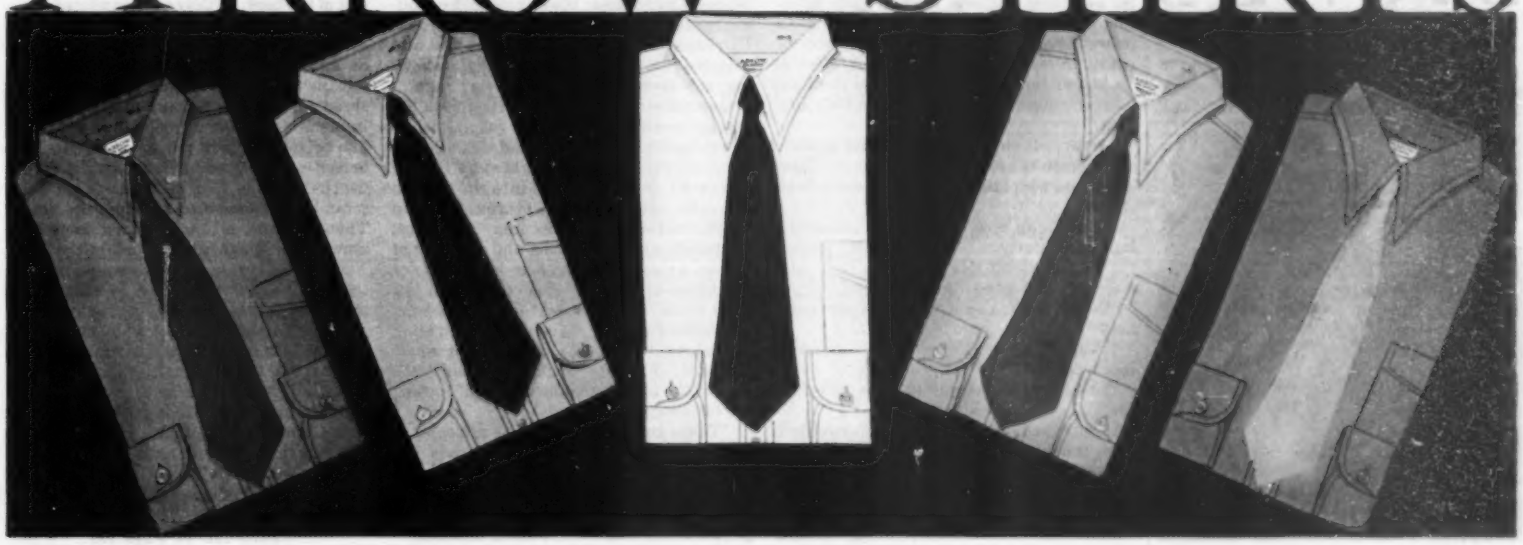

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THE MUD CURE

(Continued from Page 15)

The queerest things were stirring in Queenie's brain. Things she couldn't catalogue, obsessions which made her even forget Romeo, except as a sort of base from which she must fend five roly-poly little animals, even if she had to beat them to death to do it. She didn't know the reason for that either. Queenie only understood the fact that she was thoroughly unhappy, a condition for which these punks were some way to blame. So she curled her trunk again and let out a call that sent them into an orgy of shuffles and fidgets and squealing, all of which increased Queenie's fretfulness. Soon she was as noisy as they. Finally it all got on Romeo's nerves. He snorted and struck at the same instant. After that, there was quiet, except for the rolling of Queenie's eyes and queer chirrupings under her breath. Thus life clattered along for four fulsome days.

There was a grim set to the elephant boss' lips now, and a glare to his eyes. Time after time he had tried the act; time after time he had failed. The worst of it all was Queenie's attitude. Not that Romeo had become docile; he merely had less opportunity to exert himself. It was Queenie who dragged her trainer forward with the first sight of the punks, Queenie who blocked their course at the ring curb now, or who, with blasting and defiance, sent them scurrying in directionless flight even before they could approach. Bobo suffered mostly in these attacks. Being friends with all the world, he invariably hesitated in the hope of a mistake. All he got was more bruises. At last, late one afternoon, the bull boss, sweating and begrimed, turned to his assistants.

"Guess all we can do is try to break 'em separate," he said. "Maybe I can bull them guys at the fair to take two acts instead of one."

"Goin' to give it up, boss?" asked the ring-barn watchman.

The head elephant man showed his teeth. "No, I ain't going to give it up. I—I just got to kind of switch things, that's all. These here punks know an act. Them big bulls know an act. I'll just rehearse 'em separate."

"But that won't be The Happy Family," said the watchman.

"So you'd remind me of that!" Suddenly he weakened. That remark sounded like a personal contact with the menagerie superintendent. "Now, you never can tell about bulls," said the elephant boss. "Maybe we've been goin' at this in the wrong way. Maybe I shouldn't have tried to rehearse 'em together; kind of gets 'em mixed up, maybe. Them things is awful confusing sometimes."

So he took the punks out into the horse pasture and marked off a ring. Then, with an afterthought, he left them in charge of his assistants while he hurried back to the ring barn for the Maypole streamers. A fellow never could tell; might as well be ready, in case things did work out. But as he halted for a final look in the elephant house, a faltering throb came into his heartbeat.

Sleepy, left on guard, had shifted Queenie and Romeo to opposite ends of the old barn, and stood watching them with doleful head shaking.

"What's up now, Disaster?" asked the bull boss faintly.

"Romeo didn't like it over on that side. He was fixin' to sap Queenie again."

"Why don't you keep his mind offen her?"

"Who? Me? How do you suppose I could do that?"

"Well, you might sing to him!" growled the bull boss, and hurried on.

Sleepy thought that over, but there didn't seem much sense to it. Suddenly Romeo himself settled the matter. Until this moment he had spent his time in blasting and scowling at Queenie, who in turn chirruped continuously and stared fretfully toward the door. But now Romeo temporarily forgot his fidgety mate in contemplation of a small, round hole next to the floor in the wooden wall of the old barn. Querulously he stretched his trunk to it. He sniffed and identified the scent. He rolled his eyes. Then he set himself to watch.

Sleepy became interested. The rodent which once had dwelt there had long ago traveled the arsenic trail, but Romeo didn't know that. The hatred of an elephant for a mouse or rat is not fabulous. Romeo watched the hole in quivering anxiety for some time. But at last he lost interest. Queenie had chirruped even more dolorously and was pulling at her chains. The male snorted in huge disgust and lunged in her direction. Sleepy saw that something should be done about that.

Hurriedly he got a stick and poked at the rat hole.

"Looky, Romeo!" he announced. The elephant gave frightened attention, but once more lost interest. Sleepy rattled the stick again at the tunnel entrance, then bulged his eyes with a great idea. He hurried to the little storeroom at the end of the barn. When he emerged, he carried a stick upon the end of which was a stuffed piece of brown glove, sewed to a pointed nose, with a pair of shoe buttons for eyes. Following this, Sleepy went to the outside of the elephant barn, dug about until he had unearthed the rat hole, and cautiously stuck the end of the stuffed glove through, watching meanwhile through a crack in the boarding.

It took effect immediately. Romeo, bellowing until now at the strange mannerisms of his mate, suddenly centered his attention upon the rat hole. Something with a dark body and beady eyes had shown for an instant, then disappeared. Romeo shivered. Out popped the stuffed glove again, and wriggled, while Romeo shot out a blow which broke the floor, but missed the enemy. Romeo waited. So did Sleepy. Then he wriggled the stuffed glove once more into view. Again there was a snort and the impact of a heavy trunk. Sleepy waited a few minutes, while the elephant, becoming more and more nervous, stood with trunk raised and nerves quivering. Once more the beady eyes glistened. Romeo sent down his trunk with a wallop that showered splinters. Sleepy giggled; this was funny. The next wait was shorter, and the following one even more abrupt. Romeo quivered like jelly. His eyes had become red. Suddenly the visitor popped out again.

He whanged at it, and missed as usual, trumpeting his rage, while across the barn Queenie momentarily forgot her strange, uncatalogued sensations, to whirl in staring amazement. Then the glove appeared and was gone, only to return anew. Again and again it shot into sight and disappeared. Romeo lost control; towering rage had suddenly turned to panic. He curled his trunk. He yanked back on his haunches and snapped his chain. He whirled, bellowing, and thundered across the ring barn.

Queenie stood in the way. He struck her amidships and knocked her, gasping, clear of her fastenings. Then head down, giant muscles bent upon a straightaway course, he heaved straight onward into the wooden side of the barn and crashed through. Again an obstruction rose before him—the fence. There was a second impact and a shower of broken boards. A clear field lay ahead for the far-away jungle. Romeo plunged onward, while Sleepy circled the elephant barn and dodged weirdly, to escape the plunging of Queenie, floundering directionless about the yard. Then he scrambled through the hole in the fence and aimed himself toward the far-away rehearsal.

"There goes Romeo!" he shouted.

The news was not needed. Already the bull boss was running, shouting commands over his shoulder.

"Never mind them punks! They'll just go to the mudhole! Come catch that bull!"

Then the pursuers swerved off at a tangent, while Sleepy stood dazed and uncertain. He should have told them about Queenie too. But just then the voice of the bull boss floated back:

"Come on, Sleepy! Have you taken root?"

Sleepy gangled forward, wildly alert, forgetting Queenie entirely. The female circled winter quarters, blasted furiously at the ring-barn watchman, then herself straightened for the hole in the big fence. Once through, she halted, four legs braced. In the distance were the beings who had upset her life—Eenie and Meenie, Minie and Mo, flanked by the waddling Bobo—on a bee line for the mudhole.

Once more those strange instincts came over the female—to herd these little beasts, to fend them and push them about, and scold and bellow at them. She swerved. She lowered her head. Her big legs moved steadily faster. In the distance Bobo looked over his shoulder and gave a wide-mouthed grunt of terror that sent the four twins into excessive speed. Already Queenie was gaining.

Far away, the pursuit of Romeo had already faded into the palmetto growths. Queenie knew nothing about that; neither did the punks. They only realized that terror was approaching them from the rear, while in the offing lay a place which they had come to look upon as a haven in time of stress.

Onward they scurried, Meenie and Minie in the lead, Eenie and Mo close behind, while Bobo, paddling his short legs until they literally blurred, bounced and trundled badly in the rear.

Slowly the thunder of Queenie's hoofs came nearer to the frantic baby herd. They doubled into greater speed. At last Meenie, with a wild squeal, hit the mudhole, splattered through and made for deep water, Minie close behind him. Eenie and Mo gave a final leap, and, white-eyed, sloshed onward for safety. Only Bobo was left behind—Bobo, with his popeyes rolled back in agonized staring at the steadily nearing approach of that outstretched trunk as Queenie ate up distance. Then he felt the touch of mud, oozing about his stubby legs and against his belly. His steam-shovel mouth opened in a gust of joyous relief. He scrambled onward, but not for the deep water; Bobo was built bulbous and with shallow draft; instinct told him to stay where the mire was stickiest. Skittering and splashing, he swung madly off at an angle and stayed to the shallows. Then a great splash sounded. Queenie, forgetting elephantic caution, had plunged madly into the mudhole, directly behind him.

But she had neither the floatability of Bobo nor the comparative lightness of the rest of the herd. Wildly she floundered, forcing herself onward, and sinking deeper with every step. Suddenly, halfway across, like an automobile sunk to its differential, she felt the touch of mire against her belly and shrieked with the anguished knowledge it brought her. She squirmed in sudden panic. She twisted and writhed and strove to force herself onward, while Bobo sought diving depths and the four twins hastened their scrambling passage to the opposite shore. Then Queenie, all of a sudden, ceased to move. For Queenie was stuck in the mud.

From far away, slowly coming nearer, there sounded faint news of Romeo, crashing through growths or halting in trumpeted defiance of those who sought his capture. It made little difference; for once, Romeo affected Queenie but little. Once more she surged into a tumult of tossing and pitching. It accomplished nothing. Bobo came up from under water, gobbling and snorting. The four twins climbed out on the bank and whined. And when they whined for a third time Queenie blinked as if from a faint blow.

(Continued on Page 111)

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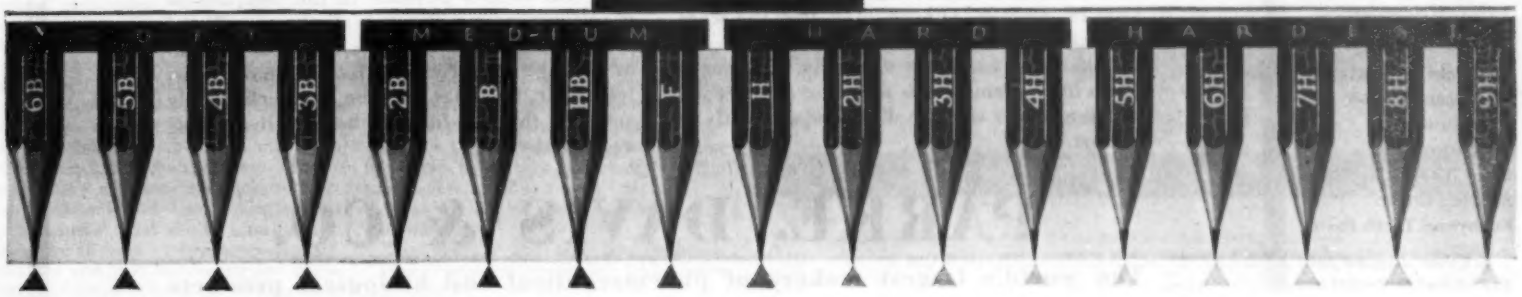
For all pencil writing that requires permanency, use the Venus Indelible Pencil. It writes with the lasting quality of ink and the ease of an ordinary lead pencil. Five clear copies from one writing. Three degrees of black: soft, medium and hard. Also five colors: red, blue, green, yellow, heliotrope, that copy the same color as they write.



BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, the physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

When the heroes in your blood send out an "S O S"

The victim of anemia is like a disabled ship at sea. The heroic red corpuscles in the blood, their number decimated by severe losses, or overtaxed by strain, do their best to send out signals of distress.

Often these signals are only a paleness of the skin, or extreme tiredness from slight exertion. At other times the symptoms are more complex and therefore more baffling. In any case, whether simple or complex, no one but a physician can interpret these signals correctly.

Not so long ago medical science was seriously handicapped in its efforts to combat anemia. But important progress has been made. The invention of scientific instruments which aid the accurate diagnosis of anemia—to say nothing of effective remedies developed by medical research—have provided the cheerful assurance of restored health to many victims of anemia.

Some people still believe that all they need do to cure anemia is to take a "tonic" of one kind or another. Others think that the word "anemia" is synonymous with "paleness," and parents often carelessly say, "My daughter is just a little anemic—she will soon get over it." But the matter can't be dismissed so lightly as all that.

The various forms of anemia require different kinds of treatment. There are "primary" anemias and "secondary" anemias. The secondary variety often follows hemorrhage or accompanies some disease which impoverishes the blood, while the primary anemias (the "green sickness" of young girls, and pernicious anemia) have entirely different causes. Only a qualified physician can make an accurate diagnosis and prescribe the proper treatment.

Recent significant discoveries

Less than four years ago pernicious anemia was almost certain to have a fatal outcome. Then an important scientific discovery was made that practically assured rapid improvement in most cases.

And now, within the past year, Parke-Davis scientists, in collaboration with the staff of one of America's leading universities, have made a discovery which is accepted in medical circles as a still further advance in the conquest of pernicious anemia. To nearly all who are afflicted the outlook has completely changed. Instead of finding themselves in a losing, almost hopeless battle, they may face the future cheerfully and with the well-founded hope of living long and healthy lives.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

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for your everyday needs

Here are a few Parke-Davis preparations for your personal use, made with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines:

Milk of Magnesia
Mineral Oil (Heavy)
Hydrogen Peroxide
Standardized Cod-liver Oil
Neko (Germicidal Soap)
Shaving Cream
Euthymol Tooth Paste

Ask your druggist for PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 108)

But for long moments she only stood and stared at them, before she should again attempt her efforts at release. Things were calmer now. Even Bobo seemed to realize that pursuit was over and, with his quick powers of forgiveness, already was looking upon the befuddled Queenie with friendly eyes. At last he began to swim, gazing at her with great interest. Bobo had never really taken her irascibility as personal. Then the four twins whined again and edged toward the water. They seemed to realize that something was terribly wrong.

Around and around swam Bobo, his baseball eyes rolling as he watched her. At last Queenie ceased her thrashing, rolling her head owl-like as she twisted her gaze to his circular course. Again and again, and yet again, Bobo made the circle, unconsciously cutting closer. Suddenly he snorted, with the realization that he was in sapping distance, and hastily began to back water. But Queenie had forgotten her usual greeting when a punk came within trunk's reach. She only watched him, and chirruped in a queer, hesitant sort of way, as though she were asking herself questions. Bobo halted. Then, curiosity strong upon him, he edged a few strokes nearer. Queenie squealed. He paddled hastily away again.

An hour went by. The shouting and crashing attendant upon the wanderings of Romeo came closer. Then the four twins, assured at last that Queenie's entrance to the mudhole meant little or no danger, ceased sucking their trunks and floundered into a water battle, which ceased momentarily as Queenie, by a Gargantuan effort, got a second foot free. There were cypress roots here to brace one, when she could find them.

However, the rear feet remained stuck, and Queenie made the best of it. Bobo was cutting didoes again; finally he came to a halt directly before her. The elephant snorted. But it wasn't an angry snort. Queenie didn't know how to catalogue it. Those strange emotions which had stirred within her ever since the first day she had been taken into the ring with these babies suddenly seemed to have softened considerably, like apples when the frost leaves them. At last she stretched her trunk and sniffed. Bobo backed away, but he came back again. Then Meenie, tired of play, looked toward her and whined again.

The old elephant grunted a queer sort of grunt, as if of strange content. It caused the babies to look up swiftly; they had not heard a grunt like this for a long time—not since the day the menagerie superintendent had taken them from the doting protection of Old Phœbe, their foster mother, and shipped them away to winter quarters. They whined in answer, and wriggled their stubby trunks. Then, suddenly, Eenie and Minie began slowly to edge forward, carefully, grudgingly, watchful for danger. But there was none. At last Meenie came quite close. Slowly he extended his trunk; a peculiar, begging chirrup sounded—the call of a lonely baby, begging for the association and friendship of an older elephant. The brain of Queenie blurred for an instant, to clear as quickly. She raised her trunk and circled it to her ear to form a sounding box. Then came a peculiar call, soft and cooing. Instantly there was a delighted splatter in the water; four baby elephants and a baby hippopotamus were scrambling toward her. They knew the mother call when they heard it! From the jungle the noise of the elephant hunt came nearer. Romeo evidently had chosen this direction for a final get-away.

Another hour went by—a delighted, wondrous hour. Now Bobo lay out on the bank, incased in sleep. The rest of the babies were deep in the water, snuggled close to a delighted old female, who cared little for the fact that she was stuck in the mud. There was something greater than mire for Queenie now—the realization that she had found what she had really been looking for all these lonely, harrowed years. She knew now that her fussing and irritability, her desire to herd, her fretfulness to keep these babies from the proximity of her bullying mate, were not irascibility after all, but the frantic desire to protect, to save them from the terrors of one she feared. She caressed them with her trunk and fondled them. She cooed above them and stroked them. She chirruped and squealed and grunted. But suddenly she sent them splattering, wild in new fright, as she reared in high-trunked, white-eyed rage. A final crashing had come from the palmetto growths. And there stood Romeo!

He was dirty from the rot of trees, grimy with swamp slime. His ugly eyes were fastened upon her, as if in blame for his predicament. He blasted sand with a sweep of his trunk and started forward, only to halt curiously and change his direction. Bobo, befuddled from sleep, had scuttled directly before him in a frantic effort at escape.

A thunder of anger came from the male beast's throat. He shot forth his trunk in a mad attempt to catch the scrambling baby. Impossible. Feet dancing, eyes ablaze, the sour-tempered old male swung his trunk low and sought to encircle the hippopotamus. But Bobo was too bulbous. The grasp only lifted him and dropped him again. Romeo flailed wildly and missed. Again he strove to catch the baby, and this time hooked his trunk about a stubby leg. He yanked. Bobo squawked with that crescendo of terror that only a baby can know. Instantly Romeo dropped him.

There was something greater to face now. Queenie was coming out of the water; she had freed herself with a jerk which had literally bounced her legs from their muddy prison. No longer was she Queenie, meek mate of a cowardly bully. She was a mother, moving onward to vengeance against one who had dared to harm her babies!

Her impact was that of a runaway freight car. It threw Romeo into the air and dropped him in frightened flabbiness. Queenie's greater size, her greater strength were only a portion of her power now. There was the quickness, the alert fierceness of mother love; the instant Romeo was down she began belaboring him, butting him, rolling him over and literally standing on her head in her thunderous charges against his protesting bulk.

In the background the four twins squealed and danced; Bobo took for deep water again and submerged. Queenie knew nothing of this; she only realized that she could whip this big bully of a picket mate the best day he ever lived. Again she got him down, nor did she let him rise.

Men came running from the palmettos, and rushed forward, hooks raised for an opening. Then the bull boss appeared, literally throwing them from their course.

"Leave her alone!" he shouted. "Sap him, Queenie! Sap him till he hollers!"

An elephant, once it surrenders, does so in intensively human fashion. Soon Romeo raised his bloody trunk and rolled his fevered eyes. A whimper came from his big throat, hollow, pleading, the cry of a beaten monarch. They rushed in then—anxious men with upraised bull hooks. Finally, Queenie felt their command and obeyed them. Then suddenly she seemed to forget the shaken mate who cowered before her. She whirled. She raised her trunk and signaled, a grunting, cooing call. Instantly the four twins answered from across the mudhole. Bobo came in from the deep water. And Romeo did not protest.

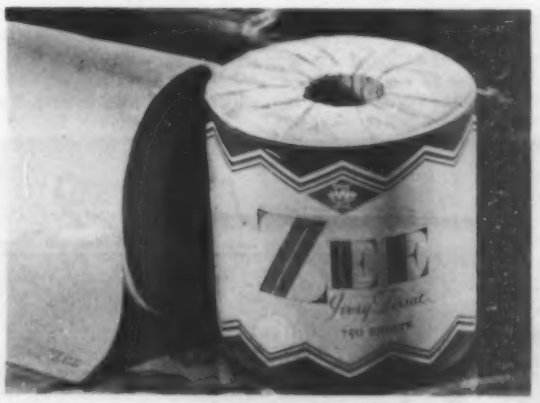
Ten days later the menagerie superintendent very grudgingly responded to a request that he run over and look at a finished product known as The Happy Family. With equal taciturnity he gave it his O. K. Then, as the shuffle and squealing attendant upon the loading-out process for the first fair began, he ruefully pulled a cigar from a pocket and licked at a loose wrapping.

"I still don't see how you done it," he admitted.

The eyes of the bull boss widened. "Why?" he asked innocently. "All it takes is brains!"

It's silly to pay more when the **BEST** *now costs so little . . . Buy these*

NEW "*fluffed*" BATHROOM TISSUES



ZEE is a saving discovery . . . even for women who buy by price alone. It gives you 100 more sheets of ivory tissue than most rolls at this low price, yet it is beyond comparison with ordinary tissues. Each tissue sheet is gently "fluffed" to make it pleasanter in every way. That's why it can be so much softer without being flimsy . . . firmer without being glazed. Zee is an honest roll, too, compactly wound so it won't unfurl wastefully. Then, a dustproof wrapper covers the roll. No hand but yours can touch the pure tissue inside!

ZEE, PER ROLL, **10c**

ZALO is the finest pure white tissue you can buy. Other bathroom tissues have the same price tag, but there the likeness ends. Zalo is as soft and pliant as a cold cream tissue . . . petal thin . . . yet firm and quickly absorbent. Because each sheet is "fluffed" to give it a suede-like texture, there's never a trace of glazed harshness. It is absolutely safe. You may be sure of that. Both Zalo and Zee are pure enough for a baby's tender skin. Then, hygienically wrapped to keep them so! ZALO, SINGLE ROLL, 15c TWO ROLLS FOR **25c**

Both Zalo and Zee fit all standard built-in or projecting fixtures

FLUFFED FOR SOFTNESS!

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY, *Division of*
CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION
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THRILL

. . . THE ENGINE THAT HAS FLOWN THE SKIES BRINGS YOU A NEW KIND OF SPEED AND POWER

With an airplane-type engine—the most powerful type of motor built—Franklin brings the performance and maneuverability of the fast pursuit plane to the hands of Franklin Owners—stamps the progressive spirit of today on a motor car that youth has accepted. Running the entire gamut of Franklin speed—from 5 to 80 or more—you immediately realize the complete freedom from the usual vibrations and sensations that go with rapid acceleration and fast travel. Smooth—quiet—easily guided—steady, Franklin riding is gliding. And the comfort of it all is nothing short of thrilling. Reaching 70 before you think you are going 50. Seeing bumps in the road ahead but feeling no shocks. Floating smoothly, swiftly, almost as if detached from the road. Unconsciously spanning the distance between towns in less time than you have ever done before. That is the everyday thrill of driving a Franklin. That is the AIRPLANE FEEL. Ask your Franklin representative for a demonstration in your favorite model. After a ride you will understand why Franklin has been able to capture the major American road records. Prices range from $2395 to $7600 at the factory. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

FRANKLIN PURSUIT

FRANKLIN

AIR-COOLED

THE PLACE OF WAGES

(Continued from Page 11)

business or any other modern business with slaves, no matter how skilled and intelligent the slaves were. And this is regardless of the effect that wage payments have on consumption, for unless the interest—that is to say, the mind—of a man be employed, there is no use employing just his hands. His wage must represent something in the nature of a sharing.

There is nothing that any man can do, the benefits of which he can restrict to himself alone. Society is so constructed that any good produced overflows its original limits and benefits the adjacent people. The supreme folly of selfish intention is that it cannot be carried out. The intention may be present and the selfishness may be unlimited, but natural law frustrates the intended consequences. The surgeon may practice for fame and wealth alone, but his very fame and wealth depend upon his giving benefit. The baker may bake in the utmost selfishness, caring only for the money his craft will bring him, but, nevertheless, his bread feeds others. Whether we like it or not, one never produces a benefit for oneself alone. No fortune was ever accumulated without increasing the means of wealth to a multitude. Indeed, vast possessions have always supported more people than if the ownership were divided, for there is a magic in consolidated management.

Private ownership, considered in the absolute, extends only a little way. About the only thing a man can own absolutely privately is his experience. Our theory of the private ownership of property—that is, the right of every man to full security in what he has earned—is based on this privacy of experience. What belongs to a man should be his own.

The fact is, we live in a world where nothing has value until it is shared. The value rises in proportion to the number of people who possess it. Creative power does not exist except in company with the desire to share. The very attempt to hide away a value casts doubt on its being a value. Prosperity means to us that the families in the next street, those at the other end of the country, those at the other end of the world, are happy and supplied. We never feel prosperity complete with ourselves alone. Not until the last family has it shall we feel that it has fully come. It is the human instinct for sharing.

The Measure of a Man's Worth

We believe that regulating wages on the cost of living is only a way of putting into effect a kind of slavery. It is an utterly illogical method, for the standard by which you measure is thereby made to depend on the thing measured—that is, your standard of living is determined by wages in the first place; to make it in turn the measure of the wage you will pay, is simply to invent another most vicious circle. In determining our wage rates we do not concern ourselves in the least with the cost of living. We have no data on the cost of living among our employes, and we do not want any. We only hope that the standards are high and growing higher. The wages we pay are based not on the cost of living but on the value of production. There is no other basis for wages. Cost of living is a phrase which means nothing unless it is understood in relation to the standard of living. If the standard is high, the cost is high. But before either standard or cost can go up, wages must go up. Your standard of living is fixed by your wages.

The whole question of wages will in the end be worked out by the amount of skill that is required from the workers. This will be the measure of their productivity through machines. The requirement for skill is constantly increasing in the shops, so that today a man in a shop is usually better off than a man in an office. Workers at machines need a higher grade of skill than the routine men in an office, while tool makers must have a very high grade of skill indeed. This is gradually but surely destroying the advantage of the white collar, and soon we shall have our brightest young men seeking the shops rather than the offices. Brains are becoming so necessary in shops that it is considered good business to pay very highly for them, and then there will no longer be the artificial social distinctions between the man who works at a desk and the man who works at a machine.

We are not beyond the creeping stage in business. When business learns to walk, then we shall begin to learn something more about wages and probably destroy the lines that today separate wages and salaries. Every large business today pays salaries which fifty years ago would have been thought impossible; the owners then regarded all their employes simply as so many hired men who ought to be glad that they had jobs at all. There is every reason to believe that with better organization wages will travel in the same direction; provided always that we never have the foreign idea planted among us to the effect that a wage earner should think of himself as a wage earner and utterly dependent upon the will of someone for a job.

Higher Wages and Lower Costs

Everything that has been said here is taken from our own experience with wages. During 1910 we paid an average hourly rate of twenty-five cents. This dropped two cents in 1911, but in 1913 stood at twenty-six and a half cents. On January 12, 1914, we made effective the five-dollar-a-day minimum rate. This raised the average hourly rate for the year to slightly under sixty cents. In 1915 and 1916 the average rate dropped several cents, but by 1918 it had risen to sixty-seven cents. On January 1, 1919, we raised the minimum daily rate to six dollars. This made the hourly rate for that year seventy-seven cents. It reached nearly eighty-six cents during the inflation of 1920, and in 1921, adding in the bonus then paid, reached eighty-seven and a half cents. During 1922 the rate was slightly under eighty cents, but this was actually a much larger wage than in the two previous years because its purchasing power was greater. During 1923 the average was above eighty-two and a half cents per hour, and in the following year this increased by a cent, and in 1925 decreased a cent. In 1926 the average was more than eighty-five and a half cents, equaling within a fraction of a cent the wages paid in the inflated currency of 1920. This increased by ten cents to ninety-five cents in 1927, and decreased five cents during 1928. For 1929 the average was a little less than ninety-two and a half cents, and then on December 1, 1929, we increased the minimum to seven dollars a day. This brought the average hourly rate for January and February, 1930, to a fraction more than a dollar.

That is, during twenty years our average hourly rates have quadrupled. Our present average hourly rate about equals the daily rate for unskilled labor in 1910, for at that time a dollar for a ten-hour day was considered a fair wage. During this period our costs of manufacturing have steadily decreased, so that today it costs us less than half as much to make a finely and accurately machined piece of highly specialized material as it did in 1910 to make a comparatively crude piece out of comparatively crude material. These are facts and, therefore, it is not necessary to speculate on whether or not high wages can be paid.

If wages have been multiplied by four in twenty years, then they can be multiplied by more than that during the next twenty years. It was generally accepted in 1910 that industry had reached a high state of perfection, and there were those who were inclined to sit back and view it with extreme satisfaction. There are those who think that the industry of 1930 has reached a high state of perfection and who also are inclined to view it with satisfaction. These wages have been made possible not by forcing the worker, for he does less hard work today than he did twenty years ago, but by new processes, machines and materials. With this twenty-year accumulation of knowledge American industry should be able to progress much faster in the next twenty years. Therefore, wages can be expected to increase in the future at an even more rapid rate, provided the leaders of industry actually lead. If wages do not continue to increase, the fault will be a human one—it will be due to lack of intelligence.

Semiannual Pay Raises

It is never an easy matter to make a considerable increase in wages and at the same time lower prices. The reasons against such a step are always more numerous than the reasons for it. All our wage increases have been voluntary—that is, our men have never asked for a general raise. When we put in the minimum of seven dollars a day it loaded us with an additional wage payment of about $20,000,000 a year, for a raise was given to every one of our workmen, regardless of whether he was receiving above or below the new minimum. But within three months the increased interest of the workers, improved machinery and methods and an increased volume of sales, due to the low prices, brought our costs to below what they were before the wage increase went into effect.

If one waits to raise wages until a time when the costs become so low that there is a wide margin of profit on the sales prices, then one will wait forever. We have never yet raised wages at a time when the saving of the extra payments was an open-and-shut matter. In our policy no man is ever raised because he asks for more money. We put in automatic raises in pay for each man every six months.

By no means all the men improve enough to be worth their higher wages; if a man reaches a point where he is not earning his money, he may be discharged and rehired at a lower rate. Then his pay raises start up again, and it is seldom necessary to discharge him a second time, for he learns his lesson and gives value for his pay. Other men are worth the increases they get and keep on steadily advancing. We have a minimum below which no wage can fall. But we have no maximum rate and we do not reduce wages. We are always better off when the men can earn the highest rate we can pay. It is unfortunate that all men will not or cannot do that.

Shackling Business to Yesterday

It will be objected that not all services lend themselves to high wages. That is an old story. In manufacturing, the first machinery was designed to do the work in almost the same way that it had been done by hand. When we built our first automobiles we thought of them as horseless carriages and we used bodies much like those of carriages. It took a long time to learn that the automobile is not a horseless carriage. It took a long time to learn that a paint brush is not necessary in putting on paint—that the paint may much better be sprayed on. It took still longer to learn that a machine with interchangeable parts does not have to be made all in one factory and may be assembled at the point of use. It can be taken as axiomatic that any job which cannot pay high wages and discover them to be cheap wages in point of cost of production is wrong—that the work can be done in some other and cheaper way.

Gradually, and without knowing it, we are revising all our opinions on this subject. There is no reason, for instance, why a garbage collector should not be a first-class employe. But this end cannot be obtained by simply paying wages. It can be done only by taking garbage as a valuable product. We are now doing this at our British plant—which derives part of its power from burning the garbage of London.

We are increasing in understanding. Nothing, of course, is so nearly right as it should be. It is foolish to praise any present achievements as if we had climbed a pinnacle of progress. But the remedies for what is wrong are not in the hands of those who most loudly proclaim themselves our social and economic doctors. Politicians and theorists and sentimental reformers cannot help us. Shackling business with laws will not give us the liberation into economic freedom which we all desire. Most laws touching economic affairs are harmful because they try to preserve things as they are, or as they were. The law deals with a condition which yesterday became intolerable and which today is on its way into oblivion; the law thus made for the correction of yesterday's error is a hindrance to tomorrow's progress. Business changes and becomes better in its method, more social in its outlook, but the old law remains. Legislation has never created economic progress.

A View in North Cheyenne Canyon, Near Colorado Springs, Colorado

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Ford and Mr. Crowther. The next will appear in the August second issue.

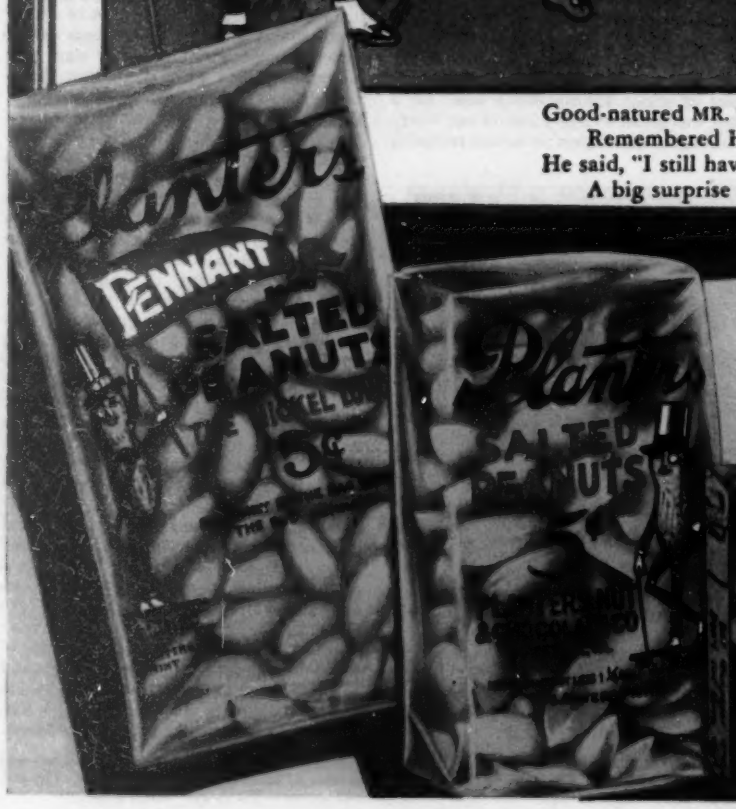
PLANTERS Give

Children love to follow
MR. PEANUT'S *adventures!*

Good-natured MR. PEANUT
Remembered Helen too,
He said, "I still have waiting
A big surprise for you."

"Jump in and take your places,
Now up we'll go again,"
So here we have their picture
Around an aeroplane.

(about ⅘ actual size)



Delicious, body-building nourishment

Try PLANTERS PEANUTS either as a special treat or a nourishing, satisfying lunch. A nickel spent for PLANTERS buys sound, wholesome nourishment for you or for your boy or girl.

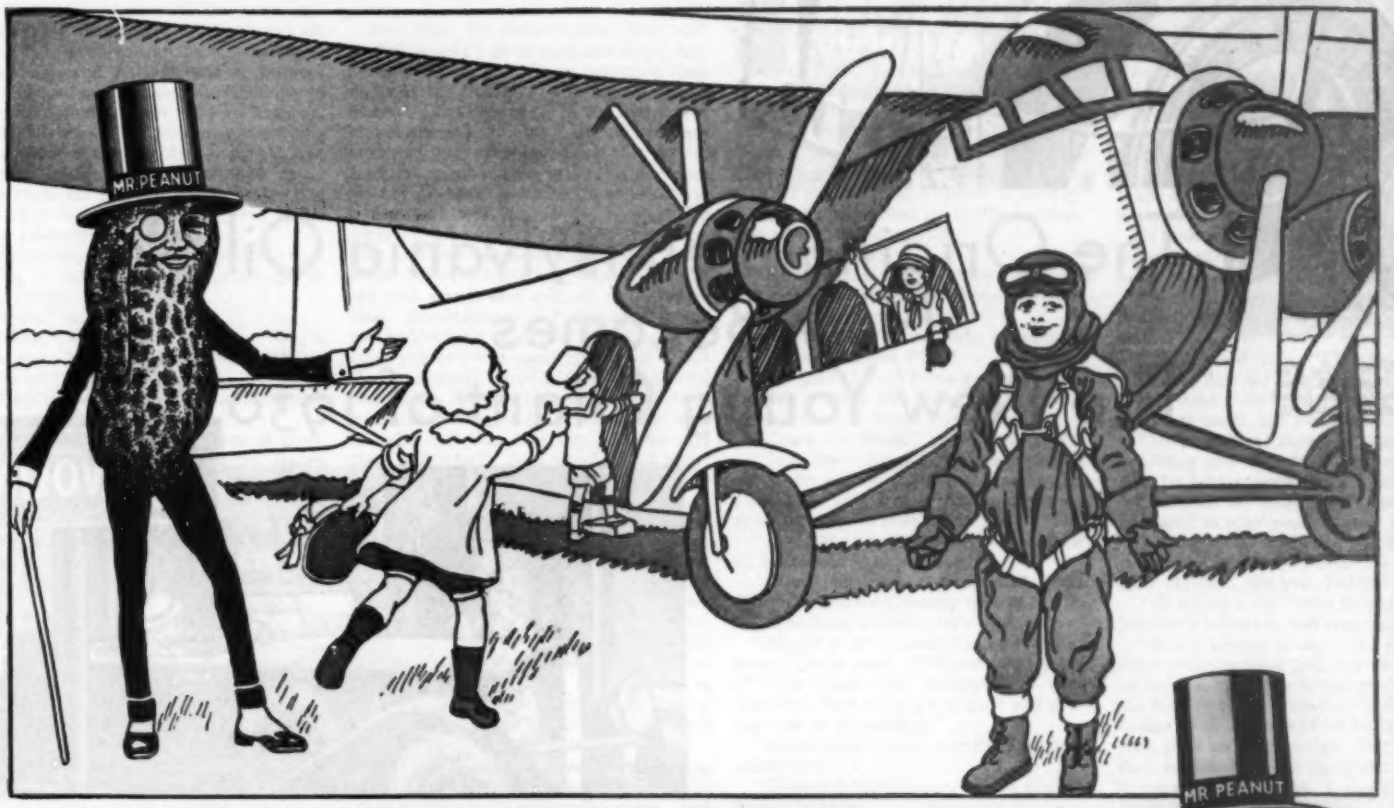
about ⅘ actual size

The NICKEL LUNCH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The largest selling peanut bar. A rare mixture of selected choice peanuts and pure wholesome candy. Just packed full of goodness.

PEANUTS

your Children *this page to color!*



Aeroplanes are becoming so numerous and so practical that it will not be long before we will all use them more to travel from place to place. Even now, regular air-lines have been established between many of the principal cities.

Do you know how useful peanuts are? They are good to eat, but they also provide a vegetable oil, used for cooking fats and for toilet soap. The shells are ground up and used to clean and polish tin-ware. But the best use of PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS is to eat them, isn't it?

Save 10 of your empty PLANTERS PEANUT BAGS *or* JUMBO BLOCK *inside waxed wrappers . . .* Get Mr. Peanut's 32-page Paint Book FREE!

YOU need send no money to get a complete, strongly made book of travel pages like these. Just mail your collection of 10 bags or inside waxed wrappers to Planters Nut and Chocolate Co., Wilkes Barre, Pa. The book will be shipped at once.

New food discoveries show that PLANTERS PEANUTS are healthy body-building food for growing boys and girls as well as for older people. They encourage thorough chewing, add fats and body-building protein to balance energy-giving sweets. Remember, PLANTERS PEANUTS are wholesome, digestible non-fattening *food*. Housewives find them handy to garnish salads or desserts, to make candy, or to serve with meals. Travelers and business men rely on them for a quick nickel lunch.

Be sure you see the picture of Mr. Peanut on every package. It is your guarantee of peanuts selected from the best of the Virginia Peanut crops and roasted and salted with extra richness by PLANTERS exclusive process.

FREE! 32 page paint book, printed in 4 colors on heavy matte surface stock.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.

SUFFOLK, VA. WILKES BARRE, PA. SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO, CAN.

An Artist's Rendering from an Actual Photograph of one of many Busch-Sulzer Diesel power plants lubricated with Valvoline

TRADE MARK REG. 1873

VALVOLINE

THE ORIGINAL PENNSYLVANIA LUBRICATING OIL

The Original Pennsylvania Oil Now Becomes The New Young Giant of 1930

What might appear to the casual reader as a somewhat flamboyant and even grandiloquent phrase, is actually a sober statement of exceeding importance to every motorist today.

Valvoline literally *is* the *original* Pennsylvania oil.

It is the oldest copyrighted motor oil brand on the market today—the fully refined product of the oldest continuous refiner of Pennsylvania oil, and the one independent that has survived the storm and stress of 64 competitive years.

It was being refined with the same painstaking care as today, from the same selected amber crude of Pennsylvania, when the great inventor-engineer, George Corliss, first used it in 1868.

Down through these more than sixty years, Valvoline has accompanied and lubricated one after another of the great mechanical triumphs—the modern steam turbine, the speed trials of British and Italian warships, the earliest automobile and aircraft motors, the engines of today's giant passenger liners on both Atlantic and Pacific.

And now the demands of the modern motor—the needs of *your* car for better, finer lubrication—lift this *original* Pennsylvania oil to a new supremacy among all lubricating oils.

The designing engineers of those fine automotive mechanisms for which Europe is so famous use and recommend Valvoline. Benz-Mercedes, Daimler, Wanderer, Hansa and Selve in Germany; Austro-Daimler and Austro-Fiat in Austria; Minerva in Belgium—they all, and many others with them, endorse the qualities of Valvoline.

As you, and millions of American motorists, turn to better lubrication for the surer, smoother, sweeter operation of your car, your inevitable respect for the word and preference of the mechanical engineers is rapidly making America's *original* Pennsylvania oil *the new young giant of 1930.*

Valvoline is sold at service stations where better lubrication is understood and practiced. Its first economy is its moderate cost—no higher than other high grade Pennsylvania oils.

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY

Established 1866

Domestic Division Offices—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles; Refineries, Warren and East Butler, Pa.

HEADED FOR THE STARS

(Continued from Page 13)

or so to jiggling about on the dance floor, Mr. ——"

"Wentworth," said Bob. "And I'll be delighted."

"Then I'll see you in the card room." And Polly's aunt retired.

"Phew!" said Bob. "Talk your arm off at the elbow. Kind of a cute old dame, at that. But isn't this a break? And won't she be surprised? And won't I kick the table over about 10:30 and drag that gal out where we can inhale about six million dollars' worth of moonlight?"

Already, in the card room, the addicts were abandoning themselves to bridge. Experts—aloof, supercilious, smoothly infallible. Tyros—tense, timid, tentative. Winners—bland, unctuous, falsely deprecatory. Losers—crouched amid the wreckage of their nervous systems. Wives with death in their hearts; husbands with the fear of God.

At a table in the corner, Polly's aunt sat with a lady of disconcerting dimensions, a joyless eye and a singleness of purpose which caused her to waive the formality of an introduction and get right to business. While Bob was still mentioning something about being charmed, Mrs. Long cut him short to inquire, frankly, just how many quick tricks his double of two indicated and just what significance, if any, was in his minor take-out of a no-trump.

"Absolutely," said Bob desperately and, turning for succor, looked into the eyes of Polly Drake.

"Hello," said Bob.

"Hello," said Polly. . . . "Oh, I know you. I met you out at Wayside."

"Polly!" said Polly's aunt.

"Forgive me, darling. Just sentimentalizing over childhood memories."

"Why, no!" said Bob. "It was at goofy Whoosit's coming-out party—the Bailey girl."

"Why," said Polly, "I didn't even remember that that was raided. I thought sure it was at Wayside. It was, because Pete ——"

"No," said Bob. "I mean where I met you."

"Oh," said Polly. "Auntie, I know you won't mind, but I've got a simply imperative arrangement to referee a moonlight putting match for enormous side bets. I know you can get Mrs. Dale for a fourth, or old Mr. Doodad—the one with the teeth."

"She's gone again," said Polly's aunt.

And so was Bob, who had practically hurdled a bridge table to catch her.

"Look here, Polly," said Bob; "what's all this Ritz about? You know perfectly well you remember me, and all about it."

"Vaguely," said Polly. "You surely can't expect me to recall all the advertising men I meet. I meet them by the dozens, hundreds, every time I go slumming."

"Well, if you don't remember me, how do you know I'm in advertising?" asked Bob reasonably.

"I can spot 'em," said Polly. "They're always working at it—after office hours, during vacations, and everybody they meet."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Bob.

"Oh, no? Well, run back to your bridge game and figure it out when you're dummy."

This was twenty minutes after eight, and at 9:45 Bob was still trying to figure it out when he saw her coming through the fog of a double-three-spade bid.

"Having fun, darlings? . . . No, don't get up. So mature of you and purposeful, Mr. Wentworth, to prefer a quiet rubber to darting about. 'By, auntie. Just stopped to tell you we're all going over to the pier to waggle a foot."

At ten minutes after eleven he sensed her beside him again.

"Still at it? Now don't let Mr. Wentworth keep you playing too late. Aunties must have their beauty sleep! Remember you can start right in again tomorrow morning. We're all going out in Bill's crazy catamaran. 'By. Don't lose your shirt, auntie."

"That was my niece," said Polly's aunt; "my own brother's child."

At five after one, Bob broke up the game by leading from the king-jack of diamonds, when a little child could have seen that by taking out dummy's spade reëntry game was stopped.

And as Mr. Teeth added up the score, whinnying, Polly appeared again.

"Incorrigibles! I'm going up to get a coat, darling, and then we're all going down on the beach and sing close harmony. . . . So juvenile and unadvertising, isn't it, Mr. Wentworth?"

And Mr. Wentworth was too enfeebled to give her anything but an exhausted glare.

Poor Bob. He couldn't figure Polly out. And he couldn't go to sleep and forget her. Surely she couldn't have forgotten that night at the Baileys'. The dances they'd danced. The dances she'd cut to sit with him in his roadster. Why, he could remember every gay, ridiculous thing they'd said. And remember the silence too—the silence most of all—when he had felt that something tremendous was happening. Something different and more unbelievably wonderful than had ever happened to anybody in the world before. Something that made you gay and scared and sad, all at the same time. Something so big and unexpected, you had to keep on saying silly things in a voice you felt was queer and choky. And that you hadn't dared to face, really, until just now. Surely that night must have meant something to Polly too. Then why had she said this, and why had she said that, and why? And why? And why? Until the sun came up, clean and red, shaking off the salt from a night in the ocean.

"There's one thi*g* sure," decided Bobby as he shaved next morning; "there'll be no more bridge. If that old lady—nice as she is—waylays me again, I'll simply say, 'Madam, I didn't come down here to crouch over a lot of cards. I came down here, frankly, to make a lot of important time with your elaborate niece. It seems she wants no part of me, but I'm going to spend the next two weeks finding out why. Anyway, bridge, for the young man, is strictly out.'"

Bob almost skulked as he left the dining room; one eye wary to evade the aunt, the other predatory to pursue the niece. But the game was hunting the hunter in this instance, for Polly herself leaped out at him from a thicket of chairs.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Wentworth," said Polly. "Isn't it just a gorgeous morning for bridge? Your gang is waiting for you on the south veranda, simply panting to begin. And, oh, yes; auntie said be sure to tell you she doesn't like a minor take-out without seven, or the tops."

"Look here," said Bob; "have you got an idea I came down here to spend my vacation monkeying around with your aunt?"

"You're darn right I have," said Polly, "and work fast, crafty."

"What?" stuttered Bob. "Here! Wait a minute!"

But Polly was gone. And Bob stood there in such a daze that when a bell boy handed him a telegram, he stuck it in his pocket without looking at it, and when old Mr. Teeth buttonholed him, he found himself on the south veranda, passing with eighty honors in hearts before he came to.

Now what in Pete's name had she meant by that?

"Double one no trump," said Polly's aunt.

Did she think he was after the old lady's money some way? Provided she had any? Did she think —— "Pass."

"He-he," snickered Mr. Teeth.

What the devil did she mean? What had he ever done? Believe me, he'd ask her, and ask her plenty. And there'd be none of this merry scuttling away either. Not if he had to throw her down and sit on her.

"Hello, auntie," said the gay, malicious voice that was rapidly driving Robert over the hills to the bug house. "I'm off. We can't get in eighteen holes this morning, so we'll probably lunch at the club. Have a good game. So glad you found your boy friend."

"Wumpf," said Bobby.

"You surely didn't mean to leave me in that no-trump double," said Polly's aunt.

"Sorry."

"Perhaps you're a trifle distraught?"

"Maybe just a trifle," said Bob. "I'll do better."

"Nice old lady," thought Bob. "I'll keep my mind on this fool game until noon, and then I'll march over to the club and snake that young lady out into a bunker somewhere and find out what this is all about."

So, at noon, he went up to the table where the foursome was lunching.

"Polly," he said, "I have a message for you from your aunt."

"How thrilling," said Polly. "I can hardly wait until we've finished lunch and another nine and had a shower to hear it."

"Your aunt wanted me to tell you now," said Bob, "and in private."

"Oooh! Secrets!"

"Now," said Bob, when they were out on the veranda, "will you sit down and promise to stay put for a minute?"

"Is this news I can't take standing up like a man?" asked Polly.

"It's just this: You've got no business making a crack like that, and I want to know what you meant by it."

"Crack like what?" asked Polly.

"Like me trying, for some reason or other, to get in right with your aunt. Cracks like you've been making at me ever since I got down here."

"It ought to be fairly obvious, oughtn't it, Mister Advertising Man?"

"What's that got to do with it? If you think I've got some measly motive or other for something or other, let's hear it."

"Maybe it isn't measly from your standpoint," Polly said. "It's just what dozens of other sleek little slickers have done. Thinking they could get in good and swing her over to advertising."

"Advertising what, for Pete's sake?" asked Bob.

"Downer's Varnish. . . . You ought to be on the stage."

"Downer's Varnish! Suffering mackerel!"

And the words of Bob's friend, the copy chief, came back to him: "A little old lady who hasn't a thing to keep the wolf from the door except a matter of some 50 per cent of the Downer stock."

Polly's aunt!

"Downer's Varnish!" said Bob. "I see now."

"And I've seen," said Polly, "ever since your friend Franklin, the sales manager, wrote my aunt his latest effusion about advertising, and mentioned the fact that a Mr. Wentworth, of the Dawes agency, had outlined a perfectly grand plan."

"Oh, yes," said Bob, "and I got hell for submitting it. Now, listen. The real reason I came to Seaview I wouldn't tell you now for a million dollars. I was put at a table with your aunt and ——"

"By arrangement," said Polly.

"And anyway, even if I did have all this dope and wanted to get on friendly terms with her before talking advertising, I don't see where that's any crime, or why you should get so steamed up about it."

"I!" said Polly. "You don't suppose I care, do you?"

"Well, then, what's all the shooting about?"

"You don't suppose I want to see my darling aunt imposed upon, do you? I think you're out of your head."

"I guess I am. But take this or leave it lay: You can think what you darn please. This was supposed to be my vacation, the two weeks during the year when I could have a little fun. And I'm certainly having it. My idea of real whoopee is playing bridge with nice old ladies. I've given up everything for it. Golf, Channel swimming, women ——"

"Oh, the bleeding hearts!" said Polly. "Anyway, I won't tell auntie on you, if that's what you're afraid of. You can play with her all you want to. Bridge or charades, or anything else that seems to be about your speed."

"You didn't seem to think that was my speed the night at Whoosit's that you seem to have carefully forgotten. Oh, listen, Polly; this is awfully silly. Listen ——"

"Good-by now," said Polly, "and all I've got to say is what I said before: Work fast, crafty."

"Now, isn't this swell?" thought Bob. "Isn't this an elegant, hot, steaming dish of something elegant? Here I come prancing down to this swell hotel with my pants all pressed and my little heart going pitty-pat, and this is what I run into. She might just as well have swung her little niblick and taken an elegant little divot right out of the back of my neck."

So Bob wandered gloomily back to the Seaview, and in reaching for a cigarette his hand encountered the unopened telegram.

"Mrs. Milliken stopping your hotel," it read. "Cultivate account Downer account."

"Well," said Bob, "I'll square myself with that nice old lady anyway."

He found Polly's aunt on the south veranda, as usual, but alone this time.

"Hello, Bobby," she said. "Surely you're not being nice enough to hunt up an aged lady for bridge again this afternoon?"

"I should say not. I'm hunting you up because I'm after your money. I'm a wolf in a camel's-hair coat. Read this."

"You didn't know I was this particular Mrs. Milliken, did you, Bobby?"

"Of course I did," said Bobby. "And if you don't believe it, ask your nutty niece."

"Nutty niece is lovely. My dear boy, I don't want to force you into an ungallant confession, but I was rather surprised from the first that you seemed to prefer to play bridge with us instead of bobbing about with your own generation. You didn't, in fact, seem to be quite the type for it. Was it because, last night, I mentioned that Polly had promised to play?"

"Maybe that was the reason last night. But now, your niece's only recommendation in my eyes is that she has a mighty sweet aunt."

"You'll go far, young man, and if the advertising situation everyone seems so concerned about was—as it was—I might change a long-cherished conviction. But your agency does not—as we of the smart younger set say—know the latest dope."

"Let's forget advertising," said Bobby. "It's humiliated me enough as it is. Here come our friends the enemy. Let's take them on again."

So they were playing when Polly arrived.

"Hello, darling," said Polly. . . . "How naïve of you to be the dummy, Mr. Wentworth."

"Run along, Polly," said Polly's aunt.

"And peddle your papers," said Bob.

"He-he," whinnied Mr. Teeth.

"Telegram for Mr. Wentworth," said a bell boy.

"Pardon me," said Bob, and read: "Miss Drake's birthday Friday. Throw party. Draw on us. Letter follows." "For Pete's sake!" said Bob aloud. "I'm sorry. I've got to leave. You'll have to excuse me."

Bob simply had to get away and dope this out. But before he doped anything he was going to settle it with the agency. And he'd address his wire right to Dawes himself. Whatever this last message meant, it

(Continued on Page 120)

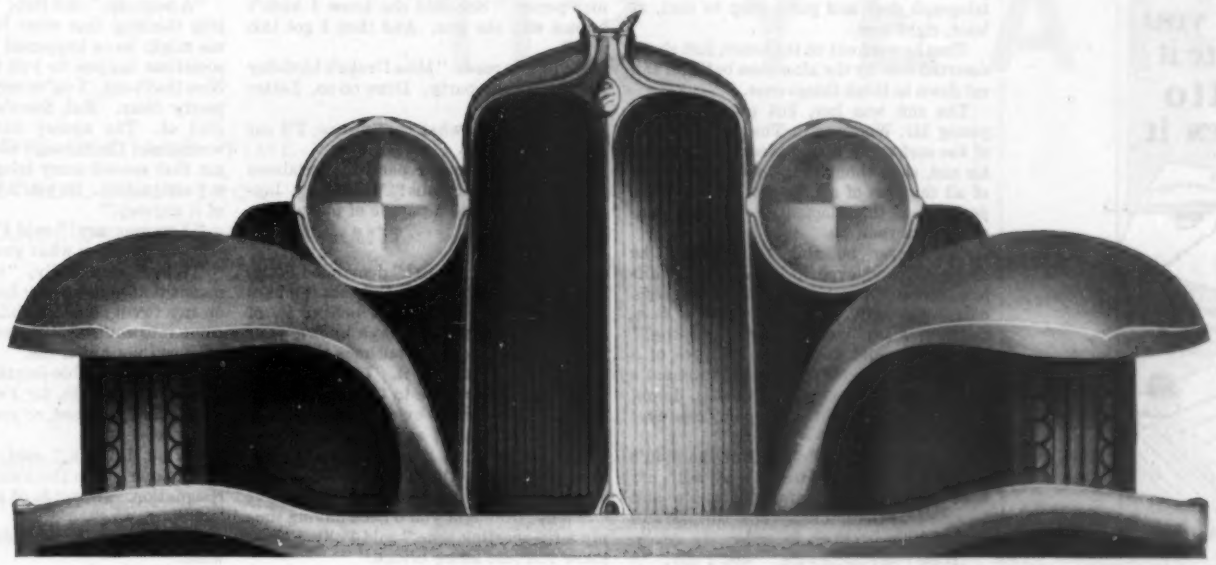
WALTER P. CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER EIGHT

A Straight Eight of silky, flashing speed. Designed, like its companion car, with extremely low center of gravity. Multi-Range Four-speed transmission. Chrysler weatherproof internal, hydraulic brakes. Four moderately-priced body styles: Royal Sedan; Convertible Coupe; Coupe with rumble seat; Roadster.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT

A sumptuous Straight Eight of breath-taking power and speed ability. Beautiful beyond words. Built to the finest standards in every detail. Four magnificent body styles: Seven-Passenger Sedan (Illustrated); Sedan Limousine; Five-Passenger Sedan; Close-Coupled Five-Passenger Sedan.



PRESENTS

TWO NEW STRAIGHT EIGHTS

ALL progress is change.
Only by change do man and the factors of his civilization move from the lower to the higher state; from the cruder to the finer development.

Our Chrysler engineers devote their lives to study, to analysis, to experimentation. And out of this constant searching and trying come the knowledge, conviction and decision that lead to progress.

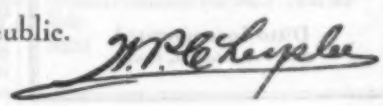
In announcing two complete lines of New Straight Eights, in addition to our lower priced Chrysler Sixes, we now register our most important change and progress—all designed, all worked for, all created to give the world better and more satisfying transportation.

In our progress there is no departure from fundamental principles.

To maintain public approbation, we must give always finer, more dependable, more dynamic car performance—must offer always greater value, as well as cars better suited to the needs of modern transport.

Thus, our latest Chryslers—the New Chrysler Eight and the new Chrysler Imperial Eight—containing as they do, outstanding engineering and style improvements—are, we believe, milestones along the course of automobile progress.

We are proud and eager to submit these cars to the inspection and test of the public.



Any way you write it Ditto copies it
MEMO
Use pencil—for memos, orders, etc. Ditto copies it!
Use pen and ink—for signatures, memos, charts, prices, forms, etc. Ditto copies it!
Use ribbon—on typewriter, billing or addressing machine—Ditto copies it!

Ditto
makes copies
direct from your original writing, typing, or drawing—no stencil, type, or carbon; several colors at once.

Apply this basic use to *any* system of forms, and you can reduce it to *one writing*—order-invoice sets, purchase-receiving systems, factory orders, payroll records, card systems, and so on.

Your savings in money and time may easily be large.

Better write us about it. Our booklet "Cutting Costs with Copies" tells the story; worth any executive's time.

Ditto Incorporated
2231 W. Harrison St., Chicago

(Continued from Page 117)

just muddied the mess, and he'd go to the telegraph desk and put a stop to that, at least, right now.

Then he went out on the beach, just about deserted now by the afternoon bathers, and sat down to think things over.

The sun was low, but no lower than young Mr. Wentworth. The sad, slow slap of the surf was a fitting accompaniment to his sad, slow thoughts. On all the shores of all the seas of all the world there was, perhaps, at this moment, no more melancholy man than he.

"I'll never be able to explain," he thought, "and even if I could, what difference would it make? She doesn't give a darn. Couldn't ever have given a darn anyway, most likely. How could she?" He, Bob, would appear, in the eyes of a wonderful girl like Polly, about as romantic as a cow on a go-cart. Just a big, dumb, splay-footed animal. Had no business ever to let himself think ——

And then he saw Polly. But she didn't see him, for she was walking by with her head in the air, humming Frankie and Johnnie, when suddenly she turned and clutched her heart.

"How you startled me!" said Polly. "I almost dropped my reticule."

"Come here, Polly," said Bob.

"It's chilly," said Polly. "You wait right there until I go and get my fascinator."

"Aw, come here, Polly."

And the surprising person came and sat quite close to him on the sand.

"I thought it was about time your agency was sicking you on me," said Polly. "Well, do your stuff. Let's hear your snappy selling talk."

"I still don't know what you're talking about," said Bob, "and I don't know why I called you over, except to say I'm leaving tonight. Not that that will interest you. And to show you this: Read this one first. Well, I showed that to your aunt. Mighty nice person. She said she knew I hadn't known who she was. And then I got this one."

And Polly read: "Miss Drake's birthday Friday. Throw party. Draw on us. Letter follows."

"If you know what that means, I'll eat it," said Bob.

"Why, it means a party!" exclaimed Polly. "How gorgeous! We'll have Japanese lanterns and a parade of pagodas on the lagoon."

"Gondolas."

"Whose party is this?" demanded Polly.

"But what's the idea? Not that it makes any difference. You won't believe it, of course, but I wouldn't have known your aunt was in the varnish business if I'd seen her drinking a can of it. Lord knows, I wasn't sent down here to talk advertising, but the fool agency evidently found out your aunt was here, and knew I'd talked with Franklin, and thought I could combine business with pleasure. Pleasure? Swell lot of pleasure I've had!"

"Why, I thought you'd been having simply a rip-snorting time," said Polly. "You know you just adore bridge."

"Bridge!" said Bob bitterly. "You know why I came down here. You knew it that night at Baileys' that I'd be bound to come tagging along after you."

"I'm no mind reader."

"You didn't have to be a mind reader. I've had 'sunk' written all over me in letters a foot high. So what's the use of pretending you didn't know it?"

"Maybe I'm just coy," said Polly.

"If that's what you call it," said Bob. "Whatever it is, you've certainly had your fun. And now you get the satisfaction of having me admit what a poor sap I've been."

"Maybe you haven't been such a sap," said Polly.

"A poor sap," said Bob; "kidding myself into thinking that what had happened to me might have happened or maybe could sometime happen to you too. About me. Now that's out. You've certainly made that pretty clear. But there's one thing I'm glad of. The agency helped get me in wrong, and I'm through with that. When I got that second crazy telegram, I wired in my resignation. So you'll believe that part of it anyway."

"You poor sap!" said Polly.

"I never know what you mean."

"Why," said Polly, "the second wire meant that your agency has found out that on my twenty-first birthday, tomorrow, I come into control of the stock that auntie has been voting for me."

"Oh, for double-jointed Jonah!" exclaimed Bob. "Oh, for Pete's sake! Now I am glad I resigned, or you'd always have thought ——"

"What I think," said Polly, "is that you'll hop right in there and withdraw that resignation. In words of one syllable, collect."

"What?" stuttered Bob. "What, what, what?"

"I mean exactly what I say," said Polly, "because if I know anything about advertising agencies, this Downer account is going to mean a very hotsy job for us."

"Us?" wondered Bob.

"Us," said Polly firmly. "What does a girl have to do around here to get a kiss—turn a handspring?"

This younger generation! These kids! Where are they headed? With a wise crack even for love! Yes, on their lips a wise crack—even for love. But in their eyes and in their hearts an immemorial tenderness.

This younger generation! These kids! Headed for the stars—as always.

Getting On in the World

Builders' Billions

FOR some thirty or forty years, publicists have been telling the world that the quickest way to revive fainting industry and jolt business out of the coma of depression is to expand and speed up operations on government buildings and public works of every description.

During the panic of 1893, such counsel was regarded with horror. The lid was clamped down tighter than ever, and the fear of initiating any new undertaking drove the situation from bad to worse. Even in 1907 fear was stronger than reason. Again "I dare not" waited upon "I would," with the result that much avoidable hardship was experienced.

During the business depression of 1921 we were wiser, and the long-recommended antidote was tried with such good effect that few enlightened persons doubted the wisdom of applying it to the situation which arose in the autumn of 1929.

The policy of Mr. Hoover and his Administration in pushing all sorts of public work to the limit during the current year needs no defense; and yet, not everyone who regards it with favor fully realizes the widespread extent to which its effects are bound to be felt. Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, in a recent address called attention to many significant facts which indicate what a mighty lever the President and Congress have at their command when business lags and industry marks time.

New building by governmental agencies and by public utilities during the current year will run up to very nearly $7,000,000,000, and may possibly exceed that figure. Government estimates of the volume of private construction, first put at $3,000,000,000, have been raised to $4,000,000,000, making the impressive total of about $11,000,000,000. Of this great sum the Federal Government will lay out upwards of $75,000,000, against $31,000,000 in 1928, for building and ground improvements. The Army-post housing program, vast flood-control works and the completion of the Mississippi main trunk and lateral waterway system will presently be in full swing.

Up to the first of April more than 1000 contracts had been let for the repair of post offices. The Navy Department is spending $2,000,000 on yards and docks, and the National Park Service is rushing plans for extensive road work. The recently signed Rogers Bill involves the expenditure of nearly $16,000,000 for new hospital facilities for veterans. The Keyes-Elliott Bill authorizes an appropriation of $230,000,000 for new public buildings over a period of ten years; and the Dowell Bill raises the appropriation for Federal highways to $125,000,000 a year. Both these measures have the President's signature.

There appears to have been excellent teamwork in Washington in the cutting of red tape and in expediting routines which often move forward at a snail's pace. All hands appear to have adopted emergency measures and to have realized the need for quick action and the avoidance of delay. The governors of the states also fell into line and coöperated with Federal authorities in completing a trustworthy forecast of impending public work all over the country.

Imposing as the expenditure of $11,000,000,000 sounds, the mere mention of that figure gives no hint of the extent to which it will spread out over the country like a golden flood. Doctor Gries, of the Department of Commerce, recently made a study of a medium-sized building in the Middle West and found that it contained products from no fewer than forty states. Every important railroad in the country had shared in the task of hauling them thither. This is a striking illustration of how funds put into building spread out and make their effects felt in regions thousands of miles away from the scene of operations.

The building trade is the chief customer of some twenty important industries. Iron and steel, stone, lumber, slate, hollow tile, terra cotta and cement, glass, copper, brass, roofing materials, paint, varnish and hardware are only some of the more obvious commodities required. Before the structure is completed, it must have heating equipment, pipes of all sorts, elevators, electric wiring and fixtures, plumbing equipment, locks, metal work and countless other items.

No sooner is a building completed than it must be furnished, and there is a call for rugs, hangings, curtains, furniture, telephones, typewriters, adding machines and all the complex and varied accessories of modern business. Much of the cost of all this gear is traceable to wages, and those wages were earned in every quarter of the Union.

All things considered, it would be hard to specify any dollar that divides itself into smaller fractions or moves farther and faster than the dollar spent on new construction. These are the characteristics which give it such mighty power to stimulate industry, to create new jobs and to put the breath of life into business.

112 YEARS

OF TROPIC-USE AND TIME-ABUSE ... THIS WROUGHT-IRON ENGINE STILL STANDS ON THE COAST OF HAITI

"THE VITAL ELEMENT" PRESERVES ANCIENT MILL

In modern sugar refineries, Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe is used for many important services.

ON THE southern coast of Haiti, in the ruins of an abandoned sugar mill, the engine built in 1818 still stands, intact and showing no signs of corrosion except slight surface effects. Its preservation is so remarkable that an official photograph for permanent records has been made by the Public Works Administration of Haiti, which is administered by Officers of the Corps of Civil Engineers of the U. S. Navy.

The *Vital Element*—iron silicate—is responsible for the century-old preservation of this engine. Uniform distribution of iron silicate throughout the metal, by puddling and rolling—250,000 and more effective corrosion obstacles to the square inch—is an exclusive characteristic of wrought-iron.

Modern recognition of the advantages of genuine wrought-iron has stimulated the whole industry in efforts to increase production to meet demand. Revival of its acceptance has been world-wide. As wrought-iron is the designate of a superior product, "Byers" imprinted in the metal is assurance of the best in wrought-iron!

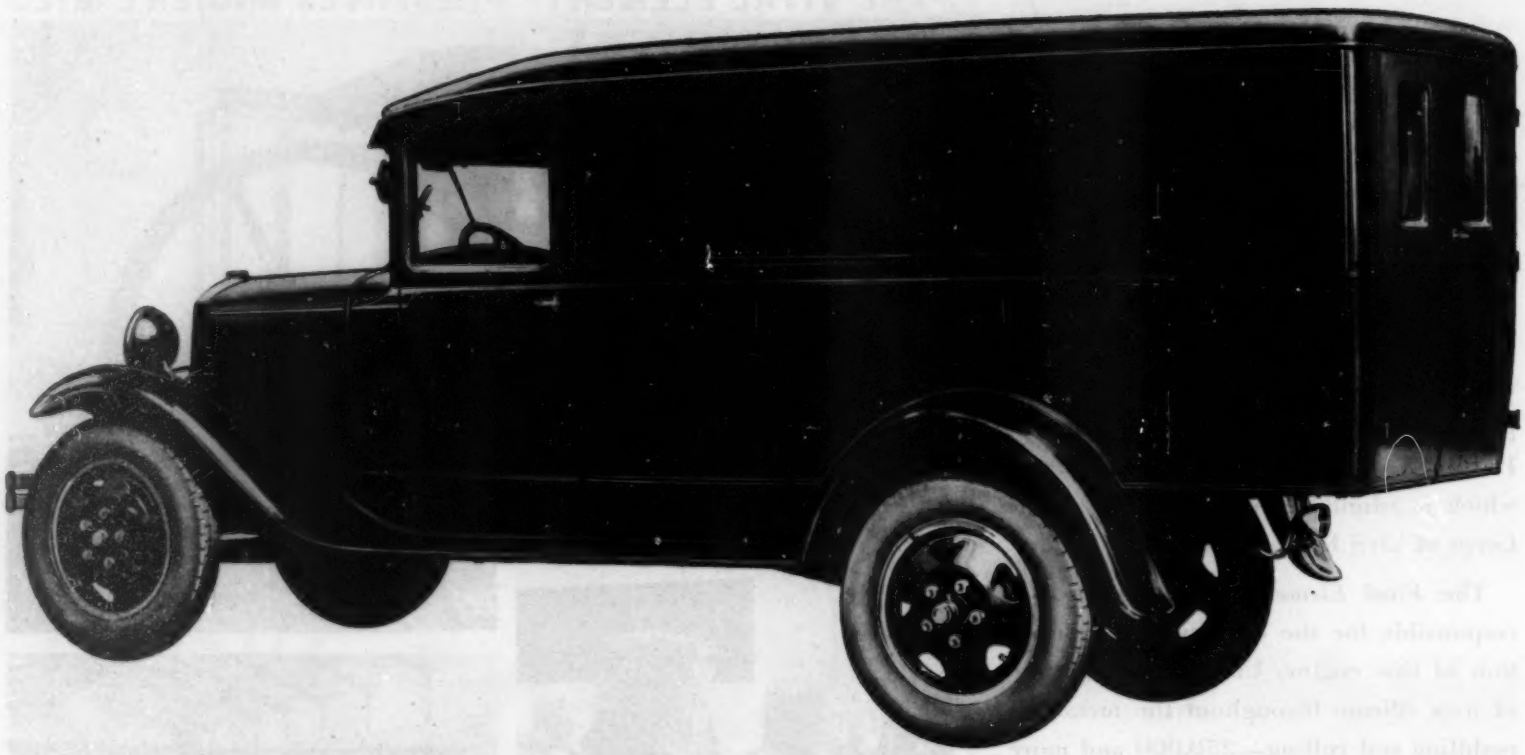
Whatever the requirements in pipe—for business building, residence or industry—the use of Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe at installation simplifies the pipe problem. No pipe of cheaper price can compare with it for service, protection and durability. Demand Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe. Look for the Spiral Stripe! Write for our booklet, "The Vital Element."

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.

BYERS GENUINE WROUGHT IRON **PIPE**

AN INVESTMENT—NOT AN OUTLAY

The Ford is a good-looking truck



Ford 1½-ton truck with panel body

THE Ford truck, with new bodies of greater beauty, is designed to be a fitting representative of your business in any community. The new radiator and hood are higher and narrower, in more pleasing proportion to the overall height of the body and cab. Front fenders meet the running-boards in a more sweeping and graceful line.

The radiator, hood, cowl and cab are unified in appearance, joining in a line which seemingly lengthens the truck, increasing the impression of fleetness. A smart-looking visor of military shape adds further to this impression.

Greater comfort for the driver is provided by roomier cabs, with wider seats. The windshields, of Triplex shatter-proof glass, operate by swinging out from the bottom. Both open and enclosed cabs are offered with the stake and platform bodies.

Valuable as these body improvements are, they are second in importance to the excellent performance, long life, and rugged strength which the Ford truck offers at low cost. Features of the chassis which contribute to these are the 4-speed transmission; the new three-quarter floating rear axle; the option of two different gear-ratios; the larger brakes; and the dual rear wheels available at small additional cost.

Panel, stake and platform bodies are standard. They are sturdy and rugged, designed to give ample loading-space. With the important new chassis features, they adapt the Ford truck for a wide variety of purposes.

Ford

More handsome appearance

Greater comfort for the driver

All-round sturdiness

Ample loading-space

THE WORLD WAR OF TALKING PICTURES

(Continued from Page 33)

France and Germany as the United Film States of Europe.

Now a new figure has cropped up, and by all the signs of show business, and provided he can continue to control capital, he will prove a factor on the Continent. His name is Natan—a small, vital man, a Rumanian Jew. After hearing so much about him, I inquired his full name; and the only response I got was: "Well, his brother's name is Emil." Monsieur Natan refers to himself only in the third person; he, obviously, appreciates the angles of showmanship.

This new factor in France formed the Pathé-Natan merger, and has just equipped, at a cost of $750,000, the studios at Joinville with American recording apparatus. He also recently bought three sound trucks of the type with which the American companies secure the new sound news-reel pictures. And there was method in his expenditure.

Monsieur Natan knows that Paris is a vital center of entertainment and publicity. He figures that if he can produce French pictures to please the Parisian, he can make Spanish versions to satisfy Spain. He will produce in Spanish at Joinville and his trucks will go forth and secure Spanish settings and color.

The Latins like their own stories, actors and speech—especially their own stories—and the Paris hallmark of acceptance is of the best. Monsieur Natan also figures, undoubtedly, that if he pleases Spain, the wide doors of Spanish America will be open to his Spanish talking pictures.

All this is sound as a dollar. If Monsieur Natan keeps up his present pace, the American producers will find him a force to reckon with in the Latin market. Other French producers—of the silent-picture days—knowing the comparatively small gross that France yields, tried to get their pictures into Great Britain and the United States. He goes the direct and easy way—to other Latin countries—and now the talking pictures make his way still more direct and easy. He is now negotiating for the Verdageur circuit of fifty-two theaters in Spain, with headquarters in Barcelona, and he will probably have them by the time this article is published. In France, when the theater throws up its hands at the cost of wiring for talkers, Monsieur Natan puts in the installation free and adds the cost to the picture rental.

A Lesson for French Producers

France, apparently, has a lesson of prime importance to learn about the business of pictures. It is this: Good pictures cannot be produced until there are good theaters to house them. In the United States the greatest impetus production ever had was the opening, in 1914, of the Strand Theater in New York, a magnificent giant then among the 20,000 little store shows of the country. True, it was a big step in the dark. Money had to be borrowed at the eleventh hour to finish it; practically no one believed it would succeed as a picture theater. But its success was amazing, and so were the consequences of its success. New companies to produce and distribute the new type of multiple-reel pictures began to function, and some old-line companies began then and there to disintegrate.

Theaters of a similar cost sprang up everywhere; since the opening of the Strand the picture-theater investment of the country has increased by at least $2,000,000,000 and the production budget has grown from a few millions a year to $175,000,000 in 1930.

The theaters of France are overburdened with state and local taxes. Instead of fighting for quota laws to keep good American pictures out of the country, France would do better by reducing taxes and otherwise encouraging the building of good theaters, which, in turn, would bring about good French pictures.

In point of numbers, the theater sphere of the Spanish language is second only to English. France, together with Belgium and large portions of Rumania, Switzerland, Northern Africa, Luxembourg, Montreal and the province of Quebec, not to mention cities such as Barcelona, Madrid, New York, New Orleans, will comprise a French-speaking population of fifty to sixty million.

Italy, like Spain, is about six months behind France in its grasp of the audible picture. There are to date no more than thirty houses wired for sound, and these are having a difficult time of it to secure talking pictures that are acceptable and permissible. Mussolini has now ruled that no English talking pictures can be admitted into the country, and songs in English are little less favored.

Italy's future, with respect to pictures, seems to be largely in the hands of Premier Mussolini and of Stephano Pittaluga, who controls 110 theaters, including the larger ones of Rome and other cities, and who has been the picture magnate of his country for the past ten years. His producing studios in Rome are now equipped with sound-recording machines. In the early days of motion pictures Italy sent to this country Quo Vadis, Cabiria, and Last Days of Pompeii—the first pretentious pictures this country had from any source. Since that time no pictures of international circulation have been made.

Sound Films Backed by the Duce

As the situation stands today, Italy will have to depend upon pictures made in Italian by Germany, France, England and the United States, or perhaps by companies from these countries working in Italian studios. The future may tell another story. Mussolini is enthusiastic over the new vehicle, and he is serious. Recently he went to London with a commission to test the American sound recording. He sat in the rear of the balcony of a London theater and heard the voices of Tito Schipa and others. As a result, he told Pittaluga that he would back the Italian production of sound pictures to the limit of his resources. It has been intimated that he would call back to Italy her noted singers in opera. Italy's production sphere for its own language pictures is practically limited to its national population of 41,000,000 people.

In recent years Germany has produced more pictures acceptable to the American market than any other European country. Her theaters are way ahead of those of France, and since the war Berlin has grown to equal, if not exceed, London in importance as a film capital. Germany knows the importance of export trade; and the two largest German producing companies, UFA and Emelka, have fully equipped studios and are busily at work turning out talking pictures in English, French, Spanish and Italian. A recent and successful picture, The Blue Dream, was directed by Josef Von Sternberg, an American director, and stars Emil Jannings, who won much acclaim in this country in silent pictures. He left Hollywood for Germany when the talkers arrived. An English version of The Blue Dream will be sent here. The advance notices refer to Jannings' "Brooklyn accent," but, since the eminent actor left Brooklyn as a seven-week-old infant, too much cannot be expected of this.

With 63,500,000 in Germany, 7,500,000 in Austria, 3,500,000 in Czecho-Slovakia, a major portion of Switzerland, and a preference for German over other foreign languages in Scandinavia and the Baltic states, the German talking picture has a large field of usefulness. Because of patent warfare at home, Germany is backward with its sound-picture development. Not more than 250 theaters have been wired so far.

The large parent electrical companies of the United States made it possible for their subsidiaries, manufacturing studio and theater sound equipment, to protect their licensees and customers in all countries abroad except Germany. There the patents are in the twilight zone.

Siemens and A. E. G.—Allgemeine-Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft—joined together and formed a sound machine company called Klangfilm. The smaller, independent companies formed Tobis for the same purpose. There was much legal warfare before Klangfilm and Tobis united. The combination was successful in excluding American talking pictures and machines. Now they have made a deal with Warner Brothers, pioneers in the talking-picture field and allies of Electrical Research Products, the subsidiary of the Western Electric Company.

It might be surmised, offhand, that Germany was utilizing its patent hold to foster its picture-production interests. That is not the case, however. The government has kept its hands off. The electrical interests evidently want immediate money for their holdings, not ulterior power. Revising only their single interests, they have retarded, not helped, their natural allies, the German picture studios.

Germany, however, will be heard from in the talking-picture war. The producers are apt at picture technic; they are enterprising. As business men they are schooled in the ways and ends of export trade. Germany has developed many women stars; England very few. Berlin has many stage artists, competent leaders in the new things of the theater; plenty of able writers who know both the Continental and the Anglo-Saxon taste for stories. It is, perhaps, significant that a German writer in Hollywood, Hans Kraly, won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' medal this year for the best American picture story, and that a German director, Ernst Lubitsch, is one of the ablest of Hollywood producers.

The German language has practically no dialects—a great advantage to talking pictures. The Spanish language, as a comparison, varies greatly in Mexico, Cuba, Central and South America; and there is much pride of language in each of these countries. Germany may do much, through its talking pictures, to promote the use of its language as a form of national propaganda throughout the countries east of the Rhine. German is forbidden today in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, although it has heretofore been the language of business in the cities of these nations.

The Problem of the Small Nations

We have thus far considered only the English, French, German, Spanish and Italian languages. From the standpoint of pictures, these are the major languages. And they must always remain so. It is not possible to make good pictures for small-population countries, but it is going to be difficult to make this fact generally understood. In Europe's thirty-four countries, excluding Russia, there are thirty-one languages. Bulgaria, Greece, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, Portugal, Turkey—all are going to be disturbed at having to hear another language upon their screen. There is already an outcry against the English talking pictures; yet, as everywhere, the populace want the new audible entertainment. The various governments concerned will have to consider the tense problem of just in what language the masses should and may be entertained.

The combined market for English speaking pictures is, in revenue, by far the greatest field open to the world's producers. The two logical competitors for this rich yield are the United States and Great Britain. But whether or not Great Britain can produce talkers successfully for this and the world market is still an open question.

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Comparatively few British silent pictures have been openly successful at home; practically none has ever made a flurry in the world market. The situation may change with talking pictures. With famous playwrights and actors renowned for finished stage presence and enunciation, Great Britain has undoubted resources. But success with the stage does not mean success with pictures. Talking pictures are pictures still. And, somehow, Great Britain does not seem to have a picture mind from a creative standpoint.

They don't like to be told this—especially by Americans. American film men who have gone to London and been banqueted by the trade there seemed to think they were called over to tell their grateful British brethren just how to make, distribute and show pictures. Some were simply naïve about it; others plainly boastful; most of them were irritating to a degree. The chances are, however, that if you get to know a London picture man very well and let him do his own talking, he will at length confide in you his gloomy belief that Britain is more calculated to make ships than pictures. Probably the American producer has a more cosmopolitan viewpoint. That is important. But, also, he plunges; and a successful picture producer must be a prodigious gambler.

Journey's End is a case in point. When this excellent British play caught on in London, a British producer told his American director he expected to buy the picture rights.

"But," said he, "the price is outrageous. They are asking £2500."

"Better grab it," advised the American, used as he was to Hollywood's extravagance.

The price went to £5000.

"Now it's out of the question," said the producer. "They will open it in New York. It will fail there."

But Journey's End took New York by storm, and road companies were planned. The price rose to £10,000. Morris Gest secured a short option at £15,000, expecting to turn it over for at least £25,000. He couldn't move it in time, however, and on the day his option expired some London film men gathered at luncheon, wrote out checks totaling £16,000 and closed the deal an hour later. The British newspapers hailed the event and lauded the purchasers as patriots.

Translating the Talkies

An American firm, however, joined the British outfit, and the picture was made in Hollywood. Which brings up another element. In production resources, within and without their studio walls, the Hollywood producers are so far advanced over the London studios that comparison is futile. It is the difference between a great shipyard and an attempt at one. Until these discrepancies are leveled, the English-speaking countries will prefer American-made pictures. Canada does, and here's the report of Australia, just issued: In 1929 Australia imported 31,842,000 feet of American film as against 4,230,000 feet of British. And the Australian powers are not keen about the American film interests, or about the American talking-picture machines. They put a duty on the latter of 30 per cent, raised it to 70 per cent, and now it is 105 per cent. American representatives have just arrived in Australia to ask the reason for this confiscatory tax.

The first audible pictures that went forth from Hollywood for world consumption were, happily, more singing than talking pictures. The picture action told the story intelligently. So great was the novelty and so vivid the new dramatic effect that the foreign-tongued audiences of Montreal, Havana, Mexico City, Buenos Aires, Tokio and the European capitals expressed their approval immediately. Even Rome has, just recently, acclaimed The Singing Fool, Mussolini having removed from this one picture his ban against English-speech pictures.

As dialogue crept in and was more relied upon to express the story, Hollywood resorted to the expedient of superimposing upon the film the translation of the English words. Then a new trick called dubbing was tried. Taking the silent versions, translations were cleverly made to match the speakers' lips and recorded upon the sound track. This went quite well with some comedies; in fact, dubbed comedies are even now featured upon the bills of European and South American theaters. But dubbing did not do for the finer characterizations of the dramatic feature. It was ridiculous, for instance, to hear a German longshoreman speak with all the correct words and inflection of a professor of languages at a California university.

The next step was to assemble a cast of Spanish or German talent and make the foreign version along with the English, using the same sets and following the English continuity and dialogue. But trouble popped up thick and fast. Mexican Spanish, it was found, will not do for the other countries of Spanish America. Nor will Castilian do. The Spanish of the theater was wanted, but where were its speakers, writers, directors? An army of salary hunters eagerly arose and plausibly offered its services. But who was to decide who was who and what was what?

Making Pictures in Five Languages

Again, the casting of dramatic pictures is a deft and important matter. For its 500 feature pictures a year, with their several thousand parts, Hollywood can pick and choose from five times as many skilled players as are used; and there is an ever-ready army of 17,000 extra and bit people. Though the studio city is cosmopolitan to a degree, the foreign artists here at the present time are inadequate in numbers.

Ernst Lubitsch, famous in his own country as he is here, will not do a German version of his present picture, Monte Carlo. He might import his two leading players from Germany, but he needs many players from whom he can cleverly fill those small character parts that distinguish his work.

Then there's the matter of cost. The foreign version of the silent picture, needing only translated title and subtitles, was a simple by-product of the big home market; too simple, in fact, for the American producer has been woefully remiss in his regard for his foreign market.

The foreign version of the silent picture was merely a matter of extra prints; with the talking picture it becomes a new or remade production. The question is: Will France, Germany or Spanish America return the cost of a foreign picture made in Hollywood, allowing it half the average cost of the quality American picture, or about $150,000? Experience with the silent-version market says, "No." Talking pictures—especially right now—will yield much more, but will they yield enough?

A Trout Stream in California Mountains

Hollywood is going right ahead with its foreign-version activities. One studio is fearlessly making a picture in five languages, all on the same sets; and, regardless of cost, a Buster Keaton picture is being made all over again in Spanish. Adolph Menjou is at work in Spanish and French versions—and successfully so, in all probability. Marlene Dietrich, a German star, is here, appearing in foreign versions of Paramount on Parade. Eleven more eminent recruits from the Paris and Berlin stage have just arrived; American scouts, now scurrying about the Continent, will send many more to Hollywood. Foreign versions of The King of Jazz have gone abroad, as will also those of other productions considered especially suitable for the foreign market.

But Hollywood is sharply divided today upon the general subject. One studio says that Hollywood, with its greatly superior producing resources, is the logical seat of production; and even goes so far as to say that its famous stars will speak in foreign languages and be lauded abroad for their efforts. The latter is decidedly open to question; and, if so, the further question arises: Will the famous stars of the American picture, many of whom, like Fairbanks and Lloyd, are household names abroad, be limited now to the English-speaking world?

Another studio says their foreign versions must be produced abroad, both from a standpoint of cost and quality. Professional salaries and studio labor in general are much lower. As for casting, there is an ample personnel. Studios could be maintained in London or Berlin, or in both centers, with casting directors in each city and in Paris and Madrid. After the English-speaking versions are finished, the print of the picture, together with the script, could be sent to the European studio and a copy made in each foreign language, true to the Hollywood technic and at lower cost.

All Civilization Involved

Each camp in the controversy talks of pooling resources; it is pretty well recognized that the cause at stake is that of the entire American producing industry. Cooperative effort would support large stock companies of players in Hollywood; just so it would divide studio overhead abroad.

There is one important lesson for the American producers to learn, if they will. Because the silent foreign versions cost little, they glutted the European market with pictures. There was little, if any, discrimination about demand. Now, the fact is that the Continental nations like our spectacles, comedies, Western and underworld dramas, and certain other definite types of pictures, but in the way of program pictures in general, and especially the triangle-plot pictures, they much prefer their own stories and acting. With talking pictures and the cost of them, the American producers will do well to make careful selection for foreign versions.

A world war is on—of talking pictures. The issue at stake is not the fortunes of any country's film industry. The issue is nothing more or less than the cultural progress of the world. The influence of the new machines of sight and sound upon the world's mass millions may not be minimized.

Hollywood does not take its status overseriously; probably not seriously enough. Today the studio city is the seat of the world's picture entertainment. No doubt about that. And in the new struggle for talking-picture supremacy, however intricate the problem, Hollywood will count heavily; if highly successful, Hollywood will prove, as never before, a potent factor in shaping civilization.

A dream it may be, but perhaps not too ethereal—the thought that Aryan civilization, ever westward in course and today at its final barrier, the Pacific Coast of America, is to flower here in its greatest era of intellectual development and art expression.

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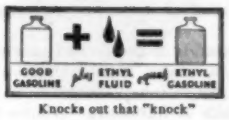

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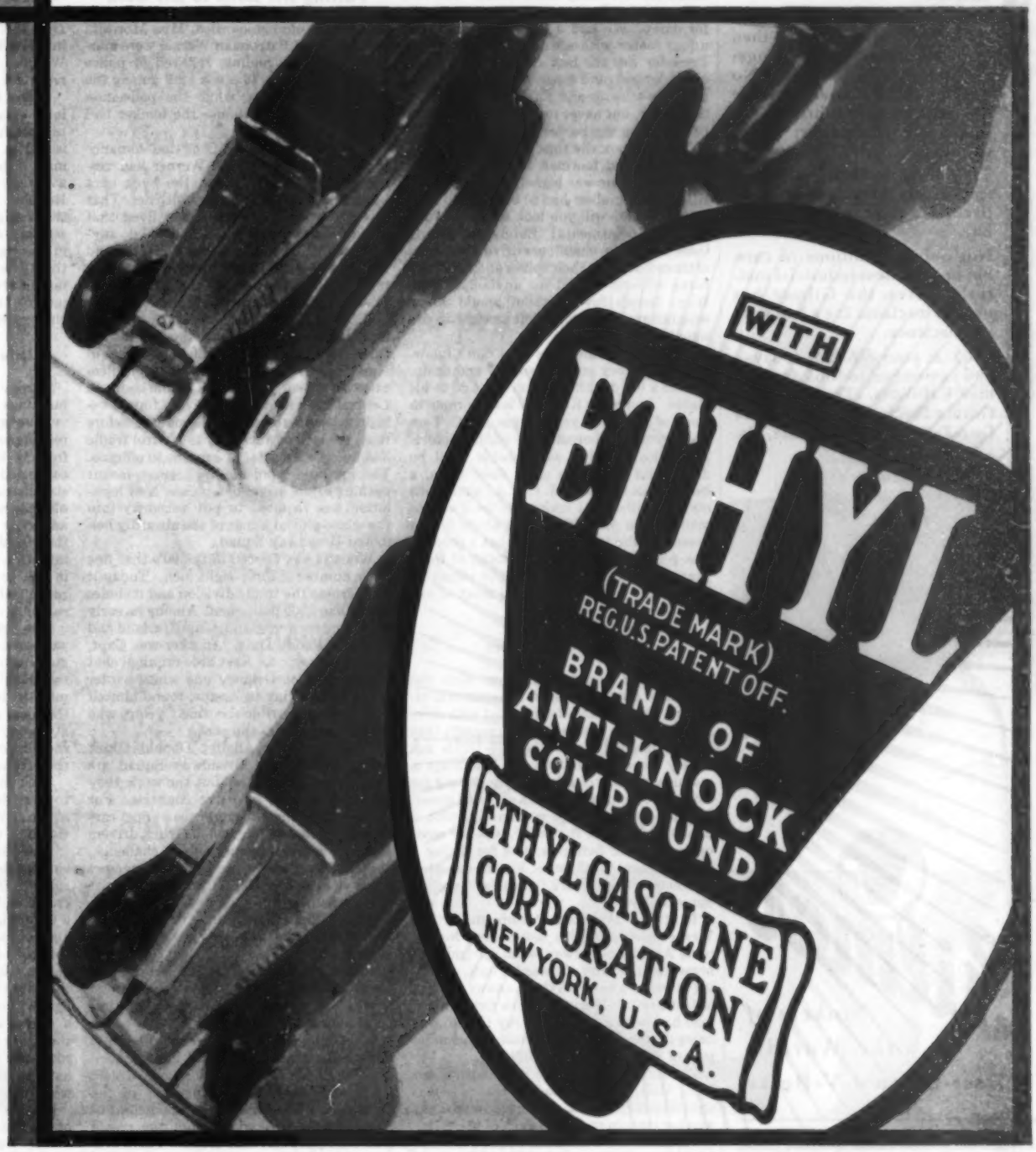

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CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

CITY HORSES

(Continued from Page 17)

were that careful of ourselves and our manners, you can imagine what was done with the horses and carriages.

"If a horse had a white stocking it had to be kept white with bluing and cornmeal. Sometimes it was necessary to keep pants on them to avoid stains. It cost twenty dollars a month to feed each animal the best of oats, timothy hay and bran. Shoeing was another fifteen dollars, including the rubber pads made necessary by the asphalt. Harness cost up to $375 a set. The horses themselves would be fair ones at $1500 a pair.

"Gibson, the dealer, kept the best sales stable, in Fifty-first Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. It's a garage now. When a new pair was needed, Mrs. Plant would sit in her Fifth Avenue window and watch as they were driven past. If they pleased her she'd nod and then take a drive behind them. She'd never see the bill or ask the price. Her secretary would attend to such matters.

"If she went shopping she would hire a vehicle. Her own blue brougham was never taken below Twenty-third Street. The victoria was for fine weather; the brougham for damp. We had a vis-à-vis, which was a four seater with a white canopy over it. Brewster was the best carriage builder, in my judgment, and she would go to his place at Forty-seventh and Fifth Avenue to look them over, but never to a horse yard. You had to bring the horses to her.

"On the box the tops of the hats of the coachman and footman had to be plumb level, and if one was higher than the other, sitting, the smallest had to be built up with a pad. Where will you look today for such care in appointments? Surely not among these things the chauffeurs drive while most of them lounge on their spines and toot their horns without regard for anybody at all. Why, there's few of them would know whether you were going left or right if you signaled with a whip.

"What's become of us all, I don't know. I see Dan Hoey on the box now and again, but for a word with him you must go to his stable. Lawrence Kennedy is a doorman in front of a Fifth Avenue shoe store. Tom Slattery is the doorman at a clothing store. John Doyle had a sales stable until he died about five years ago Here I am, a kennel man for the A. S. P. C. A., along with my son Bill that I trained to be a coachman. When Mrs. Plant died about fifteen years ago she left me $5000 that I thought was going to last forever, instead of three years, as it did. The horses have vanished, and all the fine turnouts and most of the decent manners with them."

One of the Finest

Runaways became epidemic with the advent of automobiles. A runaway was always a natural hazard connected with driving, but the automobile increased that hazard manifold. In this day it is not widely remembered how much damage a maddened horse could cause by bolting for three or four miles through a crowded street. Twenty-five years ago a runaway, with a banker's daughter in danger, was the common device of fiction writers for lifting a penniless hero to affluence. For the mounted policemen of New York "runaway" spelled opportunity.

In 1906, Mounted Patrolman Arthur Werner was riding his horse along the Jerome Avenue Speedway when a frightened horse tore past him. It was his luck, galloping in pursuit, to catch the runaway in sight of Giovanni P. Morosini. This rich banker, who had been a partner of Jay Gould, was being driven in a spider phaëton, behind a pair of trotters, by his daughter.

In that same year the newspapers said Miss Morosini had boasted that she was spending $200,000 a year for clothes. It was her custom to attend each of the eighteen sessions of the horse show, and she never appeared twice in the same costume; and that was the young lady who thanked the mounted policeman for having skillfully guided the runaway out of the path of her chestnut road team. They met often after that on the Speedway. Sometimes she was driving what was called a spike team—a third horse harnessed in front of a pair. If Mounted Patrolman Werner touched his hat as she passed with three horses hitched abreast, he could be sure they were different animals from those that appeared in the spike team, though all were chestnuts. The dog that sometimes rode beside her on the seat of the basket-weave phaëton wore a five-thousand-dollar collar.

In winter Miss Morosini sometimes acknowledged the policeman's salute from a nest of leopard skins, in a Russian sleigh drawn by three horses in leopard-skin harness, their chestnut rumps covered with complete leopard skins. On other winter days she appeared in sealskins, in still another sleigh; but if so, the horses were held to their duty by a sealskin harness.

Putting His Back to His Work

After the old banker died, Miss Morosini and Mounted Patrolman Werner were married. His bay gelding, relieved of police duty, went to live in a box stall among the Morosini chestnuts, while the policeman moved into the big house the banker had built.

In subsequent accounts of that romance it was often stated that Werner had rescued Miss Morosini from the back of a horse that was running away with her. That was not true. The horse never lived that could run away with her. She could do anything with a horse that a man could do, and that was at a time when many women were reluctant to drive because of a fear that the practice would enlarge their hands.

In that year when Miss Morosini found romance, galloping along the Speedway, there were approximately 200,000 horses in New York City and a serious traffic problem existed. As early as 1904 a traffic count in Central Park showed that every fourth vehicle was an automobile. Sometime before that, the lack of authority to control traffic had become a matter of concern to officials. The upraised hand of a policeman meant nothing to the driver of a horse. New legislation was required to put authority into the white-gloved hands of the absurdly helmeted Broadway Squad.

When it was formed in the 90's that fine body numbered forty-eight men. Today it has become the traffic division and includes more than 2500 policemen. Among its early commanders were Candy Jack Garland and Sergeant Paddy Oats. Another was Capt. John Delaney. An East Side criminal shot out the eye of Delaney one white winter night, but, trying to escape, found himself pursued by a terrible shooting Cyclops who would not give up the chase.

Delaney, Tony Allaire, Donald Grant and others of the Broadway Squad are legendary figures, now that the work they initiated extends into five counties. For them traffic meant more than fine carriages. It meant pugnacious truck drivers to whom every crossing was a challenge. It meant clogged streams that never moved more than four miles an hour. It meant many chances for gallantry and genuine heroism. The gallantry may be recalled by an order it was necessary to issue from headquarters. This ruled that under no condition should a member of the Broadway Squad take hold of any person's arm to lead him or her across the street, unless that person should be blind.

Patrolman Schoppmeyer should be hero enough for anyone. A small boy on a bicycle had been run down by a horse-drawn truck and was pinned under one of the heavy rear wheels, when the broad chest of Schoppmeyer pressed through the crowd and crawled under the truck. There was only one way to release the small victim. The truck had to be lifted. On hands and knees, Schoppmeyer placed himself as a human jack beneath the low rear axle. Then he arched his back until his eyeballs seemed ready to pop from his head. Other hands lifted the boy, and then Schoppmeyer fell on his face in the muck. He had fractured his kneecap and was from that day on a cripple.

There are only 50,000 horses left in New York City today. The bulk of them are engaged in heavy hauling. There are some riding animals for the Park, exactly four carriage horses, half a dozen open-face hacks, and 360 mounts in the police department. No matter what becomes of the others, the police-department horses will remain, certainly, for many years to come.

Deputy Police Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt told me recently that there were certain emergencies in which a police horseman could function better than a squad of policemen on foot, better than men in automobiles or on motorcycles. When he told me this we were standing on the weather-worn veranda of a small green shelter house on the north side of Union Square. For this May Day the structure had been transformed into a field headquarters for Commissioner Whalen, his staff of inspectors and many reporters.

Many thousands of people had gathered in the plaza—so many, indeed, that we on the platform could fancy ourselves on an island in a lake of humanity. Above the mass of heads were banners emblematic of a variety of military service given to the Republic. Brass horns of bands flashed in the sunlight. It was all part of a demonstration of the survival of that loyalty which in the past had caused these men to risk their lives for their country. But they were not an army now; they were a crowd subject to that curious phenomenon of psychology which is called the crowd mind.

Little Crowds From Big Ones

Across the square the façades of old buildings flaunted a red challenge. Subversive words lettered in black on white rectangles of cloth kept company across the front of those buildings with legends that concealed inflammatory meanings in Russian characters. Festoons of blood-red cloth offered the worst irritation. All this was to advertise an alien demonstration that was then forming in a near-by square, with the intention of moving into Union Square later in the day. This meant that New York contained simultaneously two crowd minds ruled by conflicting emotions.

The same rule of common sense that would require the separation of matches and gunpowder was the reason for keeping these two hostile groups apart. A police arrangement with the leaders of each provided that the mass of former soldiers should disperse at two o'clock and that the other mass should not appear before three o'clock in the afternoon.

This gave a margin of one hour in which to provide for civic peace by clearing the square. What guaranty existed that this would or could be done?

The guaranty was a squadron of police cavalry drawn up in long ranks on the west side of the square. For transforming a crowd unit into a swarm of individuals with a minimum of effort there never has been, and probably never will be, a better device than well-trained policemen on well-trained horses. In any city which maintains them they are the best possible form of insurance against rioting. When all the individuals in a crowd are made to feel concern about their toes and their hats, there is very little room left in their minds for whatever may have seemed important to them while they were mentally coalesced.

On this day there was an orderly dispersal of the first crowd. Mounted policemen who

(Continued on Page 129)

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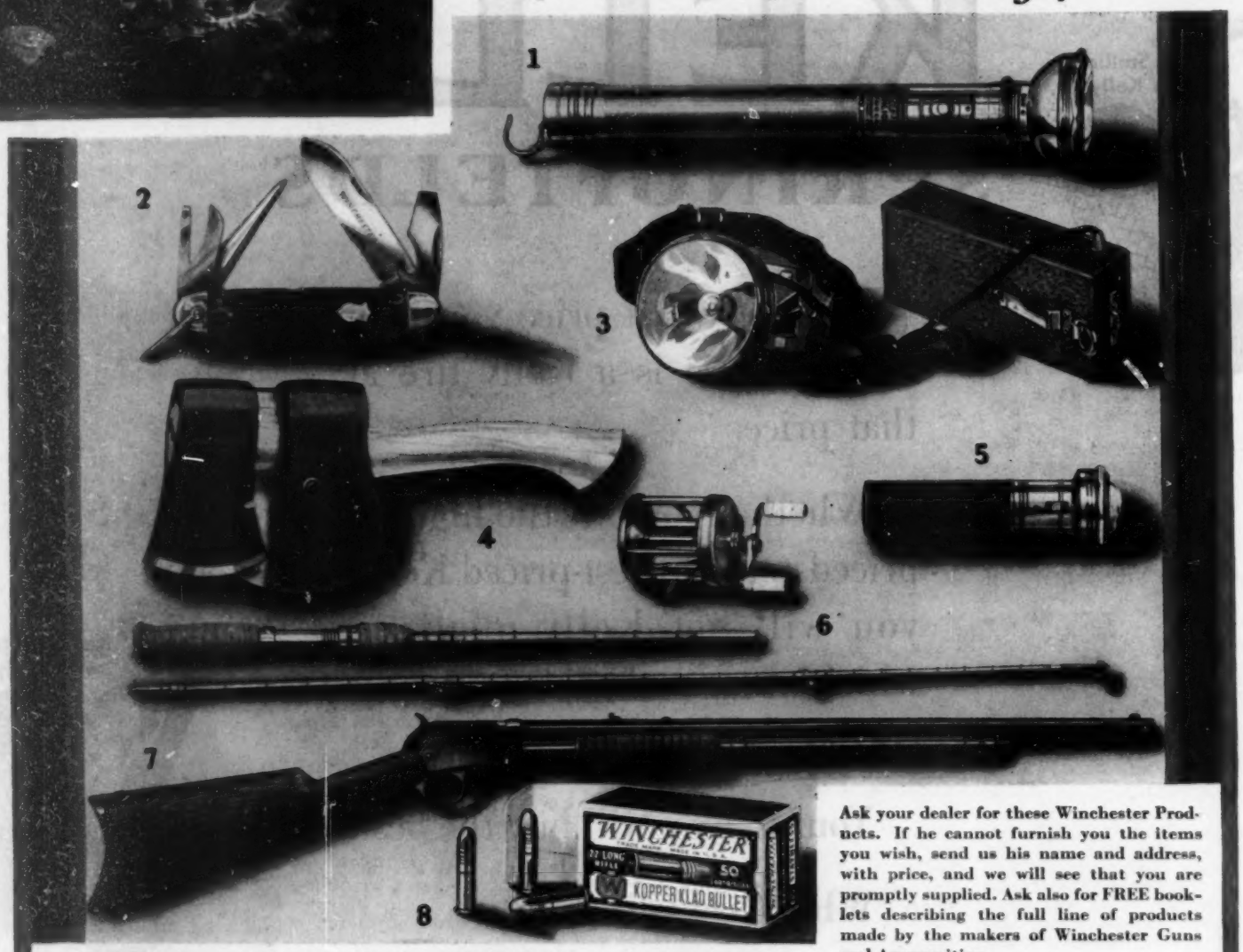

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(Continued from Page 126)

were entirely in sympathy with the sentiments that had caused it to gather transformed it unobtrusively; first into several large groups; then into clusters; and finally into sidewalk currents that vanished into the earth by way of subway kiosks. The thing happens so often in the city that it is little appreciated. It is a special kind of broom, of which the whisks are horses' legs—a broom that can sweep away a crowd, whether it is good-natured or irritable.

It was Acting Captain Thomas Byrnes who explained some of the tricks to me. For the demonstration he had saddled Walker, a bay gelding, sixteen hands high, and handsome enough to be a general's charger. Within that animal fraternity where Walker dwells, the horses are all bay geldings, and well behaved, but they are not alike. They have vanity, courage and intelligence in the varying proportions that make human character the complex thing it is. The top floor of the five-story building which shelters the first squadron in Tenth Avenue is a locker room for those who ride Walker and his fellows. It is a place as rich with horse legends and the dogmatism of horsemen as, let us say, the locker room of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club. The shadowy floors below are filled with stalls, each bearing a name and a number. Each stall is the address of a police horse.

Because they are city horses they have to submit to some of the inconveniences of city life. One of these is the necessity of descending as many as four steep ramps, carpeted with overlapping lengths of old fire hose and cleated with strips of wood.

"He wouldn't show off upstairs," apologized Walker's rider at the street level, "because he felt there was no sense in it."

"Maybe he was self-conscious with all the other horses watching," I suggested.

Horses With Horse Sense

"Maybe," agreed Acting Captain Byrnes, and swung himself into the saddle. "Now, there is one helpful thing about taking a horse into a crowd, and that is the crowd's fear of the horse. Suppose I drive at them in an automobile or on a motorcycle. They know well enough that I have the machine under control. They know I'll stop before I hit them, and so they stand fast and make me stop; but when a man on a horse clatters among them, they are not so sure the horse is under the man's control. As a matter of fact, there could not be more perfect control of any mechanism than that which a competent mounted policeman exercises over a well-schooled police horse. Yet is a part of the game for the horse at such times to seem unmanageable. It is because the crowd thinks it is going to be stepped on that it gives way. Ten men could not force them to give way so quickly as one horse when he swings his haunches from a forehand pivot. With reins and legs, man and horse are linked as one intelligence."

"Suppose your crowd contains stubborn individuals who realize your horse is not going to hurt them. Then what?"

"Why, then we knock their hats off. Watch now."

Obediently Walker sidled toward me, and when I failed to give way, he brushed my hat from my head as deftly and with as much pleasure in that mischievous thrust of his muzzle as if it were all part of an enjoyable game—enjoyable, that is, for Walker.

"You never saw the man that wouldn't be more concerned about his hat than his rights," explained Walker's rider.

Young horses in the New York Police Department, after twelve weeks' schooling under Sergeant James Gannon, are advanced in responsibility as slowly as the men who ride them. Partnerships between man and horse sometimes continue for ten or fifteen years. It is such an association that existed between Maxim and the mounted patrolman who rode him. They came to understand each other so well that rarely would you have seen Maxim with both ears cocked forward to catch the noise of Times Square traffic. Almost invariably one ear was back, so that no word from the rider would be lost. Those words were not orders. Orders were given with hands and legs. The words were conversation.

Traffic policemen will tell you that Maxim could do everything but write a ticket. Nothing that appeared in the continuous pageantry of New York streets could excite him. In twenty years of police-department service Maxim's brown eyes had seen and appraised a lot of changes in the traffic current. Frank Bacon once fed him sugar, and so did ladies of the chorus. He never had to worry about his figure. Eight hours a day on New York asphalt, even for horses shod with rubber pads, is a lot of exercise. It was not all walking, either. Many times he extended himself at a four-beat gallop in pursuit of some mad horse made neurasthenic by the city clamor; at times he took after criminal automobile drivers and other fugitives. These adventures probably helped to keep Maxim and his rider youthful, but that matter of age is poorly adjusted to the friendships of horses, men and dogs. When his rider was not even thinking of age, that treacherous condition had crept upon Maxim.

Department records, indisputable, proved more certainly than the vacant places in his jaw that he was an old horse of twenty-seven years. There were sunken places over his eyes, and what would be called ankles in a human were disposed to an increasing condition of tenderness. Sometimes the old fellow snorted pathetically as he surged up the steep ramps that led to the straw-covered floor of his stall. His back was sensitive too.

It was his back that forced Maxim's rider to report him unfit for duty not so long ago.

"He's just needing a couple of days' layoff," explained Maxim's partner.

"Sure, sure," agreed the squadron commander.

After two days, though, it was clear to all three of them that it was more serious than that. Maxim snorted and winced even when the gentle hand of his friend swept along the swollen back. Something was wrong with his spine. The veterinarian, summoned tactfully during the absence of Maxim's rider, expressed an opinion.

The following day the squadron commander was curt in his insistence that traffic must be kept moving around the Pennsylvania Station by an officer with precisely the experience and ability of Maxim's rider. Even so, this mounted patrolman fooled around in Maxim's stall for a considerable time before he put his saddle on another animal and rode forth to duty, the victim of a kindly conspiracy.

Visiting a Friend in the Country

While the mounted patrolman was putting chalk marks on the roofs of sedans of tardy shoppers uptown, men at the stable were getting Maxim out of his stall and down the ramps. That was the limit of his endurance—the ground floor. His legs were threatening to give beneath him when the animals in the upper floors lifted their ears at the sound of a revolver shot. They know the sound too well to be startled by it.

Telling Maxim's partner was a tough job, and there were several days when he refused to speak to his superior except when he was addressed first. Fortunately it was not a strong light that fell inside the empty stall. Before riding out on a strange horse, a man could stand there and adjust and readjust a curb chain or fix a spur strap until facial muscles were relaxed from the taut lines of grief that only very little boys are permitted to reveal.

It may astonish you to discover there are a number of mounted policemen in the service of New York City who spend their days off making long pilgrimages into the country of Long Island, Westchester, or even Putnam County, to call on some old horse in retirement. Sometimes when a police horse is no longer fit for police duty he is given to someone able and willing to give him a good home in exchange for an occasional canter.

Occasionally things so work out that a police horse becomes eligible for retirement simultaneously with his rider. I have the word of Acting Captain Byrnes that some of these old partnerships between horse and man are continuing now. City men with pensions have established themselves in the country for a curious reason. That reason is the need of their old horses for a bit of pasture turf under the corns of their hoofs.

In the country, of course, we must suppose the old horses have a happier time of it. Nevertheless, any automobile that comes within sight of their traffic-wise old eyes is a reminder that they are, after all, city horses.

ROMANCE IN COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 7)

all evening with Georgette. A man owed something to his wife, didn't he? I admitted that he did.

We made a number of such experiments in that period, but in general the results were unsatisfactory, and little by little we went back pretty much to the old rule, though we did become slightly more liberal and in two or three cases, where it was recommended by our psychologist as necessary to a boy's mental health, we allowed marriage, usually on the condition that the wife remain at home with her parents. Before dropping this subject I must admit, however, that one of my plunges in undergraduate marriages proved unexpectedly successful and a source of personal satisfaction.

Bill Rossiter had long been a patient of my office and had already lost a year. I did not believe that, academically, he would ever live to graduate. When he asked me for my dispensation and blessing, I am afraid I was curt, but Bill had the courage of his convictions. He had confidence in his fiancée, and after I had forbidden the banns he surprised me by bringing her down to see me. She had the feminine good sense to dismiss Bill and asked to speak to me alone. She very quickly proved to me that she understood Bill better than I did. There was nothing in the world that she wanted more than to see him graduate, and she realized better than he how slight his chances were. She had gone to a cooking school and had learned housekeeping to prepare herself for her work. It would be quite enough occupation for her to perfect herself in these household arts while she kept him on his job. It was winningly suggested that some evening I would be invited to supper and should see.

It was plain that this young lady was not used to taking no for an answer, and there was no reason why she should. She was determined to put Bill through college, and though she stated her case persuasively, her charming and competent self was really her most eloquent plea. Besides, the suppers she served were delicious. Though old habit still made me grudging, I capitulated and am pleased to be able to report this one thoroughly successful venture in coeducation at a man's college. It is, therefore, needless to say that this young woman was as good as her word and that Bill took his degree with credit. If anything could have changed my views this would have done so, but I am still compelled to list it as an exception. Marriage for undergraduates in men's colleges remains, as I see it, a desperate remedy, to be resorted to only in almost hopeless cases.

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It was quite evident that whatever may have happened to romance, young men and young women still became engaged. It seemed that college men still married; in fact, did so somewhat more frequently than in times past. In all this, however, there was nothing wicked or immoral. Since greater freedom exists virtually everywhere, and since the conduct of the young is not so much conditioned by college rules and regulations as it is by their own social code, we could not expect that a man's college like ours would escape the general contagion. If the situation in coeducational universities was, in fact, as alarming as it had been painted to my hostess, and if the new code in matters of sex was generally as lax as my shocked friends feared, we, too, must be tainted. We were all in the same boat. I therefore checked up our records and my own experience in this somewhat tabooed field, to sift out what seemed to bear upon this problem.

First of all, I can remember, in recent years, two cases brought up from outside the college in which undergraduates were threatened with suits for breach of promise of marriage by adventuresses, and two or three instances where boys married unwisely and in haste, thus terminating their college courses. There were also instances of a quite different sort; and once a lad who was as fine a young man and as perfect a gentleman as I have known, in a situation that resembled the complications of a Russian novel, asked me for permission to enter into a platonic marriage with his sister's best friend out of pure sympathy. He admitted he was not in the least in love. The girl was an intellectual young woman who earnestly wished to go to college, as my young friend's sister was doing. It was necessary that she do so as a preparation for the lifework she had planned. He felt, quite correctly, that her life was being warped and thwarted by a foolish nineteenth-century parent who still objected to a young woman's going to college, and this undergraduate was quite willing to sacrifice himself upon the altar of friendship. He would marry her to release her from this unhappy family bondage, so that as his wife she might be free to pursue her studies. His chivalrous intentions did him credit, but fortunately another way was found.

A Total Loss

On another occasion I was called upon to drop a young man who fell head over heels in love with a popular actress. There was a bitter disappointment in store for him. He was not only ruining himself financially by having flowers sent up to the stage for her every evening after a moving curtain, but he spent so much of his time out of town and at the theater that his record for attendance became hopelessly unsatisfactory. He felt that his college exercises were interfering with a matter of supreme importance to his happiness. I felt so, too, and after a conference he left us without bitterness. It seemed an undeserved irony that after losing his chance at college, his expensive suit should have been so lightly regarded. The actress was not nearly so young as she looked across the footlights to my hallucinated youth, and she had other and older admirers whom she preferred, one of whom she married shortly thereafter as her third living husband.

The whispering campaign against the attitude of undergraduates in matters of sex has been carried on so persistently for the past few years that one more protest can do little good. A frank statement of the facts, distasteful as it is to make one, must be less damaging. It is only fair to preface it by saying that I am far from being a whole-hearted champion of many of the social changes which have taken place and are here involved. It may be assumed that much has remained hidden to us. We, of course, had no official means of knowing what happened when undergraduates were out of town. It must not be imagined, however, that even here we were left entirely in the dark. It can be said confidently that the newspapers, the world and his wife had no scruples about reporting real or even supposed misconduct. Regrettable professional opportunities, however, probably put me in the way of seeing more of what actually goes on than most of the busy critics of the colleges. In virtually all of them the conditions complained of are matters for disciplinary action, and the experience of most of them is probably not unlike ours.

What the Records Show

Here, then, is what might be called a specimen police blotter of six years. Upon our campus and in its immediate vicinity, there were two cases in which action was called for because of laxity in matters of sex. Including what was reported from outside and, therefore, not subject to as thorough investigation, there was also one junior who had to be dismissed. He was charged by an adventuress with the paternity of her child. Though the charge was probably false, his conduct had been such as to make his presence undesirable, and he had long been rated by his own classmates as one of the bad eggs in our rather large college basket. In the hundreds of escapades reported for investigation, I can find but five in which, upon parties, young men were found associating with women who clearly did not belong to their class. This means a little less than one such clear case reported per year among well over two thousand young men. The significant thing was that the men involved were not the type whom their classmates honored.

The undergraduates condemned to live under my heavy and blundering hand would be the first to resent any imputation that they are white as wool. I am even willing to concede to them that they may have been worse than these figures show; but in the way of actually accredited delinquency along these lines, this is the best I can do for them. Yet they were, I feel quite sure, merely a representative cross section of American college youth. I found them quite normal, on the whole rather lively, and on occasion rampageous. Even the best of them would insist that they are touched by frailties, like as we, their elders, are. When I set all this into perspective and remember that it covered about thirteen thousand years of academic life of about four thousand different men, I see nothing here worse than our past records show and nothing that should make a reasonable citizen despair of the future or the fatherland. Although now, as then, there were in every college some weak sisters and weak brothers, as I looked far back into my own years as an undergraduate, startling as it might seem, in one respect, at least, there had been improvement.

The excessive socialization of college life of which I have spoken, that incessant visiting between the undergraduates of men's and of women's colleges has caused their respective deans many sleepless nights. It has given the colleges a social cast and atmosphere which have not been an unmixed good for them as households of learning. It has, however, had one salutary effect. For the most part and to a much larger degree than was true fifteen years ago, the male undergraduate who craves feminine companionship finds it now among young women who are his equals in intellectual training and social maturity. It is, at least, a case where Greek meets Greek. If it is safe to assume—and I believe it is—that the young woman in college is capable of taking care of herself, then no one is imposed upon and no one unwittingly suffers harm.

This socializing process has, of course, gone on within the coeducational universities also. Men who were graduated from many such institutions twenty and thirty years ago will tell you that they had few feminine acquaintances apart from the young women who had come from their own community or high school. The young men and the young women, for the most part, went their separate ways. In one of the most Eastern of the large coeducational colleges they lived almost like hostile clans. Those distracting social occasions and dances which bring both sexes together were then rare, but have in many of these institutions now become almost nightly affairs. There is, however, one consequence of this otherwise innocent social promiscuity with which society may later have to reckon. As a consequence of this changed attitude, there may result, and I fear is already resulting, among the younger sets a different social consciousness. They regard marriage, the home and the family as less central and pivotal facts than we did. This is probably making for easy divorce and an unfortunate instability, but this social phenomenon the colleges alone have not caused and alone cannot cure, and it is not our problem here.

The distance which once separated the sexes has disappeared. As forms of address between them, "Miss" and "Mr." are obsolete. They call each other by their first names. If a young collegian starts to talk to you about his friend Sue and you ask him her last name, as like as not he will reply he does not know her well enough to be able to tell you. Informality is the rule, and the most popular girl is the one who is able to call the largest number of boys by their first names. In this process, what used to be known as "reserve" has gone by the board. Life is free and easy; almost rough-and-tumble. This many of us do not like, and many really good women who are themselves unmarried and middle-aged, like the informant of my hostess, see in this departure from cherished social custom something which must indicate delinquency in matters of sex. In this, I believe, they are wrong. If they wish to see in all this the disappearance of romance, I believe that, in a sense, they are right.

No Knights Needed

Romance thrives best in an atmosphere of formalities, distances, nice distinctions and points of honor. The prosaic and matter-of-fact attitude kills it. It scores its greatest successes where it triumphs over restraining codes and prohibitions. That is why an elopement is to so many persons more romantic than a humdrum church wedding. In this sense the relation between a young man and woman in college is not in the least romantic. It is one of matter-of-fact friendship and camaraderie. The possibilities for romance are greatest where the differences between the sexes are strongest and most clearly marked; as when, for instance, man was the protector and knight-errant, and woman the protected and respected object of formal worship. Let us admit that much of this formal medieval worship was hollow and a sham. What we have failed to realize, however, is that among the young these former props to romance have been washed out and have disappeared. The differences between a young man and woman have been reduced almost exclusively to those of physiology. In other respects they are quite the same. Sex has been secularized. All those secondary psychological traits which once differentiated men and women, have ceased to exist, and life has been reduced to a common denominator for both. She is no more retiring than he is. She votes as he does, and with him is equally interested in public affairs. She is athletic as he is, plays tennis, golf and basketball—perhaps our roughest game—much as he does. There are no longer any mysteries about her toilet. She often powders and rouges in public, as he dons or doffs his hat. Their amusements are the same. They go to the same movies, they smoke together, sometimes, alas, drink together. Their education, also, is one and the same. They attend the same classes, sometimes the same college, they read the same books. Often they will follow the same profession and may both work in the same newspaper office. She may even earn more than he does. Her responses to life, even her language, including slang and profanity, are almost identical with his. Both of them are too likely to characterize this world of ours as "lousy" and a "bust." Whether all this is as it should be is not here the question.

So long as sex was under a taboo and hidden under a veil of mystery, there was an atmosphere about courtship and marriage that now, in large part, has ceased to exist. Sex is not now, as some persons suppose, a more important element in the relations of boy and girl, young man and young woman. It is less so. It has become incidental where once, in spite of, indeed because of, all Mrs. Grundy did to cloak and hide it, it remained central. That and not greater laxity or incontinence is, so far as I have been able to observe, the one great change that has come over the relations of college youth. The young man of college age and training, therefore, no longer goes about looking for the affinity or soul mate of some years back. Neither does the young woman. It is all much simpler and more prosaic.

No Cause for Alarm

Romanticism is at a heavy discount. The modern language of youth is but one index of this. "Sweetheart" is absolutely out of date. It is too soft and sentimental for this rougher and readier age. A college girl would squirm if you called a young man her suitor. Nobody pays court to anybody else. If she likes him he becomes only her boy friend. This is often something fine and high, and there is no reason why their elders need worry particularly about the morality of this relationship during their college days. Sex has been minimized. It is only an incidental factor in human relationships. The great problem for a young man and woman after marriage is not regarded as one of adjustment to each other. He or she must make only a separate individual adjustment to our complicated modern world, and if the partner sometimes suffers in this process, so much the worse for him or her.

It is, as I see it, not their status or their temptations in college which should cause concern. It is their status and temptations later. If they marry and their intellectual interests or their tastes in amusements shift, there is less to hold them together and they are more likely than in the past to drift away into other friendships and other vague amours. The attitude toward husband and wife is likely to be far more casual than it used to be, and it is probably more difficult to build a successful marriage on this basis. If the young man is looking forward to marriage at all, he does so in much, indeed in too much, the same way in which he picks his friend or his business or professional partner. He does not expect love at first sight, and the old *coup de foudre* of the novelists does not fall. It is a more or less routine part of the day's or the life's work.

In recent years I have not infrequently had young men come to me and discuss sex problems with a matter-of-fact frankness that would have astounded me fifteen years ago. I have, however, found no reason to share the fears of my colleague's wife. I have no ground for believing that there has been any increase in sexual promiscuity or incontinence. The changes which I have observed are of quite a different sort. I do not believe they have all been for the best, and they may be heavy with disheartening possibilities. Yet the young men in the colleges today are, as I have seen them, if less romantic, quite as clean as any similar group of the Victorian Age.

We have already quoted the proverb which assures us that everybody's aunt has seen a ghost. It is not only what we wish but often what we fear that comes to be real for us. So it had been with the classmate of my friend. To me there was nothing substantial behind her apparition of moral depravity. I, personally at least, have never seen it, and I was able to tell my charming but agitated hostess that, so far as I was concerned, this notion of a distressing youthful laxity was only one of those unhappy ghosts of our day that have been walking overtime.

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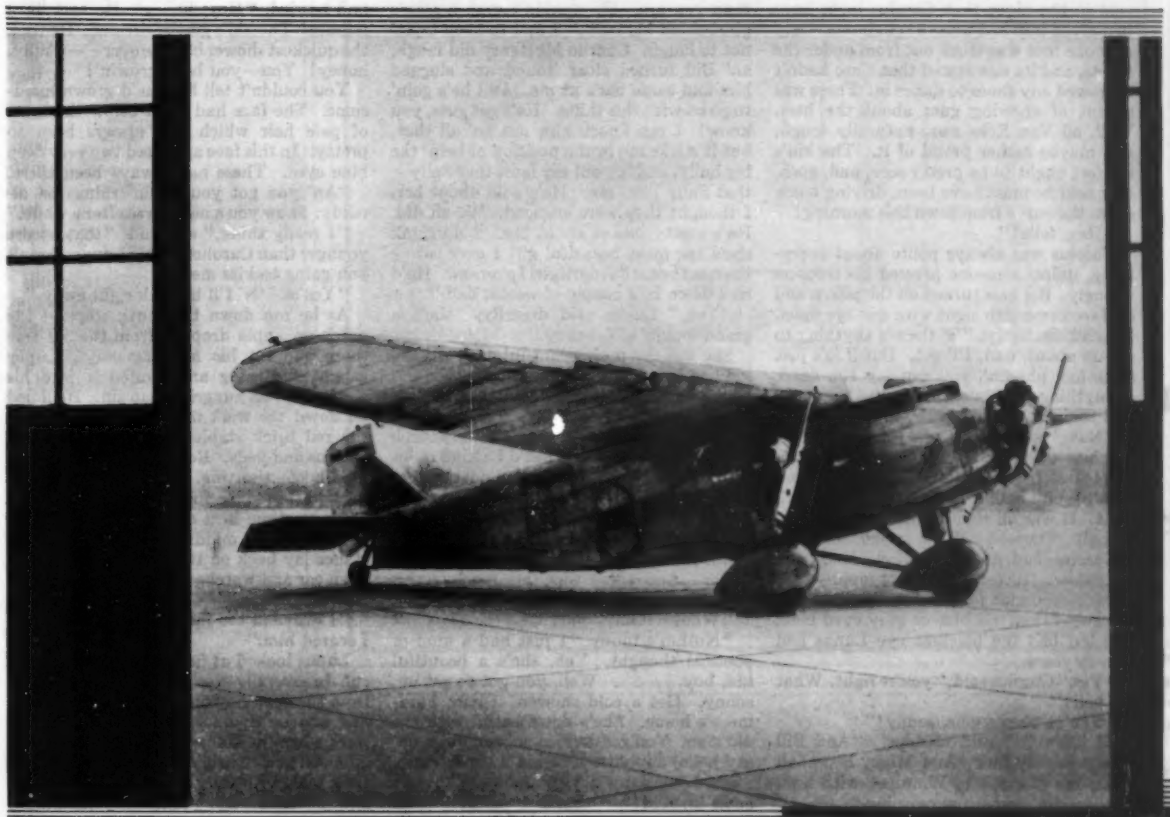

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HE HAD ANOTHER APPLE

(Continued from Page 21)

casing Sergeant Lupus Van Eck's photograph on an old oak dresser came close to making Lupus Van Eck sneeze. Lupus had to grin. The kid had gone to bed when he was through dancing, without any delay. He had crawled under the clothes in his rag of costume. The white tunic sprinkled with tiny golden designs strained on his shoulders as he breathed, with his black hair mussed all over the pillow. It had been so cold in the night that Carolus must have just dived into bed when he got home. Only now one foot was stuck out from under the sheets, and its sole stated that Caro hadn't borrowed any shoes to dance in. There was a hint of chewing gum about the heel. Well, all Van Ecks were naturally tough, and maybe rather proud of it. The kid's big feet ought to be pretty sore, and, gosh, how cold he must have been, driving home down the curve from town this morning!

"Hey, fella!"

Carolus was always polite about everything, unless someone pressed his trousers wrongly. His hair turned on the pillow and his face came into sight with one eye open. He said distinctly, "'F there's anything to get up about, dad, I'll get. But if it's just some fool phonin', you can say I'm dead, or anything. Say, was that as bad last night as I thought it was, dad?"

"Naw," said Lupus, and sat down in the sunshine on the bed. "Naw. Pop'll tease you to death, fella, but it was all right. You didn't sound bad, and everybody looked all right. It was all right, kid. Better get up, though. The —— What in hell, son?"

Carolus had lifted his whole face from the pillow. His father thought rapidly that a black-eyed man looked worse with an eye blackened than did blue or gray eyed men. The kid had the blackest eye Lupus had seen in years.

"Yes," Carolus said, "you're right. What the hell?"

"You're twenty-one, sonny!"

"I know it," said Carolus. "And Bill Rice is twenty-four. And Micky Bramhall wants me to drive to Winnipeg with him. He's startin' tomorrow morning."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh," said Carolus, touching the eye. He then sat up and flattened back his soft hair with his big hands. "Yes. And I hope you'll let me go, father. I'd be pretty grateful."

"How long would you be gone, sonny?"

"Mick's got to be back for his sister's wedding. That's the sixteenth of October. Just a couple of weeks, dad."

"Why, your eye won't be black 'at long, fella!"

"I need a vacation," said Carolus urgently, trying to open his eye. "Look, father. I love Henricus 'n' Pete 'n' all that, but they sort of get under my feet an'—and I need a vacation. And—and it's not dignified for a fella my age to be in scraps all the time. I mean, it's just not dignified, anyhow. That's what I meant. And Bill's shorter than I am—and that doesn't look right, does it? And I'm grateful to you for a lot of boxin' lessons, by the way."

Lupus rubbed an ear, regarding his son. His mind was now spinning loosely around this matter. He grappled with the business and understood weakly that Bill Rice and Carolus had been fighting, and that Carolus firmly wanted to go away.

"Hadn't—hadn't you better tell me some more, kid? I mean—I ain't intrudin' on your private affairs none, fella, but—but you're my kid."

"Don't you know?"

"Naw. All I know is it's a nice mornin'."

Carolus sat bemused, fingering a flare of bruise on his right forearm. He said in a while, "Well, she kissed me—Sally Constance. It wasn't in the play. Wasn't artistic, either, because a deity—a goddess—wouldn't kiss a mortal for payin' her a dime compliment. And we danced together—oh, twice. Maybe it was three times. Then Bill asked me to come out in the alley and have a smoke. And then everybody came out in the alley afterward. Only he'd cut his foot open on a tin cracker box, and he hadn't anything on but that—that neolithic goatskin, and it kept fallin' off. And he kept talking. He hasn't got any sense of humor or it'd have been funny. He said, 'Your grandfather's so proud he won't mention he's got a wooden leg.' And he said, 'Your father's more of a gentleman than you are. He wouldn't grab a man's girl behind his back.' I had to keep tryin' not to laugh. Charlie McHenry did laugh, an' Bill turned clear 'round and slugged him and came back at me. And he's goin' to go on with this thing. He's got guts, you know! I can knock him out an' all that, but it sticks me in the position of bein' the big bully, and it's not my fault that Sally—that Sally likes me. He's wild about her. I thought they were engaged. We all did. He's pretty insane about her. I do think she's the most beautiful girl I ever saw—the most beautiful dark girl I ever saw. He'd cool down in a couple of weeks, dad."

"Yeh," Lupus said drearily, "she's a grand-lookin' girl, sonny."

She was the most beautiful dark girl the kid had ever seen. Maybe this was the end of it. Maybe nothing would stop it now. There would be a wedding. Perhaps Mrs. Constance would be brought to the church in her wheeled chair. That'd be kind of interesting, anyhow. Lupus had not seen her in years, and Red didn't call on her. But a pain walked in his mind. The cool kid had fallen for this undulating body—this odalisque out of the French painting in the parlor. And there was this money—this golden apple, he thought, that the boy had.

"What's funny, dad?"

"Nothin's funny. I just had a kind of poetical thought. Yeh, she's a beautiful kid, boy. . . . Well, you got to get up, sonny. Get a cold shower. Claire Paramore's home. She's down eatin' with the old man. You get dressed an' run down an' say hello, anyhow. The kid'll expect that. She's been away a year an' —— Don't come in, Red!"

"I'm not," said Mary, outside. "Get dressed and ride up to Mrs. Plaster's, Lupus! She's phoned for you. There's something happened up there. Hurry! Hurry! They're bringing Bohunkus up for you. The car's got a flat tire."

Lupus spurted into the hall, shedding his bathrobe. Mary slammed the door of their bedroom after him and stood gleaming, red hair and green gown, against the white wood.

"Listen, Lupus! That girl and Mrs. Rice—Bill Rice's mother—are having a fight in front of the gates up there."

"Wha' girl, honey?"

"Sally Constance."

"Hurray," said Lupus, slinging his legs into his riding breeches. "Three cheers!"

"You feel that way about it?"

"We've always married ladies, Red!"

"Oh, you darling! And have you seen the paper? Did father show ——"

"Yeh. . . . Where's a shirt? . . . Yeh! . . . Listen, Red. Go down an' tell pop if he kids the kid 'bout a black eye he's got, I'll be sore—'n' I mean sore! I wish Claire Paramore was good-lookin' an' not just smart! You wouldn't remember her mamma. She was a beauty. But the poor kid's so skinny. . . . What becomes of all my shirts? . . . Oh, 'at was the wrong drawer!"

He hauled a blue shirt over his head and lurched into the hall with one boot not quite on a foot. Yes, and why not tell the kid that his girl and the Widow Rice were having a fight up the road? Anything might help here. He kicked open the boy's door and looked at the empty bed. Some feet from it, Carolus was pulling a scarlet jersey down his amber back to meet a pair of white trousers. The shower bath was still dripping in the little bathroom beyond.

"I look pretty bad, dad?"

"Why, no," said Lupus slowly, "you look fine, son. You look fine."

"Hurry, Lupus!"

"Yes'm," he stammered, and ran downstairs.

He ran downstairs and into the living room. Must speak to little Claire. Lupus swirled through the arch into the dining room, scaring Henricus so that the baby hugged the golden apple to his stomach, and bawled, "Hey, honey! Be back in a minute! The kid's gettin' dressed. He took the quickest shower bath he ever —— Why, honey! You—you been growin'!"

You couldn't tell her she'd grown handsome. The face had filled below the mass of pale hair which had always been so pretty. In this face appeared two very deep blue eyes. These had always been there.

"An' you got your ridin' things on already. Show you a new horse after a while."

"I really think," she said, "that you're younger than Carolus, Uncle Lupus. Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Yes'm. 'N' I'll be back right away."

As he ran down the south steps of the porch an apple dropped from the old tree there and hit his head smartly. Lupus caught the thing and stuffed it into his shirt. He was hungrier than sin. He loped on down the walk into the alley between the red brick stables and into a mess of grooms and yells. Bohunkus danced on his hind hoofs, snorting. There was gravel flying and the foolish police dog, Brainless, was having a time in a corner, barking splendidly. In the middle of this, Sally Constance lay back on the cushions of a small open car and watched the tall yellow horse cavort.

"I drove in too fast," she said. "Afraid I scared him."

Lupus looked at her, and was scared. A cub in overalls was staring down at her from the open hayloft of the biggest stable. She had on a dress Lupus had seen last week when the kids were rehearsing, a dress all black and tightly covering her arms, but sprinkled with tiny nosegays of printed flowers. A striped handkerchief was wound over her black hair.

"Yeh, maybe you drove in too fast."

"Aren't horses stupid, though," the girl yawned, moving on her cushions. "They see cars all the time, and look at the big idiot now!"

"I dunno they're so stupid, Sally. You're—you're up early."

She descended from her machine and stretched her arms. Light rippled on the printed flowers, or the body rippled under the dress. It was as though the naked odalisque on the parlor wall had put on a black frock and stirred herself out of the frame.

"Haven't been to bed. Mother was havin' a spell when I got home. Asthma's hellish. And this fool who's takin' photographs of us in our costumes wants to do it this mornin'."

"I guess asthma's pretty bad," said Lupus.

"Oh, rotten! Well, Carolus ran off with my gold apple. Got to have my little old gold apple to be photographed with, h'm? Is he up?"

"Yeh. Yes. I think," said Lupus, "you'll find him eating breakfast."

It came on him that he wanted to be correct, even to final *g*'s, when he was talking to her. He had heard an English lord drop *g*'s all over this stable yard, but he wanted to be correct, because she was all wrong. And horses weren't stupid. Bohunkus was quiet now, as soon as she drifted up the flagged walk to the house. Every male in the yard was watching her do this.

"Looks like she owned the earth an' didn't give a damn for it," said the chief hired man. "I didn't get spoke to, neither."

"Oh? Yeh, Murphy," Lupus said, rubbing an ear, "you're her mamma's cousin, ain't you?"

(Continued on Page 134)

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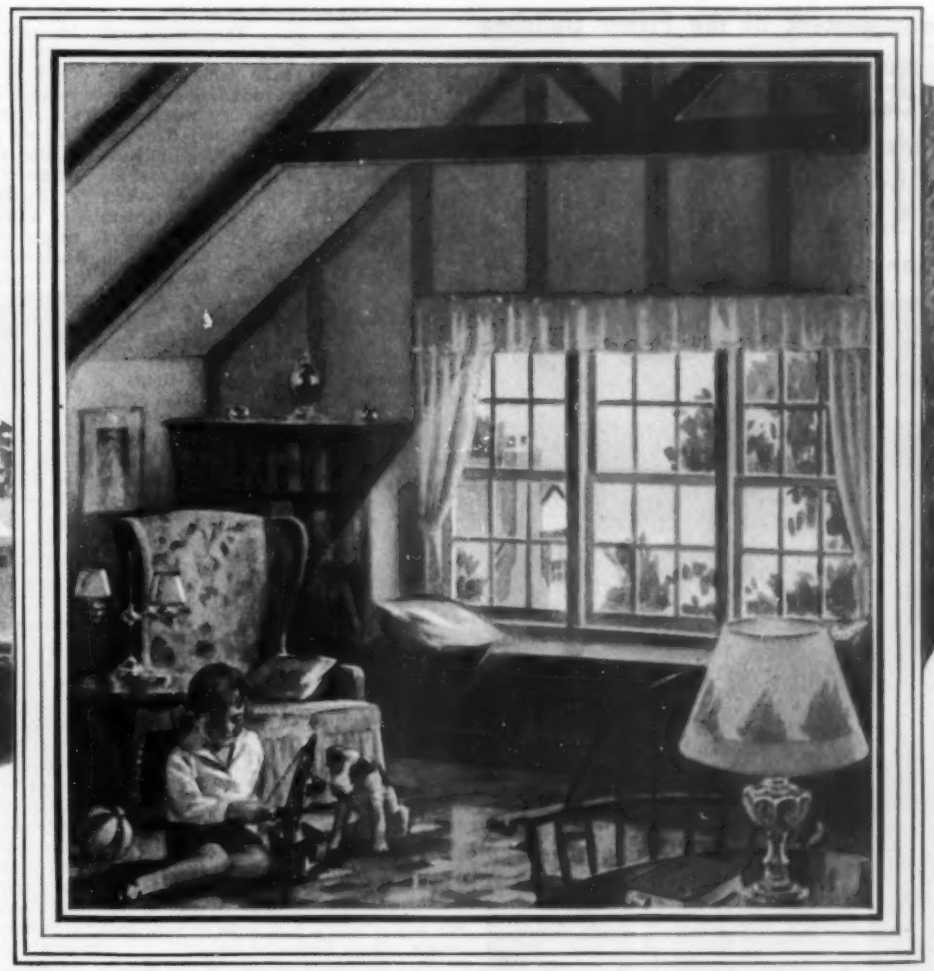

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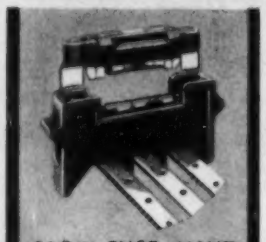

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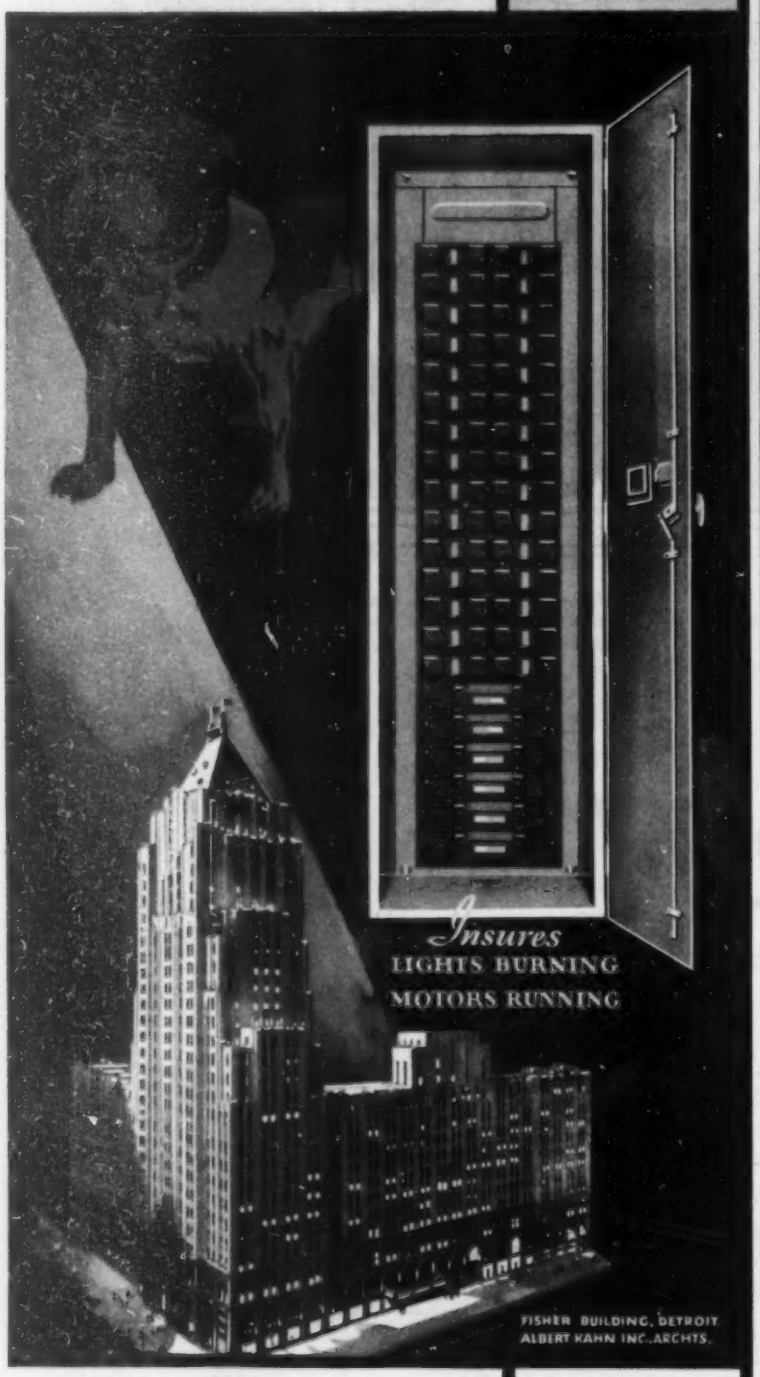

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OVER 25 YEARS OF RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

(Continued from Page 132)

"First cousin. . . . Thought you was in a rush, sir."

Lupus sped out of the stable yard—not that he had anything to do anywhere now—and thought that something would stop Carolus. Oh, something must! This girl belonged to some kid like young Bill Rice, whose real name was Reiss, except that his folks changed it in 1917. Oh, something must stop it! The kid couldn't do that to them. He slowed Bohunkus at the top of the rise and looked back at the tranquil mansion and the golden horse which twirled above the bigger stable. No, the boy wouldn't do it to them all. Oh, no! And he said, "Naw!"

"Who you think you're talkin' to?"

Bohunkus was almost rubbing shoulders with a fat mare hitched to a buggy in which sat Mrs. Rice. The Rices were saving folks and that old buggy had been varnished and patched for twenty years. Lupus remembered it when he was walking Carolus down the road on his shoulder to show him off to neighbors. This venerable machine stood before the raw pink stucco of the Italian gateway into the Shuttleworth estate. Mrs. Rice had an air of being planted here for good and all, in a blue linen dress.

"I says who you think you're talkin' to, Lupus Van Eck?"

"Wasn't talkin' to nobody, Mrs. Rice. I was thinkin' out loud."

"Huh! Well, your poppa's a god around here and you can make a fool of yourself all over the county sayin', 'Naw!' like you was talkin' to somebody," said the farmer's wife. "Huh! And your poppa too proud to say he has a wooden leg!"

Poor Mrs. Plaster, beyond the buggy, said, "Oh, really! Really!" in her deep and lovely voice of a lady. She was as fat as this woman and had been an actress, but she was a lady. You knew it when she spoke. Lupus beamed at her.

"Pop was the best rider in the world, Mrs. Rice. It prob'ly hurt him worse losin' a leg in Cuba, in the war, than it'd hurt most men to lose two."

"I got William in bed to the house with his foot swollen like cabbages an' the skin clean off his nose. He was some hurt by your funny boy last night. Huh! Well, William says he begun it. I don't say he didn't. *Herr Gott!* What boys do! And for that girl, yet! Well, I wish you good of what your Carl gets himself by this. William wasn't good enough for her mamma, no! No, no! Anyhow, I spoke what I spoke. And this lady heard me!"

Mrs. Plaster adjusted her wide garden hat and said, "I did."

"And I hope your Carl gets on fine with his mamma by marriage, yes!"

"Carolus ain't married yet, Mrs. Rice."

"Hoh," said Mrs. Rice through her nose. "I like to see him get away now! And him never to college away. And William was to Cornell two years. What they are for fools—men! I'm thirty years in this country and twenty in Germany. Fools every place."

Lupus watched the back of the old buggy for a while, and didn't turn when Mrs. Plaster spoke to him.

"This verbal exchange went on for certainly twenty minutes, Mr. Van Eck. I'm a stranger and a sojourner. I suppose this marriage would have meant a step up for that poor lad?"

"Yes'm. Just like it'd mean a—a whole mile down for my kid. He won't do it."

"Sure of that?"

"If I got to horsewhip him," said Lupus. "It'd break pop's heart. I'm too dumb to've seen this start. Naw, he won't do it, though. Listen, there's bein' in love—and then there's —— Well, there's taste. I dunno 'nother word for it. Good taste. Somethin' makes you put the brakes on. I was a widower ten years. I'm dumb, but ——"

"Are you—as you say—dumb? Listen here," said the stout lady; "you good people have been so kind to me! I'm not an idiot. I've observed the son and heir. He'll do just what he's told to do by Mr. Lupus Van Eck."

"Me?"

"You. Go home and tell him to let that baggage alone. She's been throwing herself at his head all through the rehearsals. Tell him to let her alone. . . . There's a mother in the background somewhere, I gather?"

"Bedridden," said Lupus.

"Which means that she had time to think deeply of this world's advantages. I assume that you've read the morning paper?"

"Yes'm. There's this money of Mr. Dent's. I don't want the kid to quit this because I tell him to. I want him to do it himself," Lupus brooded, thinking aloud. "We've always married ladies."

"May the good work go on."

"Say," said Lupus, rousing, "come down to lunch. Sid Paramore's little girl—well, she ain't so little—come home last night. Claire's a lot of fun. She's hand educated too. He's brought her up himself. Traveled all over. She knows about 'ese statues in Cambodia 'n' all that. And she can stick on a horse like a boy."

"That's the final recommending in your tribe? I'll come, of course."

"Be careful drivin' in," he said. "They're puttin' down fresh concrete for the addition to the garage. S'long."

He rode down the slope, watching horses spread in the pasture and the sedate cows walking these many meadows which had always belonged to Van Ecks. Heat had returned upon the blue valley, with September ending and apples red in trees. His young wife would be busy making a kind of apple jam soon, and the riverlet beyond the orchard would be too cold for a swim. Henricus would wear socks around the floors and there would be white fur on the new baby's caps. He smiled. A great warm smell blew across the land and goldenrod fluttered on the edge of the road. If he wasn't so hungry he would feel grand. If he got some coffee soon he would be able to smoke and to think.

No, the kid wouldn't do it. But he might. He was twenty-one. When you were that age you did things. Lupus had seen men do fool things, which had surprised him, because he happened to get married on his eighteenth birthday, when pop gave him some money and he drove over to Rangerville to buy a collie pup and took Sue along. That had looked foolish to other people, but it had turned out fine. The Van Ecks always married the right women. And so would Carolus. So would Carolus. Oh, sure!

He turned into the stable yard and looked upon his father, who was standing, hatless, beside the new square of wet concrete let into the gravel. The men were done pouring the stuff into its frame and some of the wet sparkle had gone already. Mr. Van Eck regarded this work silently and smiled privately to himself. His watch chain and the brass band of the wooden peg leg gleamed. Behind him the dog Brainless studied that brass band with his constant bewilderment at there being no left foot to the figure in gray trousers. Even he felt that this matter was mysterious. Nobody mentioned it; nobody human looked at it.

"They done a good quick job, Lupus. Tell Murphy to give 'em somethin' extry when they're done fixin' the cellar up to the house. . . . Where you been?"

"Mrs. Plaster phoned for me, pop. Mrs. Rice an' that girl were havin'—she wanted somethin'," said Lupus, changing tone and speech as his father's cane stirred on the gravel.

Voices floated out of the alley between the stables. Lupus dismounted without looking that way.

"—— and then we drove over to Souillac and had lunch. But it was still raining."

"Souillac?" This was Carolus speaking. "Where the church is with the tenth-century carvin'? I'd like to see that sometime."

"It's a little bit disappointing," Claire said gravely, "like a lot of those things. More impressive in photographs."

(Continued on Page 136)

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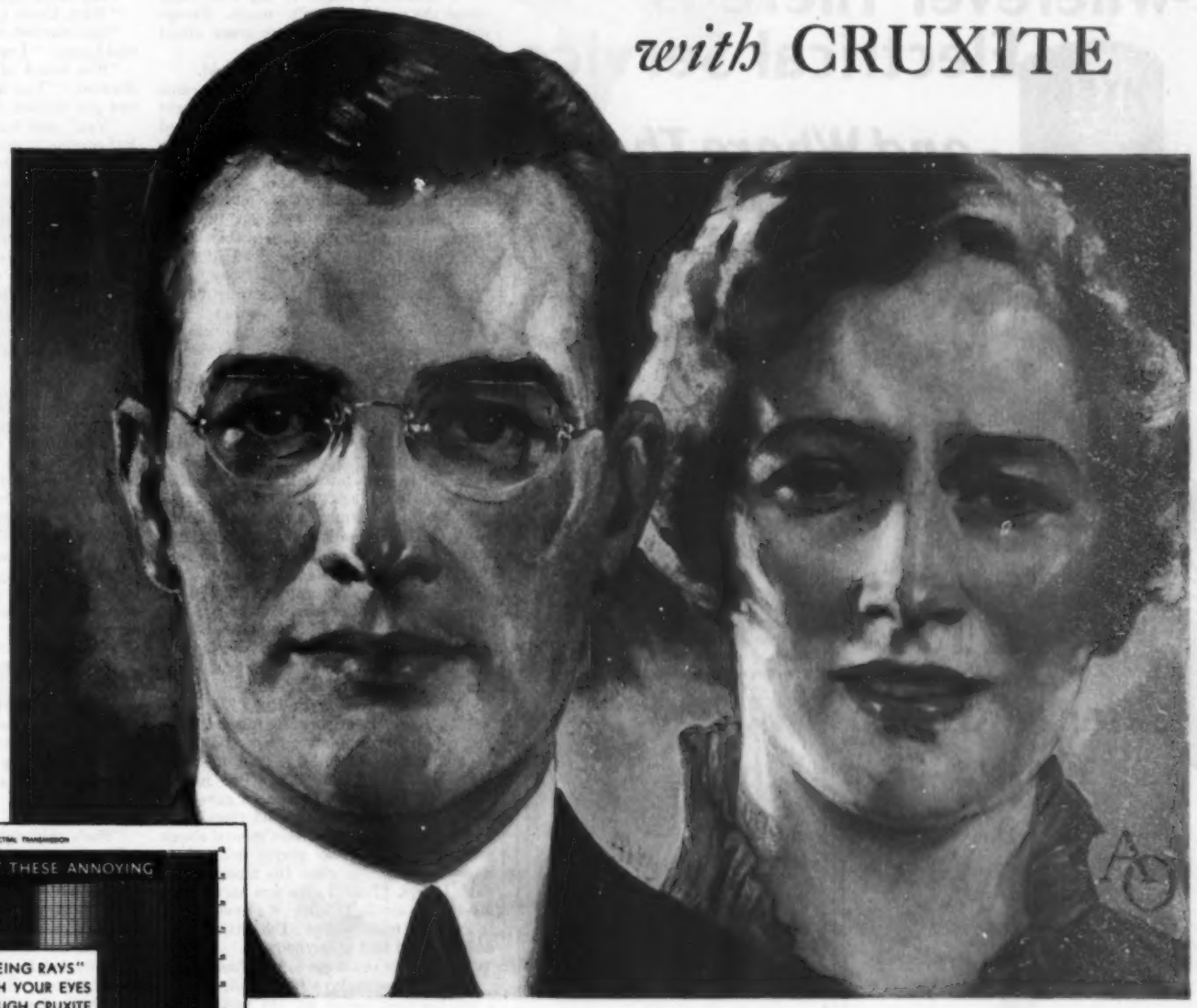

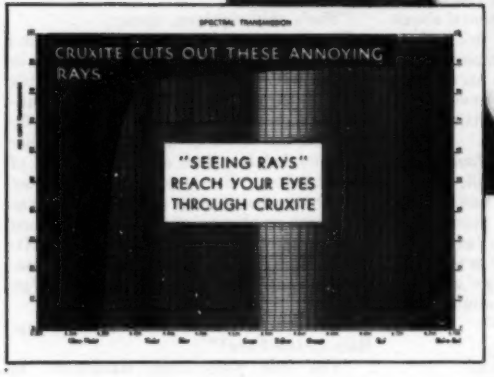

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(Continued from Page 134)

After that, Sally Constance's voice seemed to clang. "Have you got Caro's bug for looking at old things, Claire?"

"Well, dad writes on architecture, you know. Yes. Don't you like old things?"

"I suppose I ought to say I'm crazy about them. No, I don't—much. Except old French furniture. I am crazy about that."

"So many people are," Claire said.

Lupus had to turn and look. It came through his shirt and his skin that a fight was going on there. The girls had started something already. He glanced over his horse's saddle and watched Carolus juggling a cigarette on the back of his hand, standing between Sally's ear and Claire's gray riding coat. The kid watched the cigarette and the girls watched each other. Sally had the gilded apple in her black lap, but her arms were locked back of her head. Claire was standing stiff and straight.

"They like each other like poison," Mr. Van Eck purred, rolling a cigarette. "Soon's that hussy come in the room they bristled. Listen to 'em, Lupus."

But the wind had dropped and the voices blurred. Lupus bent over and touched the wet concrete with a finger. His father's continuous smile did not cheer him. Some lads over in the dairy yard were staring through the arch into this superior world, at the girl in black. She was too damn good-looking. His mind made that "damn" enormous. The word meant nothing, but it helped him to stay still and to keep his face blank, as a Van Eck kept his face.

"She was havin' a scrap with Bill Rice's mother up in front of Mrs. Plaster, pop."

"She won't git rid of that Dutch boy so easy," pop drawled. "How came the kid's eye black? Bill Rice? . . . Huh! There'll be plenty of talk, son."

"Yeh. . . . Where's Red?"

"Up pettin' Henricus. He raised a bawl you could hear in Saratoga when she took his gold apple off him. . . . I'm scared I started this, Lupus boy. Put matrimony in Caro's head, I mean. I gave him one of your mamma's di'mond rings week before last. I was feelin' sent'mental about somethin'. He'd been playin' with Henricus all afternoon when the nussgirl was out. I says, 'That'll save you an engagement ring, son.' Tchuh! We never learn to keep our mouths shut. I'm gittin' to be as big an old fool as anybody."

"You never could get to be a fool, pop."

"Easy times make a feller dull, Lupus. I got the best hosses an' the best apples and the best son in New York State. I've nothin' to think of, so I'm gittin' lazy in the head. Here I stand wonderin' how to shunt that common trash out of here, an' all I can think of is shootin' her, which would make talk. I ——"

"Hi, dad!"

"Yeh?" Lupus called, turning.

"What's in your shirt there?"

"In—aw, just an apple fell on my head, son. Catch!"

He slung the red apple through the air and watched it gleam, mounting twenty feet. His son's hand flashed and closed. The kid was quick as light.

"Pretty," said Sally Constance.

"Oh," said Claire, "off the old tree by the porch!"

Carolus rubbed the apple on his scarlet sleeve. It seemed to Lupus that the air heated and grew stiller than some vaulted cellar around these bodies. He felt his heart doing something to his ribs and hated a hired man whistling inside the garage as he mended a tire of the big car.

"That tree has the reddest apples on the place," said Carolus. "Here, Claire. Matches your tie."

The fair girl held it against her red cravat and said, always gravely, "Pretty nearly, Caro."

"A couple of shades too light," Sally Constance yawned.

"About one shade," said Claire.

You could not say she was being rude, either. The cool sweet voice just objected to the black odalisque. The kid had grown up in a year. Wasn't so shy. Lupus paused and pulled her ear on his way past the group.

"When's your dad gettin' here, honey?"

"Thursday. Day after tomorrow. This is Tuesday, isn't it?"

"My lucky day," said Lupus.

"Why, Uncle Lupus?"

"Got married on Tuesday to two ladies," said Lupus. "I mean, twenty years apart."

"I've heard of that," Sally Constance drawled. "You went over to Rangerville and got hitched, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Lupus, "I got the judge in Rangerville to marry me both times."

"It's a short drive," said the odalisque.

He walked away. He was a fool and always a fool. He'd given her a chance for that hint and that look at Carolus, and Carolus had grinned. Presently Lupus grinned at his wife in the white dining room and said, trying to be funny, "Go down there an' protect the boy, Red. She's ready to snatch him downtown to a judge. . . . What's the matter, Henricus? Nobody ain't tryin' to marry you. . . . Give him here, honey."

Henricus said "Dog," which meant—anybody could tell—that a nasty person had taken his golden apple away from him and that life was sour. He put his nose in his father's neck and whimpered wearily while Lupus gulped his first cup of coffee.

"Perhaps we're being a little idiotic, Lupus. I mean, your father and I. But didn't you see that girl making plays at Caro when they were rehearsing?"

"No. You ought to know, after livin' with me more'n three years, honey, that dogs are smart alongside me. But she's diggin' at him for fair down there, and Claire don't like it."

"No, dear. Of course, my darling, poor Claire's been sitting around for years looking at Caro's beautiful hair and being taken riding when he hadn't anything else to do. She looked at him eating cantaloupe just now, and her eyes made me want to throw something hard at him. But I couldn't reach the cream jug. I hope she gets over it."

"She's only eighteen, honey."

The houseman brought him things and Lupus cordially ate them. Henricus sat in his lap and Mary leaned on the one big window, through which he heard some apples bounce on grass as a wind briefly whipped the orchard. Lupus admired her hair and fed Henricus secretly a shred of scrambled egg. But he was stupid. He just saw things happening and his head was filled with emptiness, even when he finished a third cup of coffee and lit a cigarette. His father came in by the kitchen and the houseman fetched hot coffee for the chief Van Eck.

"Of course that's your fourth cup, Rain-in-the-Face!"

"I'm only sixty-three, daughter. It won't kill me. I need sust'nance, anyhow."

"Has that amateur Aphrodite favored you with some of her conversation, Montezuma?"

"No. But I've heard a Van Eck cuss a woman, Red," pop purred, "an' it shocked me considerable. It amused me too. I can say I ain't been so amused sincet Lupus fetched you home from Rangerville and started breakin' it easy to me he was married. The big calf, with every hired man on the place and most of the hosses makin' bets on when it'd come off!"

"Who did Carolus cuss, daddy?"

Mr. Van Eck rolled a cigarette cruelly, impassive behind his smoking coffee. He said deliberately, "Why, it happened like this, Lupus: That wuthless dog we keep got excited because of somethin' and jolted me, an' I stepped into that concrete. It's dryin' fast, and my foot"—he said the word "foot" with a fierce emphasis—"stuck pretty much. Clary come runnin' to help me out, like she would. But that hussy in the car busted out laughin'. So Carolus stood and looked at her some, and then he says, 'You damned cat, clear out of here!' I never heard the boy yell so. And

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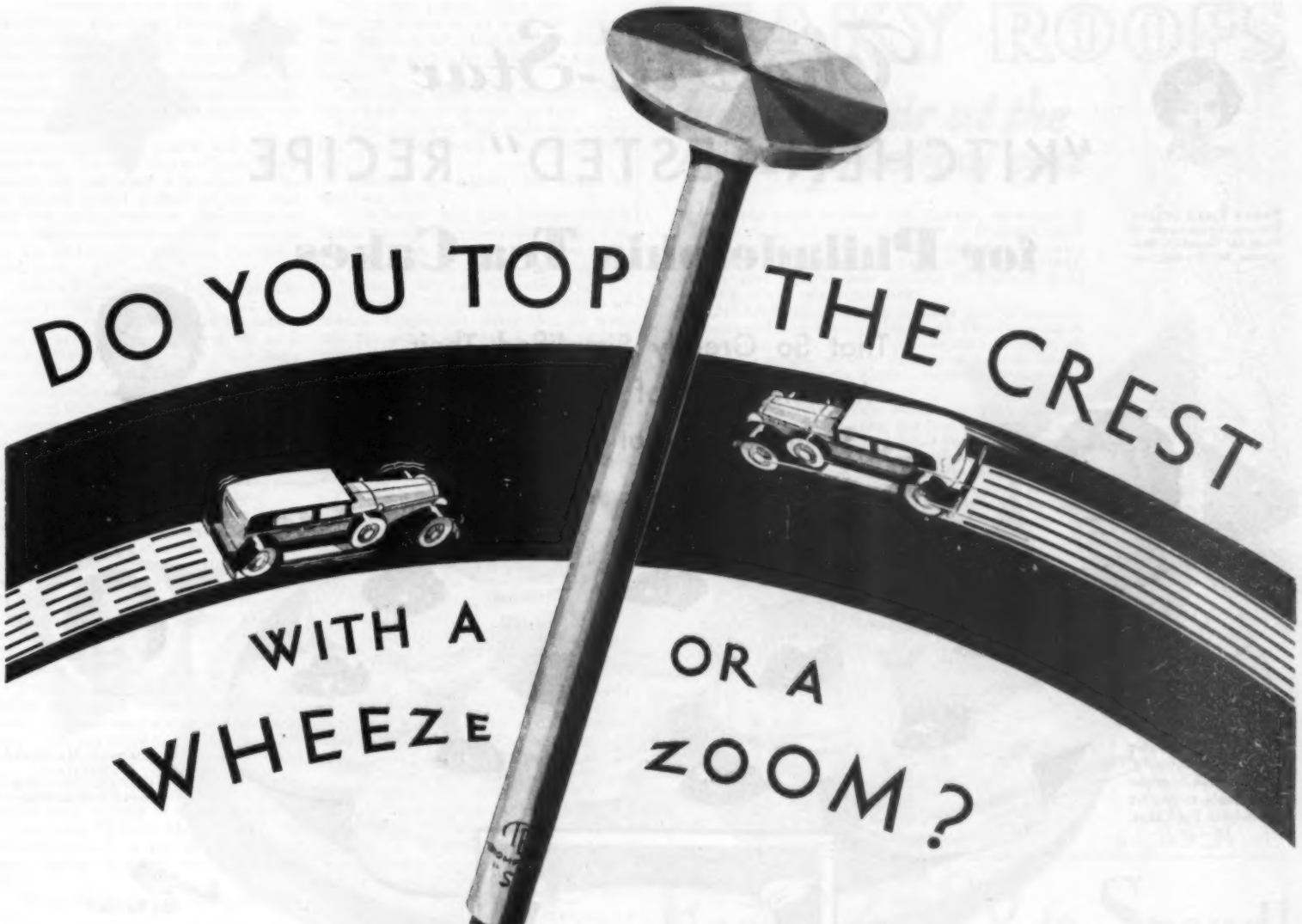

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his swoll eye come open. He was ferocious. She drove herself out of the yard like a wind blew her. There's nothin' half so sweet in life as love's young dream, like the song says. I expect she'll be some offended. Because a feller with one foot stuck in a lot of concrete is real funny."

Lupus dropped his napkin and bent to pick it up. The brass ring at the end of the wooden peg was caked with concrete. He sat up and looked stolidly at pop. But Red was smiling already. She advanced from the window with her white hands on her hips and stooped over Mr. Van Eck's black head.

"You're the wisest old fiend since Hiawatha, Sitting Bull."

"Git out, daughter. You're too smart. That no-account dog jumped on me an' I put my foot in the concrete. Nor don't never tell Carolus diff'rent."

"No, Powhatan, I shouldn't think of discussing it with my stepson. . . . Come on, Henricus A. Time for a walk. . . . You don't have to be half brother-in-law to a —— I wonder if she'll try to fight back?"

"He yelled pretty loud, daughter."

"Let's hope she got an earache," said Mary, and carried her son out of the room.

Lupus sat fuddled with comfort and food, and smoked two cigarettes. He would not have to do any thinking now for some time. He watched his father smoke three cigarettes and had another himself. The dog Brainless came in and sat down to consider Mr. Van Eck with his head on one side.

"How'd you make him jump, pop?"

"Poked him quiet with my cane. . . . Lupus son, Clary comes of awful good stock, and she's smart and turned out handsome. You can shove him that way, if you use your head. She ain't any money, an' so much the better. By the way, the kid ain't looked at the paper yet. He dunno he's mebbe wuth seventy or ninety thousand. If I was you, I'd shove him that way. He loves the ground you walk on. He's always been nice an' brotherly to the little girl too."

"Mary thinks she's in love with him, pop."

"You're the nicest feller I've ever knew, Lupus, and the best hand with hosses. You see a thing fine when it's right under your nose, if it barks at you. Yes," the sachem said, in a terrible purr, "if a gal's eyes turn purple when she looks at a feller and her lips get white when she sees he's got a black eye, it shows somethin'. . . . Git down there and look at that cow with the sore leg."

"Yes, sir. But thank you a lot, dad."

"Don't mention it, son. He's your kid, but he's mine too."

Lupus whistled down to the great stable yard with his hands in his pockets. It was the finest kind of a morning. Pop's peg had left the neatest kind of a hole in the concrete. The cow's leg was the sorest leg he had seen in years. A superlative glitter overlay everything. The houseman came down from the henyard with the biggest egg, surely, ever laid by a Van Eck hen; even the conservative chief hired man said it was phenomenal.

"Show it to pop, Sam. An' Caro. Say, where'd Caro and Miss Paramore go?"

"Out in the car, Mr. Lupus," said the head hired man.

"Where to?"

"Rangerville, he said. He borrowed ten off me. I dunno what anybody can buy in Rangerville."

"Oh, they went to Rangerville, did they, Murphy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh," said Lupus, "they did. . . . Sam, you'll have to lay lunch for—lemme see—four of us an' Claire an' Mrs. Plaster. Six. There ain't a big white cake around, is there?"

"Mr. Lupus, there's a big chocolate cake, but we ain' no white cake, no, suh."

"Well, you have Flora make some white icin' and kinda spread it on the chocolate cake."

"Yes-suh, Mr. Lupus. An' would we make ice cream?"

"You better. An', Sam, the best silver's in the box up in my bedroom closet. You needn't disturb Mrs. Van Eck to get it."

"It ain't nobody's birfday, Mr. Lupus?"

"Naw. I just want the table fancy."

He walked into the road and stared up toward Rangerville. After that he went into the garage and had a drink of cold water at the faucet in the corner. Then he walked into the road and looked toward Rangerville, and whistled a good deal, because there was simply nothing to do in Rangerville. The place had a courtroom and a drug store and a grocery and a rickety little moving-picture palace a hundred feet long.

"How's it feel bein' a grandfather, Murphy?"

"Pretty good, Mr. Lupus. Tim got a nice girl. She's turned out swell. I dunno Veronica likes bein' a grandmother much. She's only forty."

"How old are you, Murphy?"

"Forty-one, sir."

"I'll be forty-one in April," said Lupus. "I feel like a kitten. I feel swell."

A sensation was running up and down his spine. But when a speck came down the road from Rangerville and changed into a car with a scarlet jersey in it, he hurried back into the garage. The car turned up the driveway into the Paramore place. By and by it came slurring over the highroad and slowed neatly into the garage.

"Dad," said Carolus, "I've changed my mind about goin' to Canada with Micky Bramhall." He spoke in a loud and very hollow voice which boomed down from the ceiling all around Lupus.

"You have, sonny?"

"Yes, dad," said Carolus, swinging his straw slippers out of the machine. "I'm—I'm twenty-one."

"I dunno why you remind me, when we got the same birthday, fella. You'll be twenty-two in April like I'll be forty-one. You're an awful mature kid for your age. . . . And did you have an ice-cream soda after you got married?"

Carolus sat down on the step of the car and gazed at his father with both eyes open.

"You're—I don't know about you, dad. I—sometimes it seems to me that you're just as smart as grandpop. . . . Yeh, I was awf'ly thirsty afterwards. Dunno why."

"That's just what I said to pop once, sonny. You're all right, kid. Knew you wouldn't think of that—that odalisque much. We marry ladies."

"Marry Sally? I've been engaged a year and three days, dad!"

"Well, that's fine, son. You're the nicest kid I've ever knew, an' swell with horses. And you let me get up to the house so's I can see pop's face when you spring this. An' I got to hand it to you, sonny. I'm a fool and dumb as a dog's collar, but I never thought of gettin' married with no socks on, and a black eye! Just let me get up to the house, kid. I want to see if pop won't let out one war whoop when he hears you've fetched a squaw into the tribe. I been lucky all my life, son. And you're the luckiest thing I ever tried my hand on."

"That's what grandfather says about you," said Carolus.

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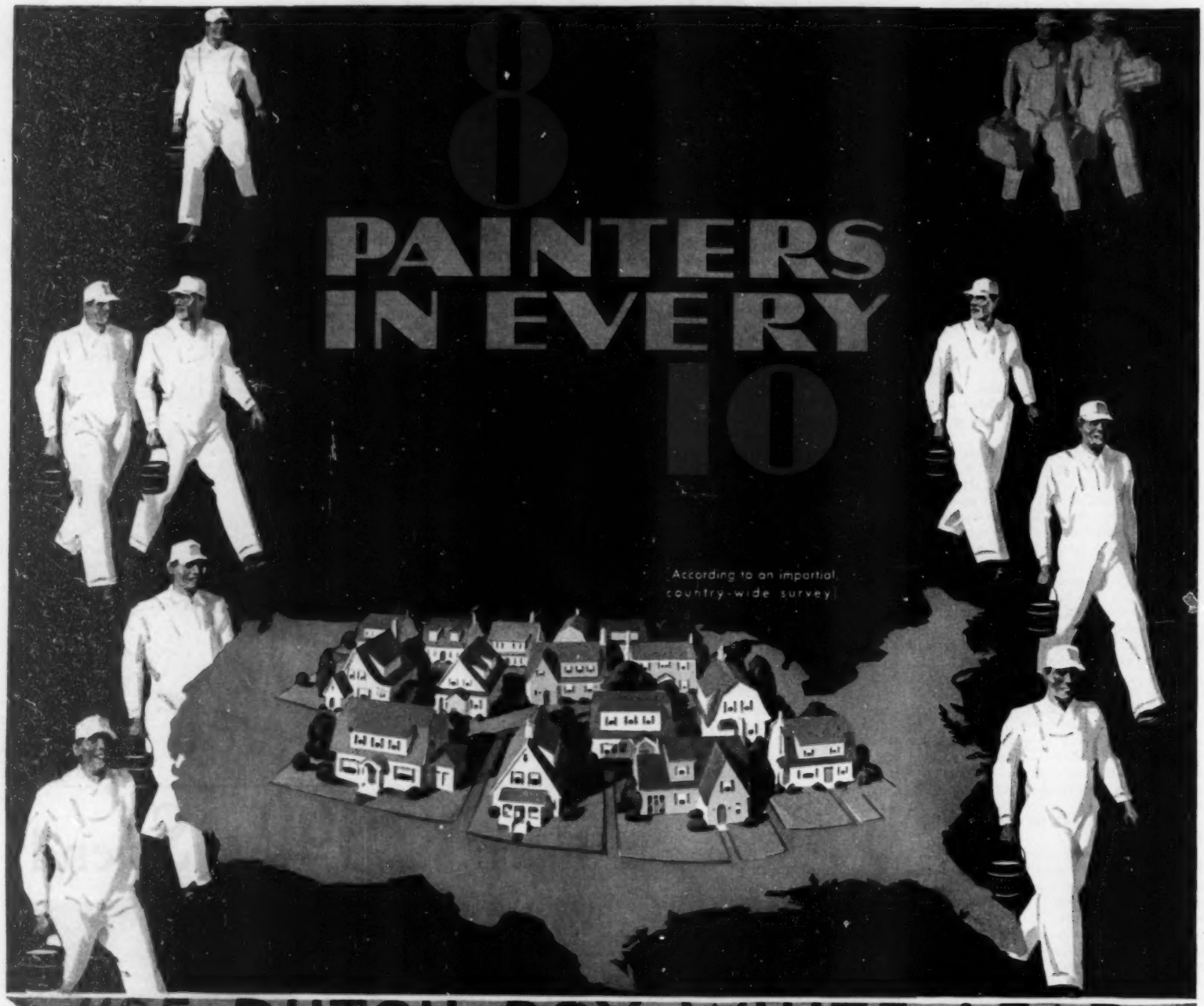

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THE WILD CALF

(Continued from Page 42)

some buttermilk when I had any. He liked it. So I stopped there tonight on my way to the store to leave him a pail.

"There wasn't any light in the house, but Lin never went anywheres, so I knew he must be at home, and I thought he might have had a stroke or something. So I struck a match and lit the lamp. He was laying there on the floor, and a stick of stove wood beside him, and his head beat in!"

Chet whistled in slow grief. "By cracky," he said huskily. "Who'd do that, Jim? And what'd they do it for?"

"Whoever it was," said Saladine mildly, "was looking for something. There was a board ripped up in the buttery floor, and it looked to me like Lin used to hide something down there. Money, I figure. I guess they found it."

"What'd you do?" Chet asked, in a voice like a whisper. "What'd you do, Jim?"

They had turned into Chet's farmyard and stopped there, but Chet made no movement to alight. He waited for an answer to his question. Jim, however, only said quietly:

"Let's put my team in your barn, Chet."

"Why, sure!" Chet agreed. "But—what for?"

"Get the team out of sight," Jim directed, "and I'll tell you. But—let's get a move on now!"

Saladine had a wisdom of his own; he had a capacity for looking inside a man and judging him with a curious accuracy. But it was not always easy for other folk to perceive, even when they knew as much as he, the implications which he drew from the facts that were themselves plain to every eye.

He and Chet this evening put the team away and then went into the house, and at Saladine's suggestion they pulled down the blinds at the windows before lighting the lamp. When they were thus secure from observation, they spoke together in low tones, soberly.

"I found old Lin," Saladine repeated. "And he was dead. Whoever did it made sure of that, more than there was any need of. I saw there wasn't anything to do for him, and then I had a look around."

"Telephone the sheriff?" Chet prompted, but Jim shook his head.

"There wasn't any hurry," he pointed out. "Lin was dead, so there wasn't any hurry. I did some thinking first. This thing hadn't been done a great while before. It just happened that I come along so soon, and found him. It struck me that whoever did it wouldn't know when Lin would be found. There wasn't many folks that ever stopped there; there'd be days when no one would see Lin at all. So I come away, Chet. I shut the door and come away!"

"You'd ought to let the sheriff know," Chet urged.

"I might not have happened to stop there tonight," Saladine insisted. "And if I did stop, long as there wasn't any light, I might not have gone in. So I had a notion I'd wait and see what happened. Maybe whoever did it would get nervous, if nobody found Lin for a day or two, and do something about it, and give themselves away. That was my idea."

He hesitated. "I did look around," he repeated. "Looking for anything that would show who did it. But there wasn't anything, Chet. We're not likely ever to know—unless the one that did it tells us."

Chet said explosively: "Tells? Why would he go and tell?"

"I mean, by something he might do," Jim qualified; and he went on slowly:

"While you were telling about the calf, I got a sort of notion, Chet. And I thought it over, and it struck me that whoever did kill Lin might come up here tonight and—tell us about it. That's all." He smiled faintly. "That's why I'm staying," he explained. "So if he comes to speak his piece, I'll be on hand to hear."

Chet shook his head, baffled and impatient. "I don't see what you're talking about," he confessed. "Jim, what's on your mind?"

And Saladine grinned apologetically. "Why, Chet, if I told you, and it didn't turn out so, I'd look like a fool," he remarked. "And it wouldn't be a square deal, besides, if I'm wrong. So we'll wait. But we can be ready for him if he comes."

Chet said doubtfully, "Well, I guess you know what you're up to."

The other nodded seriously. "Here's what I want, Chet," he explained. "You still sleep in the little room there?"

"Sure," Chet assented. "Same as I have for ten years."

"Well, what I want you to do," Saladine directed, "is to get ready and go to bed, just the same as always. That's all."

"How about this—man you're looking for?"

"I'll wait up for him," Saladine promised. "I'll wait for him. Both of us. You and me."

He hesitated, and he asked thoughtfully, "The weeds are tall, outside the kitchen windows under the sink, aren't they?"

"Waist high," Chet assented.

Saladine nodded. "Well, that's where I'll wait for him," he told Chet. "And—you blow out your lamp and come out there. Make as if you'd gone to bed, and then come out there."

Chet began, slowly, to understand. "That's right outside my bedroom window, Jim," he said in a whisper. "And the window's right opposite my bed."

"Yes," Saladine agreed, and his tone was grim.

"You mean to say ——" Chet exploded, his tone rising, but Saladine interrupted him.

"Sh-h!" he warned; and then he said straightforwardly: "Here it is, Chet: The man you saw in Lin's pasture might have been the one that did it. And if he was, he might think you saw him from the tree, and knew him, and could tell on him when they do find Lin. And if he did think that, he might come after you."

He hesitated, looked around, saw Chet's gun in the corner by the door. "I'll take that," he said, "and a couple of shells. He might be outside now. You give me five minutes, and then you pretend to go to bed, and blow out your lamp, and come out there with me."

"If you know who did it, why don't you say so?" Chet expostulated.

"I don't know for sure, till he tells me," Jim returned; and, without waiting for a new protest, he picked up Chet's gun and slipped out through the shed.

Chet came thus far in his recital, and he paused again and looked from me to the boys, and chuckled at their white intentness. I thought he enjoyed the effect of this tale on them; he seemed now deliberately to thwart their eager curiosity.

"Well, sir," he confessed, "the more I thought about it, after Jim had gone, the madder I got. I was scared, some, but I was mad too. You never did see me mad," he continued. "But there's Irish blood in me, and Scotch. I've been killing mad in my time."

He smiled at some memory.

"I mind one night," he told us. "I heard a commotion, along toward daylight, out by my beehives. There'd been honey thieves around, and I looked to have a good crop of honey that year. And I didn't aim to have it stole. So I grabbed my gun and jumped right through the screen on my window and run out toward the hives.

"I couldn't see anything, so I throwed myself down on the ground—there was a dew, and it was cold and wet through my nightshirt—and I yelled to whoever it was to come out. But he didn't come, and the bees kept buzzing, and I laid there till by and by it got light enough so I see who it was. An old skunk, getting him some bees for breakfast. And I had to laugh at myself. But if it had been a man, I'd have shot him sure."

I protested at this, laughingly. "You're not so murderous as you pretend," I urged.

"You never saw me," Chet insisted; and he would have recounted some other occasion, but Bud interrupted in a rising impatience:

"But, Uncle Chet, what about Mr. Saladine?"

Chet looked sidewise at me, a twinkle in his eyes. "Sho," he protested, "I near forgot about Jim."

And he took up that tale again.

"Jim went out through the shed," Chet explained. "And I was scared. If Jim was right, whoever had killed old Lin might come up here and try to shoot me; and I tell you, I was glad the blinds were down.

"Jim had told me to undress; but a man feels kind of helpless without his pants; so I just took off my coat and put on my nightshirt over my clothes. And I waited long enough so's Jim would have plenty of time to get ready, and then I picked up the lamp and went in my bedroom. You've seen the way it sets, with the window right beside the bed. That window looks right out on the ground under the sink spout where you boys dug bait this morning. It's the only window in the room, and I always leave it open when I go to bed. The snow piles in on me sometimes, but I have to have air at night or I can't sleep at all.

"Well, I went into the bedroom; and then it struck me to lock the doors; so I left the lamp setting there on the table by the bed, and went and locked the front door and the back door. Then I come back and turned down the bed and blew out the lamp.

"And then I bounced the bed up and down with my hand, trying to make it sound like I was getting in. It was dark, so you couldn't see anything, but it was a little lighter outside, and I could make out the shape of the window. I could see there wasn't anybody there, and that made me feel better."

So he returned through the dining room and the kitchen, he explained; and he went through the shed to the side door, which Saladine had left open. He had taken off his nightshirt, but he had forgotten to replace his coat; and when he came to the door a fine rain had begun to fall. But he did not return to get the protecting garment.

"I caught a cold that night that lasted me six weeks," he confessed now.

He crawled out of the door on his hands and knees, and into the shelter of the weeds which grew against the shed; and he crept through them till Saladine's whisper sounded by his side. Then he crouched there beside the other man. Saladine, he discovered, was on his knees, his head just below the level of the weed tops, facing the window of Chet's bedroom; and Chet, in a similar posture, waited with him there.

They could see the white rectangle of the house wall which faced them, and the black shadow of the window in that rectangle; and they could see dimly past the corner of the house toward the road. The orchard lay on their right, and the grass under the trees had been cut for hay, two months before, so that it was still moderately short. Chet thought with relief that no one could approach them without being seen. His eyes began to be accustomed to the darkness; and he stared and stared, his eyes aching with their effort, his ears attuned to any slightest sound.

But for a long time there was no sound at all except the gentle hissing of the rain. It fell upon the roof above them and dripped from the eaves on Chet's shoulders, but he dared not move. It rustled on the weeds about them; it fell gently on the short grass; it pattered on the leaves which still clung to the apple trees near by. It tinkled

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with a sharper sound into the enlarging puddles in the road; and they could detect this more metallic note, even from where they lay, for the night was very still.

Once something scurried through the weeds about their knees—a mouse or a rat, Chet thought. And once, far down in the valley, there sounded the quick, hollow whoop of an owl, and Chet heard a coon whistle in his garden where some corn still waited to be harvested. Far away somewhere a dog barked, and Chet heard the rattle of a chain as Old Tantrybogus moved in his bed in the shed beside them. Then Jim's horse shook himself in the stall in the barn; they heard his hoof thump against the board floor.

The night which had seemed so still became, as their senses sharpened, full of little sounds. Their ears caught each one and sought to interpret it; embroidered it with imagined detail. Chet described these sounds at length, till Bud stirred restlessly and asked:

"But what happened, Uncle Chet?"

And Chet said: "Why, Bud, I'm telling you! It rained, and I got colder and colder, till my teeth chattered. I bit hard to keep them quiet. I wished I had a coat on, or feathers like that owl, or fur like that coon. And I watched everything I could see, till the trees in the orchard were dancing jigs when I looked at them."

"Gosh darn it, what happened?" Bud demanded; and Chet laughed aloud. But he went more swiftly on.

"I told you we could see all over," he reminded us. "I'd have swore that nothing could have moved anywhere around without our seeing it. Only the trees over in the orchard kept moving, when you looked at them. But I got used to that after a while, and didn't pay any more attention.

"And then I noticed that there was a tree right beside the corner of the house. It was just the stump of one, standing there in the rain, five or six feet tall. No branches or leaves or anything. And that bothered me, because I couldn't remember any tree there; but this one looked just like the others, only it didn't move the way they did. It just stayed in one place there for a long time.

"It bothered me more and more, staying so still. I wished it would move, the way the other trees did. And then it did move, and I felt better. It moved ahead till it was between us and the white side of the house. It was standing right by my bedroom window. You could see it plain then. It still looked like a tree, with one limb that stuck out ahead of it, up at a slant. And there was something on top of it like a hat.

"I was so cold by this time that I wasn't thinking straight. It wasn't till I felt Saladine come up on his toes, there by me, that I realized that this stub wan't a tree. It was a man!"

He filled his pipe again, whittling slices from a plug, rubbing them between his palms; and Bud wiped his brow.

"It was a man," Chet repeated gravely. "And after a minute he squatted down, and he crawled under the window. I couldn't make out what he was doing, except that he was down on his hands and knees.

"And then, all of a sudden, there come a roar and a blaze of light. The light was in my bedroom. It lit the room all up inside—just the flame from the gun. I could see the picture hanging on the wall above my bed. It's a picture of a basket of flowers, and I could see it all plain. He'd shot a load of buckshot through the window right into my bed.

"Well, sir, it scared me! Yes, sir, it did, for a fact. The noise, coming when everything had been so still—the noise and the flash of that shot, they knocked me over on my hunkers, kind of. I couldn't move for a minute. But it didn't scare Saladine! When the gun went off he give one jump, and he landed all spraddled out on that man there under my window.

"And there come the most awful screeching and yelling you ever heard. I jumped to help Jim, but I was thinking, even then, about that calf I'd caught and the way he bawled. Saladine had jumped just the way I jumped on the calf.

"But by that time I was helping him, and we got hold of this fellow and he quieted down. I guess it scared them first yells out of him, Saladine landing on him that way. But then he quieted down, and we got him into the house, and lighted a lamp and saw who it was."

"I know," Bud cried. "It was Luke Hills!"

But Chet shook his head. "No, Bud," he said. "No. I thought the same as you. I knowed Luke was a thief; and I wouldn't have put the other thing past him, if old Lin come in and surprised him, say. I thought it would be Luke. But it wasn't. Young Al Tooker. That's who it was we dragged into the kitchen there!"

He said it was Saladine's ability to anticipate the event which at first most impressed him. "He'd saved my life," Chet pointed out to us. "Not to mention that he'd caught the one that killed old Lin. But that didn't strike me so much as that he'd guessed what would happen, and who it was.

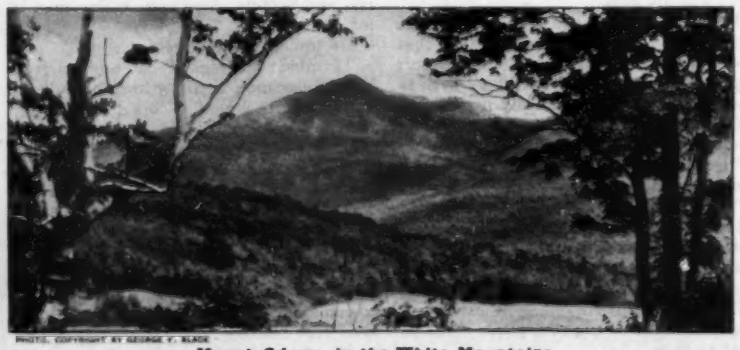
"It looked wonderful to me, but it was simple enough, to hear him tell. He'd been watching young Tooker when I was telling about sitting up in that pine; and when I said I could see the Pickering place all plain, he see the boy give a kind of a jerk and look at me red-eyed! And that was enough for Jim!"

It was not till after Sheriff Sohier had come to take Tooker in charge that Chet was struck by a renewed bewilderment. He found it, suddenly, hard to understand the very essential of this tragic thing. Tooker was hardly more than a boy; yet this was the crime of mature depravity, or of an animal ferocity.

"I don't see how Al come to do it, Jim!" Chet cried in his perplexity. "I wouldn't have been surprised if it was Luke, but you don't look for a boy to do such a thing. It ain't human!"

But Saladine said slowly:

"You know the answer as well as me, Chet. Let a turkey steal her nest in the woods, and the chicks are wild as pa'tridges! Or a heifer and her calf, and the calf's never any good. Tooker's ma went away and hid him, just like that heifer of yours, when he was born. He was born wild, and grew up wild, and he's stayed that way to the end!"



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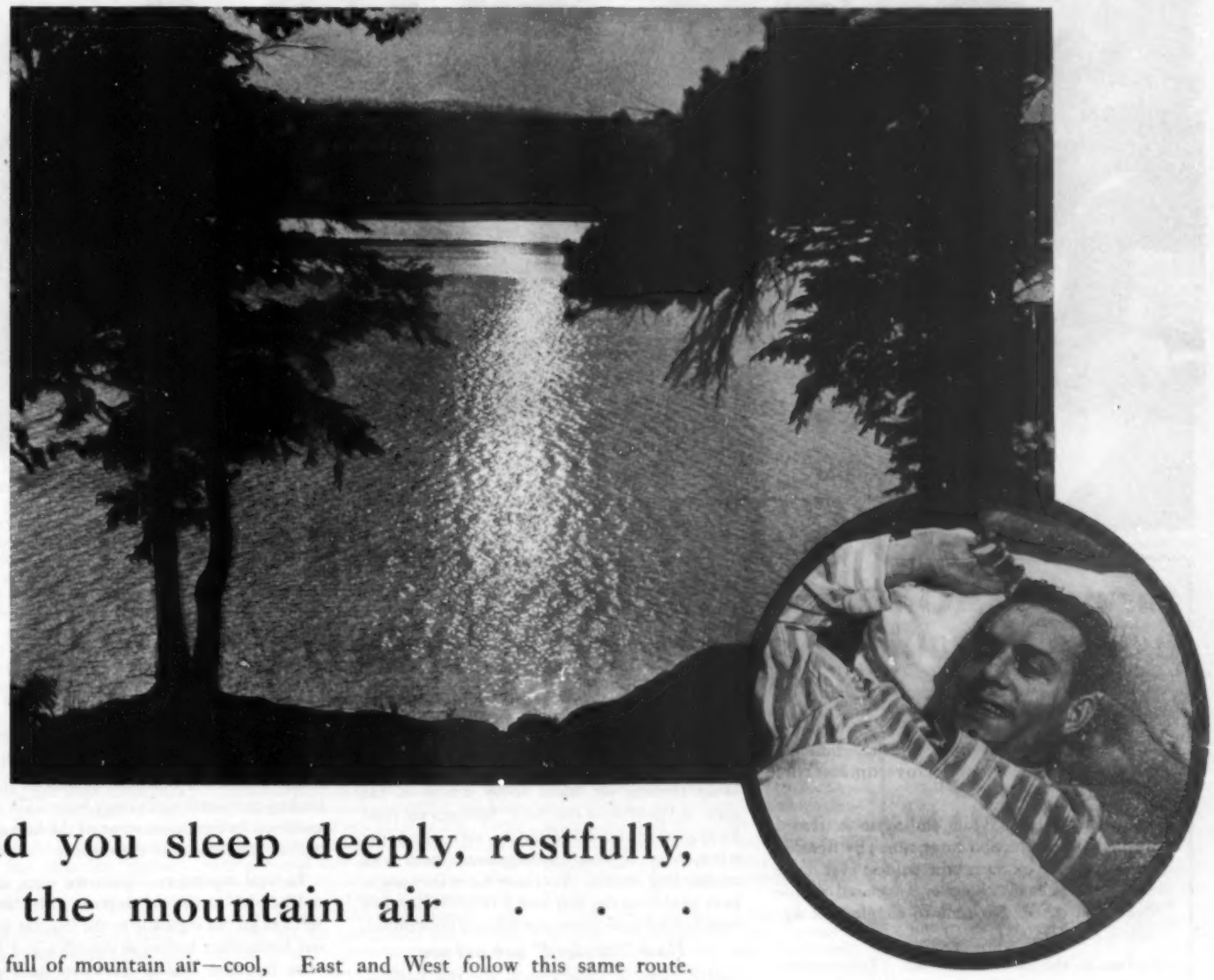

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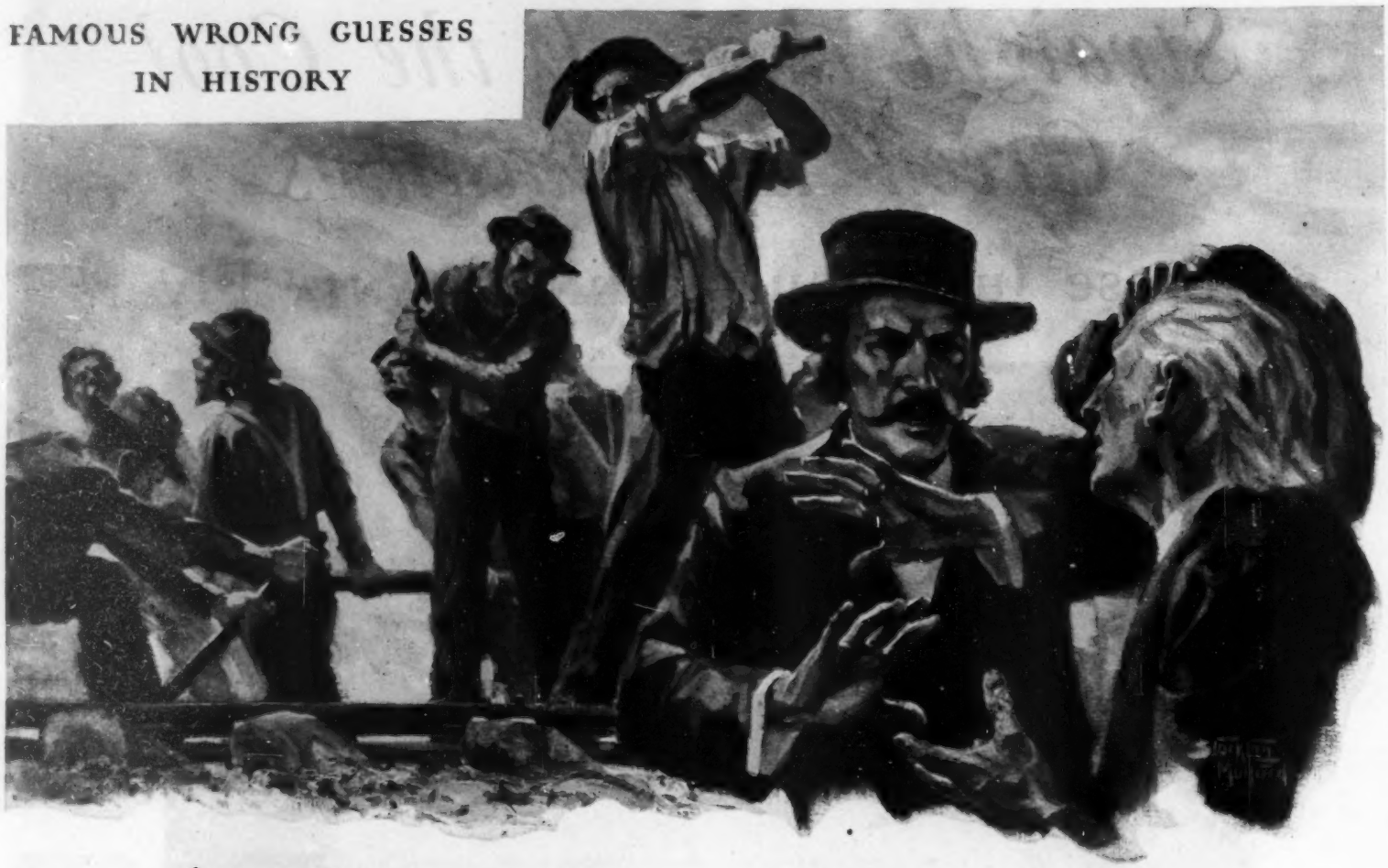

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THE TERRIBLE JAM

(Continued from Page 36)

"Stony," he muttered. "Not a stiver, not a red."

"That's English for broke," translated Della May in a whisper. "But he doesn't look it."

"They never do," says her father. "These Englishmen are always well dressed, because they never pay their tailors' bills. But you can't do the same with restaurants, even over here."

"I wonder who he is?" I says. "He's a nice-looking feller."

"Why, Gracie Dodge!" says Della May. "I never heard you take any notice of a man before. I'll bet you're stuck on him. Well, you can have him for all of me."

"Shush!" I says. "He's probably married already."

Well, that one was a knock-out for Mr. Homely, and probably worried him considerable. In the meanwhile Lord Cecil slept peacefully, and when at last he woke up he was terribly ashamed and worried.

"I say, but you're awf'lly kind, you know," says he. "And I'm afraid I've been a most fearful nuisance. Can't think how it happened, really."

"You hadn't had anything to eat," Mr. Homely reminded him kindly. "And you were kind of wore out, I reckon. But we've ordered dinner upstairs and we'll feed you something good and hot. The feller is in there laying the table now."

"I say, but this is American hospitality," says His Lordship, looking around the room in a dazed sort of way, but taking in its magnificence all right. "Really, I can't impose on you any longer—really I can't! If you'll just ring for a taxi I shall be quite all right now. Thanks awf'lly."

"No, no!" says Mr. Homely. "You just stay and have a little snack with us first. You're not fit to go out yet, and you're more than welcome."

The old man was so insistent that in the end Lord Straith had to give in. And after His Lordship was spruced up and combed down a bit, he was even nicer-looking than before; no man being at his best asleep with his mouth open. He was about twenty-eight years old, pink-cheeked and, except for the monocle, perfectly natural and nice. He sat at table between me and Della May, and at first he didn't talk much, being real hungry and especially pleased with the large cup of coffee that was served with the meal—an American novelty he found a big help to him. Well, we had a real pleasant evening, and when Lord Cecil finally said good night he'd made a date with the Homelys to take them to some night club, and promised to see a lot of us. The moment he had left, Mr. Homely called me as I was going off to my room, and gave me some orders about our late guest.

"Look him up in the local Who's Who," he told me. "He's a nice young feller, but before this goes any further I want to be sure he's the genuine article. So read up on him, Gracie, and let me have a report first thing in the morning."

Well, dear, when I asked the elevator boy for a book to look Lord Straith up in, he brought me one called Burke's Peerage and I looked up Straith, and under Straith it says: "See Chrishaven, family name of the Earl." So I looked under Chrishaven—the sixth earl, in fact—with Castle Craighleigh, in Scotland, as the seat—which I reckoned meant home of the family. Cecil was the only son, and his mother had been Lady Alice Haverhill, fifth daughter of the Duke of Closter, but she was dead. The earl, his father, seemed to be a joiner, and had a lot of clubs in London, but no town house, and there was no doubt but that Cecil was not English, in spite of his name, but Scotch instead. And that explained a lot of things to me. His being perfectly willing to let a comparative stranger buy him a free dinner in a big hotel, for instance, when he could perfectly well have gone home or to a restaurant, or something! But of how well off he was, not a word was said in Mr. Burke's book.

Now, back home when you look somebody up in one of those reference books, you can really find out about them. For example, under "Homely" it says:

HOMELY, CYRUS BELL; b. Creighton, Ind., Nov. 2, 1874; m. Eliza Robbins, 1896; 1 dau., Della May. Owner and originator of Sunbeam Jams; pres. Sunbeam Corp., National Citrus Bank; mgr. dir. Coldfruit Canning Corp.; pres. Georgia Peach Corp.

And so on. So when you look him up you right away get the idea here is a pretty able man, and rich at that. But nothing so vulgar appears in Burke's Peerage, and so, beyond finding out who his grandpa was, and that the title was to some lonesome Scotch real estate, we knew nothing more about Cecil Straith than we had known before. However, Mr. Homely was satisfied with Burke's O. K., and from then on we saw a whole lot of the lad. Lord Cecil was quite taken with Della May, and asked her out to tea—which was all he seemed able to afford, poor kid—but he made up for that by accepting practically all of Mr. Homely's invitations to lunch and dinner and theaters, and of course Mr. Homely was the kind of guy who never let anybody else pay.

But for the first few weeks Della May seemed perfectly indifferent to her new beau. She was still stuck on Jack Bolton, and spent a lot of time mooning over his picture in her room, and when his letters were slow in arriving—which they'd begun to be rather often lately—she would go into a private huddle and scarcely speak to her Scotch admirer. And then one day Lord Cecil invited us to meet his father. By that I knew his intentions were serious, but although I felt sort of sick when the invitation came, I just tightened up my new high-waisted belt and told myself to grin and bear it. The Homelys had been terrible good to me, and if they wanted the only man I'd ever liked for their daughter, why, I'd be the last to try and interfere. Besides, was I crazy? A stenographer and the heir to an earldom. Laugh that one off!

Della May knew what that invitation meant as well as I did, but at first she was all for refusing.

"There's no use, Gracie," she told me sadly. "I know it would please poppa to have me a lady, but I can't get my mind off of Jack. So long as he loves me, I couldn't look at another man."

That was early in the morning, see, dear? But before ten o'clock something had happened to change Della May's mind. There had been a lot of mail delivered to us by the early post—as they call it over there—but none of it had been addressed to Della May, and when she asked me if there was one for her from Jack, I'd had to disappoint her. Well, to tell the truth, Jack had written, but not to her. The envelope was marked "private" and was for Mr. Homely, so of course I had put it on his desk unopened. Mr. Homely had read it through with a couple of grunts of satisfaction and tucked the first page of it into his pocketbook for safe-keeping. But the rest of the letter he'd left lying open on his worktable with the things for filing. And it just so happened that Della May came into the room and spotted it before I had a chance to clean up.

"Why, Gracie," she cried, "there is so a letter from Jack! The tramp, why didn't he write to me?" And she started reading. When she came to the end of it she handed the letter to me with a little heartbroken cry.

"No, Gracie, no!" she says. "It can't be true! Read this and tell me it's not true!" But Jack's letter was pretty hard to deny. It continued on from Page One like this:

too lovely for words! Quite the sweetest thing I've ever seen, and a natural blond, as well. I can't tell you how smitten I am, or how proud and pleased I am over it all. Honestly, Mr. Homely, I can hardly believe my good luck in securing such a priceless treasure. But please say nothing to anybody for the present, not even to your wife and Della May, to whom I send my warmest regards.

Yours ever sincerely,
JACK BOLTON.

Well, dear, there wasn't much I could say after reading that, was there? Here Della May had been taken to England to forget him, and apparently it had worked the other way around! Not that Della May let anybody but me know it, however! Not her! She was a whole lot too proud for that, and hurt as she was, she tossed her head in the air and accepted Lord Cecil's invitation. And as long as she did, so did I, on account I had been invited too.

It sure was a funny luncheon party, dear. Old Mr. Homely was all flustered up over the significance of our being invited to meet the earl, and before we left our hotel he reminded us again not to mention jam on peril of our lives, being terrified that the earl would find out about Sunbeam before the engagement was cinched. So we all promised solemnly, and the luncheon commenced kind of stiff and formal—all except for Della May, who seemed bent on making herself as attractive as possible to Lord Cecil. It was the first time I had ever seen her really warm up to work of that kind, and when she did I realized, with a sinking feeling, that she was good at it. And as a result I couldn't even taste the caviar, although I was eating raw onions with it at the time.

But the earl was harder to get loosened up. He was a silent old gink, very dignified and earl-like. He didn't have very much more to say than Mr. Homely did, and all Mr. Homely could really talk about was the jam business, and naturally this was the one forbidden subject. However, we nearly had an accident in this respect, because there was roast lamb for luncheon and Mr. Homely ordered currant jelly with it, and when it arrived, darned if it wasn't Sunbeam brand! A smile as wide as his face appeared on Mr. Homely's countenance as he reached out his hand for the familiar jar. But the earl was ahead of him, and seizing it, handed it back to the waiter with a roar.

"Take that filthy thing away!" he ordered. "Haven't you got any Highlands? . . . Then bring us some at once!"

Well, Mr. Homely got absolutely purple in the face, but he really was grand, the way he controlled himself and never said a word! And as a matter of fact, I'll bet anything that the red currant jelly which presently came back in a glass dish had been emptied right out of the Sunbeam jar, although Cecil's pa seemed perfectly satisfied with it this time, and recommended it highly.

"There!" says he. "Try that, Mr. Homely! Highlands, the best product of the British Isles." And poor Mr. Homely had to eat it and like it.

The rest of the luncheon went off fine, however, and by evening Lord Cecil and Della May were engaged. It was Mr. Homely who told me, for he wanted me to write out a cable to the newspapers at home. And I don't mind admitting to you, dear, that all the time I was typing out that cable the tears was streaming down my face. Of course, it had been hopeless ever to dream of Cecil noticing me above Della May; but the way things stood, it didn't look like anybody was going to be happy now, for Della May didn't love him, and he didn't love me, and Jack didn't love Della May. But duty is duty, and I sent the cable announcing the engagement, and that seemed to be that.

Well, dear, Cecil gave Della May a ring eventually. Not a big fat diamond, such as she might have expected, but a funny-looking old antique that would have brought at least a dollar and fifty cents for the gold there was in it. And at that it seemed the ring was only a loan, because all the other Straiths had used it for an engagement ring

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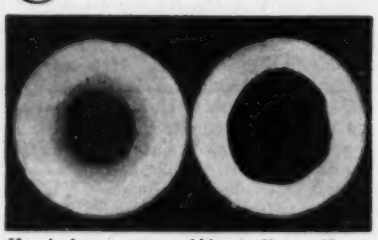

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and Cecil made it quite clear that he expected them to go on doing so for the next couple of hundred years, which was certainly economical, if nothing else. Della May, however, pretended she thought this was terribly romantic, and she and Cecil seemed to get on disgustingly well together.

And so did Cecil and Mr. Homely. If the old man had found Cecil's pa impossible to talk to, he didn't seem to have any such difficulty with his prospective son-in-law. Cecil took the old boy to night clubs, to his own club for luncheon, also to the races, and last, but not least, to his tailor. Mr. Homely ordered a lot of suits from this tailor, and, of course, paid cash for them—an act which gave Lord Straith a semiroyal fit.

"Terribly bad precedent, that!" says Cecil, astounded. "Quite a novelty for him, getting so much cash, what? He really ought to let me off something for bringing you in." Mr. Homely looked shocked.

"I don't suppose you pay him very regular, eh?" he demanded.

"Of course not," says Cecil promptly. "But tailors don't mind. They're used to it."

"I think it's a confounded shame," says Mr. Homely.

And say, dear, I guess this incident was what decided Mr. Homely that it was time to talk with Cecil about money. Mr. Homely had expected his titled son-in-law to cost him quite a penny, and of course he didn't want the young couple to start off in debt on either side; so he asked Cecil frankly if he had any unpaid bills. And Cecil promptly says, "Yes, lots." So then Mr. Homely tactfully insisted on giving Cecil enough money to pay them all. But apparently that wasn't the end of it. Lord Straith did a little hemming and hawing, and at length it came out that he needed a real large sum in cash for another purpose.

"You see, it's a question of saving the family fortune, such as it is," says His Lordship. "If I don't take a drastic and most expensive step directly, we'll be rather on the rocks. But if you can let me have, say, ten thousand, why, I fancy we shall be quite all right for a while."

Well, dear, I can just about imagine how Pa Homely eyed the boy when he heard this. But undoubtedly the Jam King figured this was just merely a roundabout English way of asking for a settlement on Della May. And since he was all set to give his darling daughter a cool couple of millions, why, the request seemed like small change, and so he merely grunted and called for me to make out the check.

"This is really frightfully decent of you, sir," says Cecil as he took it. "And I'd like you and my father to have a bit of a talk about the uses to which it is to be put. I've been dreading asking him to put up the money, because he's difficult about money matters. In fact, it's practically impossible to get a shilling out of him. But he can explain the situation rather better than I can. So may we make an appointment here at your place, say, for tomorrow afternoon? How about teatime, eh?"

"That's all right with me," says Pa Homely, slightly puzzled. "Run along now and pay your bills, my boy, and your pa and I will get together tomorrow if you like."

When Cecil had left, Mr. Homely turned to me with a certain satisfaction.

"Well, I knew they must be broke," he says. "But I kind of liked the way the boy put it about his dad's finances! 'Difficult about money matters; practically impossible to get a shilling out of him!' Ha-ha! I'll bet it is! Decent of the boy, though, to try and protect his old man."

Well, dear, as the saying goes, many an old flame has ruined a good match. But certainly Della May and I weren't prepared for any such thing as turned up the next afternoon. You see, Della May said that her ma was laying down with a headache and couldn't go to the fitting with her at the dressmaker's, and would I please come along? The dress she was trying on was her wedding dress, so it was important somebody should be there to express an opinion on it, but you can imagine, dear, just how pleased I was to be elected! However, I couldn't say no, because I had to keep up appearances and not let Della May guess how I felt about her fiancé. So I sat through that miserable fitting somehow or another, and when it was over we started back to the hotel, where the earl and Cecil were due any minute now, and where I was also due to be with my notebook, in order to take down any business notes that might be necessary in connection with this dowry business that was to come up before the meeting.

Well, dear, in any big city, when you are in a hurry to get some place, you are pretty darned certain to run into a traffic jam, and that's exactly what happened to us. Ordinarily, of course, the London traffic goes smooth, but this one time it moved by inches, and when we got to Trafalgar Square, the traffic was stopped for about the nine-hundredth time in two blocks, and there we sat with plenty of space in front of us, but no place to go. And then all of a sudden a car commenced coming toward us against the deadlock. It crossed the square, absolutely dead against the cop's signal, and as it came I saw a young feller standing up in it, waving' like mad and yelling, and of all people in the world, who would it be but Jack Bolton!

"Look, Della May—look!" I cried. "See who's here!"

And she looked all right, and so did about six policemen, and the whistles commenced blowing and the uniforms gathering, but could you stop Jack? Just like you could stop the Empire State Express by yelling at it! In one instant he had jumped from the running board of his taxi onto the step of our car, and not all the cops in London could arrest him until he'd gathered Della May into his arms and kissed her good and plenty, although she struggled and tried to push him away.

"Honey," he says, "I came the instant I read in the papers about your engagement. How dare you think you can marry anybody but me? I took the boat the same night, without even wasting time to cable, and I just got in at the depot and was on my way to your hotel." And that was all the further he got before the polite but firm police were on him.

"Sorry, sir," says one of them, "but you'll have to come along to the station."

"Oh, but we can't!" I says anxiously. "We've got a date. And we're late for tea right now."

Well, that last helped a little, dear. You see, I knew that line about tea would weaken the cop's English heart. However, it seemed that breaking a traffic law in London was a pretty serious offense; so Jack only got off with a summons—which is English for a ticket—and then we started for the hotel.

And all the way back Della May wouldn't hardly speak a word to Jack. She drew herself up in one corner of the car and stayed there, white and speechless, and poor Jack looked terrible upset. All the color went out of his face, too, and he turned to me with misery in his eyes.

"Say, Gracie!" he whispered. "What's wrong? Does she really prefer this dude?"

"You ought to know what's wrong!" I says indignantly, as I remembered the secret letter he'd written to Mr. Homely about the natural blond he was so crazy over. "You ought to know why you're in bad! Just think it over!"

Well, I guess he thought it over all right, the rest of the ride. And when finally we got upstairs in the hotel, there was the earl and Cecil waiting, and Mr. Homely in a very bad temper because of us being late; and, well, naturally, dear, his temper wasn't improved any by the unexpected sight of Jack.

"Bolton!" he says. "What the devil brought you here?"

"I've come over to get Della May," says that young man calmly. Both the earl and Lord Cecil got to their feet at that, and Mr. Homely began to sputter.

(Continued on Page 149)

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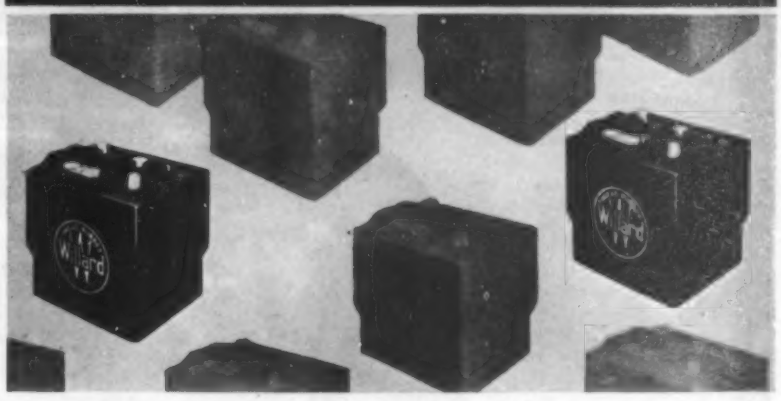

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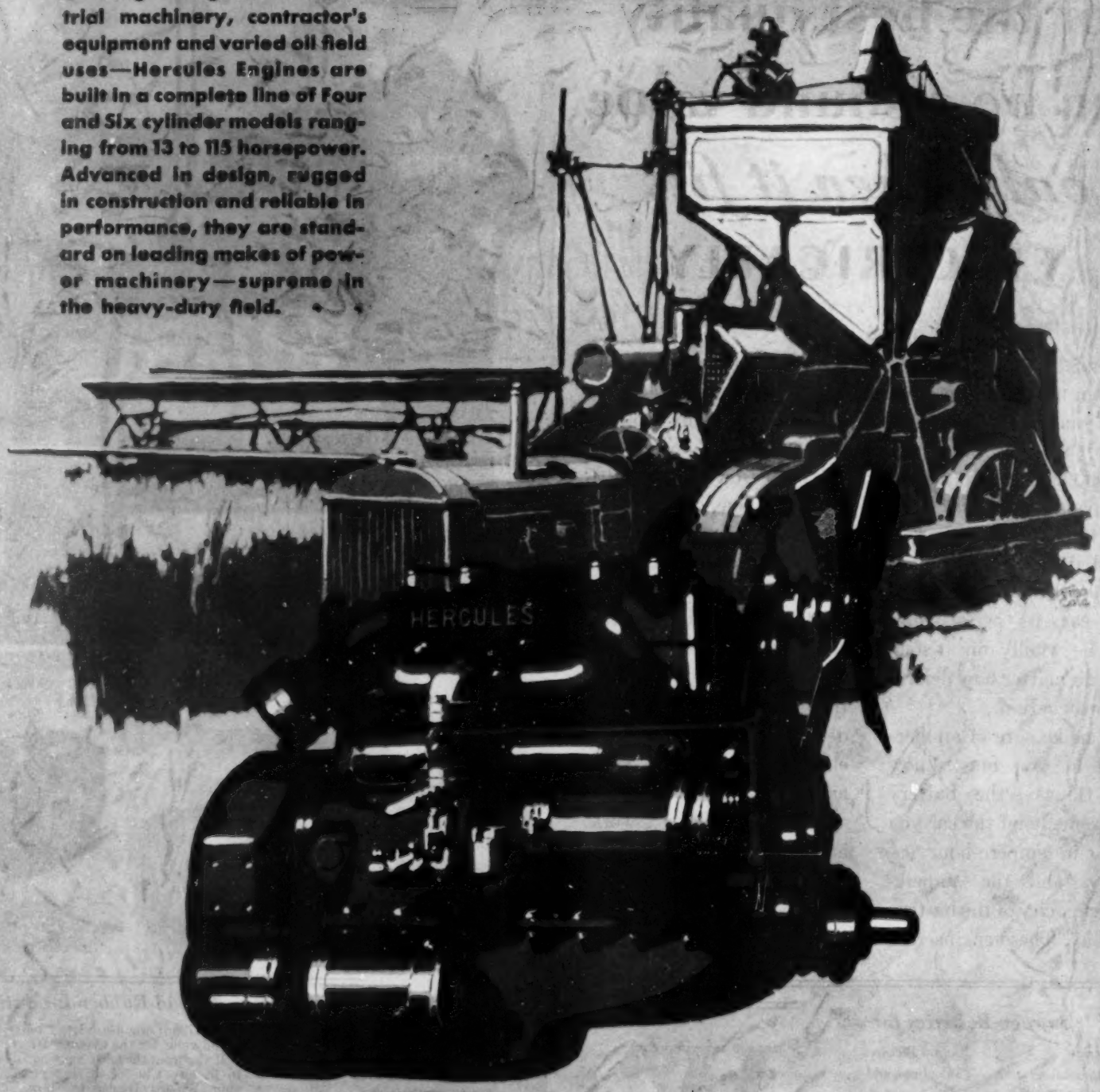


HERCULES MOTORS CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 146)

"Get Della May?" he says angrily. "What sort of nonsense are you talking?"

"No nonsense at all, sir," says Jack. "I mean exactly what I say. Besides, even if I didn't exist, I can't see how on earth you could be willing to have Della May marry the Earl of Chrishaven's son!"

The earl got pretty red in the face at that, but Mr. Homely got even redder.

"Well, and why not, I should like to know!" he bellowed. "I certainly can't see any objections!"

"Do you actually mean to tell me you don't know?" cried Jack incredulously. "Why, the earl owns Highlands Marmalade!"

"What?" squeaked Mr. Homely. "Owns Highlands? What are you talking about?"

"Maybe I'm crazy!" snapped Jack. "But he certainly does! That's one reason why the announcement was such a blow to me. Why, the Straith family have owned Highlands for hundreds of years."

"Ahem!" says the earl, coming to life and putting on a monocle to fortify himself. "Ahem! Mr. Homely, this young person, to whom I have not been introduced, is quite correct in asserting that we are Highlands. Yes, quite! But he seems to regard the fact as a deterrent to my son's marriage with your daughter. Yet I assure you that many members of the peerage own industries."

"Peerage be blowed, sir!" says Pa Homely. "Mr. Bolton claims it would be a come-down for my daughter to marry into your family, not because you're in the peerage but because we make a better jam than you do!"

"You do what?" exclaimed the earl.

"I'm Sunbeam!" says Mr. Homely proudly. "Sunbeam Jams—d' you understand that? And I thought you—why, good heavens, if I'd known you were nothing but those marmalade crooks, I'd have left Cecil on the floor of the bar that night. How dare you fool me this way?"

"Hold on!" says Cecil, butting in hastily. "There can't be any question of deception being intended here, you know! Why, as a matter of fact, Mr. Homely, that ten thousand you let me have yesterday was for an advertising campaign in America to help along our dear old marmalade. You see, you people have been cutting a frightful swath in our marmalade sales just lately, and so I thought we'd better resort to American methods and advertise a bit. That's what the talk this afternoon was to have been about. How very odd!"

There was a moment's silence so delicate that you could have cut it with a fork, dear, while I rapidly thought: "Well, isn't that a Scotchman every time—all set to use somebody else's money to earn a dividend? I guess Cecil isn't such a dumb egg about money, after all." And it gave me quite a thrill. It evidently gave Jack a thrill, too, for he was grinning all over his face when he spoke again:

"Well, his nibs is perfectly correct about the sales, Mr. Homely," he says. "We're now outselling Highlands two to one. Remember the confidential letter I sent you a few weeks ago? Our new product is a natural blond and it's quite the sweetest thing I've ever seen. As I wrote you, I can't tell you how smitten I am with it, or how proud I am of putting it over. Because, sir, you promised me that if I could find a way to outsell Highlands I could ask for anything I wanted. And all I want is Della May."

"But," says Pa Homely, "just exactly how did you do it?" And say, listen, dear, when Jack answered, he spoke to Della May instead of to her pa.

"Do you remember that old plaid hair ribbon of yours, honey," he says, "that I've kept ever since we were kids? Well, I printed our new marmalade labels on paper copied from that ribbon, and it's sold 'em like wildfire. I stole the Highlands psychology, see, without any infringement of copyright!"

"And you're a thief, sir!" shouted the earl. "Your behavior has been outrageous! You should not tamper with established institutions! And as for you, Mr. Homely," he went on, turning to pa—"as for you, sir, your conduct in leading me to suppose that my son was marrying into the American aristocracy is unforgivable!"

With which wallop, dear, the old gent stalked to the far end of the big room and stood looking out of the window at where the view ought to have been, his hands twiddling his monocle behind his back real indignantly.

"Yeh, that's a hot line!" says Pa Homely, furious. "I guess maybe a Highlands wouldn't be coming up in the world to marry a Sunbeam, eh? I guess maybe a High——"

"I guess maybe you're wasting your breath, pa," says Della May, who, ever since Jack had mentioned about the letter, hadn't been able to take her eyes off him. "You're wasting it, because Jack is going to hold you to your promise, and so am I!" There was another silence then, dear, with Pa Homely walking up and down, and grunting under his breath.

"I suppose, sir," says Jack Bolton respectfully, "that after this you won't even speak to the earl?"

Mr. Homely stopped dead in his tracks at that and swung toward Jack, giving him a slow once-over.

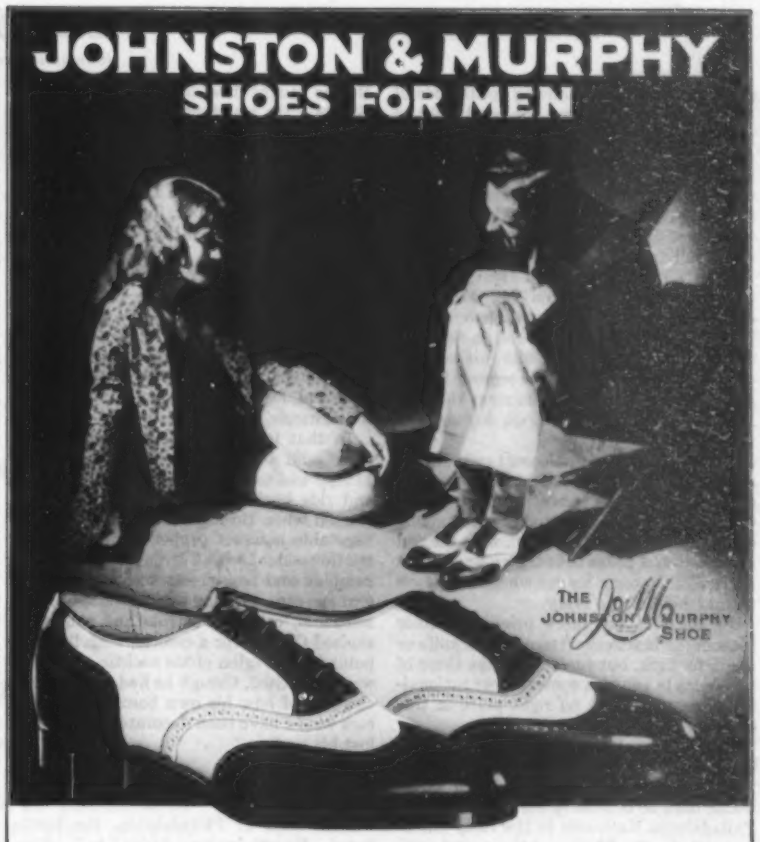
"Like fun I won't!" he says, grinning slowly. "Say, him and I are going to have the first real interesting talk we've had since we met!" Then he lifted his voice and called down the room toward the gray figure by the distant window. "Hey, earl!" he hollered. "I want to ask you something. Say, now, why do you people go on using 60 per cent cane sugar in your product?

For a moment the earl's shoulders twitched as if he wouldn't answer. And then interest got the better of him and he turned around.

"Well, as a matter of fact, my dear chap," he says, "since you ask, I may as well tell you that we don't believe in those confounded strainers you people use! And consequently, cane sugar is absolutely necessary to achieve the proper result."

Yeh, dear, the line started just like that! And the last I seen of the two old boys that afternoon, they was lighting each other's cigars and deciding on a simultaneous rise in the price of marmalade.

And that's about all, dear. . . . What? . . . The wedding dress? Oh, Della May never used it. . . . No, she and Jack got married right away by special license. But the wedding gown wasn't wasted just the same, because Della May and I are about the same size. And so I wore it when I married Lord Cecil. Did he find out I was a stenographer? Why, of course; he knew I was a stenographer—a first-class stenographer. It was half the reason why he asked me. You see, his father was making him go into the family business and he knew he'd need a girl who not only was an expert secretary but who knew the jam business as well. And think of the salary he's saving!



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THE BREAKS

(Continued from Page 46)

contained in that practicing spitballists of the period were granted the legal right to use the wet delivery for the duration of their careers. This provision has kept Urban Faber, Jack Quinn, Burleigh Grimes and Clarence Mitchell in full professional standing as pitchers to this day, while the bartenders of 1920 have, of course, shifted to other callings.

A certain pitcher made a great record in the American Association one year. But canny major-league umpires discovered that he wore a talisman on his belt, a fishhook with which they alleged he nicked the cover of the ball near the seam. It was after 1920, and therefore against the law. Exit the pitcher whose hook worked too well.

Perhaps the now-obsolescent spitball was discovered by a pitcher of ancient days who moistened the ball for luck, just as Lefty O'Doul, last year's National League batting champion, after hitting a foul, wets the end of his bat and pokes it in the ground, like a billiardist chalking his cue when its tip fails to take hold of the ivory.

In some of the more primitive minor leagues the manager often carries a knife or a gun for luck, but such cases, like those of talismans in general, come so near rationalism that they have no right place in this discussion.

Totem animals are rare in breaksism, unless you mean lucky bat boys. The only totem animal of recent record is a sheep which used to browse in the outfield of the Philadelphia Nationals in the early Harding period. The Phillies of the period were uniformly and constantly tail-enders, but the totem sheep, introduced by the ground keeper, Sam Payne, was hailed by the team as worth a trial.

The wily Sam—perhaps a true believer, perhaps not—had a deeper motive. The sacred beast saved him many a weary step behind the lawn mower. But he overreached himself when the Phillies kept on losing and he put in more totem power by doubling the number of sheep. The new one was a young and enthusiastic ram. Doubtless Sam's motives were of the best. Certainly it cut in two Sam's remaining weary mower steps. And it did not hurt the team. The Phils did not lose any greater percentage of games with two sheep than with one.

But one bright morning the ram chased Business Manager William J. Shettsline across left field and up into the bleachers. He barely made it. That night all trace of totem animals disappeared from the Philadelphia National League park and from baseball annals perhaps forever.

Oldring Catching for Murphy

When you ask the individual breaksist about his rite, he'll tell you usually that it doesn't mean a thing. Just a habit. Feels better that way. But if you can delve into his past psychoanalytically, you usually can link the foible with some notable episode in memory's hinterland. The clubby tendency of the subconscious mind to bunch fortunate events or unfortunate with their environment, to consider a break as part and member of its background instead of suspended in a void, is probably the root of it all.

Danny Murphy, right fielder and right-handed slugger of the old Philadelphia Athletics, to this day refuses to sit in the back seat of a taxicab. A folder for Danny every time, and the reason goes back to the 1911 world's series. In the fifth game thereof the New York Giants in their Polo Grounds scored a ten-inning victory over the A's. Doyle scored the winning run from third base on Merkle's sacrifice fly to right. Murphy caught the fly, and he caught it in the act of running across the right-field foul line. The fly would have been a foul ball, just a long strike, if Murphy had let it fall to earth untouched. But he caught it, winning the game for the Giants. He could not regain balance in time to stop Doyle from scoring.

This play climaxed an uphill fight by the Giants. It made their second victory of the series, and although the Athletics had won three of the first four games, their morale was shot as they left the Polo Grounds that day. Murph's morale was riddled. He blamed himself for the loss of the game, which might mean losing the series. He stepped into a taxi at the clubhouse door and sank bitterly to the one vacant rear seat. A friend from Connecticut waved to him from the sidewalk. He rose and leaned through the window to shake hands.

In that instant, Rube Oldring, a team mate, slid into the cushioned rear seat. Murph had to unfold one of the front seats and ride backward. The cab had hardly started when through the window came a vegetable bouquet propelled by some patriotic resident with a strong anti-Athletics complex and free access to some teeming garbage can. Oldring was on the spot. The tomatoes, cabbage, carrots and succotash sloshed Oldring for a rosette, with its focal point in the region of his necktie. Murphy was untouched, though he had an excellent close-up of how his own bosom, neck and ears would have been decorated had he not lost his seat.

Two Strikes, by Gum!

Next day, in Philadelphia, the battle raged. Fourth inning. Score 1 to 1. Anybody's game. Baker singled. Murphy singled, sending Baker to third. Davis bounced to Second Baseman Doyle. The Giants' infield was playing close, so as to cut off Baker at home plate. Doyle, however, seeing Murphy approaching, tried to tag out Murphy before proceeding further with the play. Doyle made two passes at Murphy and missed him both times. Then, and not until then, Doyle threw the ball to home plate. Too late. Baker scored. Murphy ran safe to second. Davis reached first.

The final score that day was 13 to 2, the Athletics winning the game and the world's championship. Murphy made four hits all told, but he and his mates saw in that one play along the base line between first and second the break of that game.

The taxicab?

Well, Murphy says that Doyle made a great play, a smart play, a play that would have worked if Murphy had not pulled in his stomach. A play that might well have put the Giants in the ascendant instead of the Athletics.

"He missed me only that much," testifies Murph, pinching a half inch of air between thumb and forefinger. "And he wouldn't have missed me if I was eating. But on account of that stuff all over Oldring I couldn't eat supper the night before, or breakfast that morning, or even lunch. You can have the back seats in all the taxis. I'll fold mine."

The greats of baseball history are often great breaksists, too, with the very notable exception of Babe Ruth, whose fetishes, if he observes any, are subtle and known only to himself. Cobb's most conspicuous practice was touching second base with his foot on his way to and from his outfield position. Speaker plucked grass and munched it while waiting for a fly to set him galloping. Eddie Collins' chewing-gum rite made itself famous long since. After his second strike he steps away from the plate, removes a wad of gum from the button of his cap, and clenches it with his teeth as he waits for subsequent pitches.

Hal Chase, the greatest fielding first baseman of all, was also the first two-strikes gum chewer on record. Prince Hal, they say, used a cryptic gesture, a sort of swastika wriggle, in drawing the gum down from his apex to his oral vestibule.

There was a case of gum magic handed down from remote antiquity. Connie Mack recalls that Pete Browning, who hit way over .300 for seven successive years, touching .471 in 1887, never went to bat without a nubbin of gum pasted on each eyebrow. For Pete, gum on his eyebrows meant more than rings on his fingers or bells on his toes. Pete never said why.

The Samson complex manifests itself in abstention from haircuts and shaves during a hitting streak. Finding hairpins can thus be convenient as well as lucky. The load of empty barrels has its best effect on your batting average when the truck goes past your hotel. It seems to work better, too, if your manager happens to be with you when you see it.

The Indian sign, or Wami, is something like the evil eye. You have it on somebody else. Some pitchers have prolonged their big-league careers by getting the Wami on one special club, beating that club again and again, though other clubs hammer them to a purple pulp.

Somebody put a Saturday jinx on this year's Chicago White Sox. They won their first Saturday game of the year, but this was followed by a string of Saturday defeats. As these words are being written they have lost seven successive Saturday games, and apparently nothing can be done about it.

When a pitcher is engaged in holding the enemy hitless, it is forbidden to speak about it anywhere in his vicinity. A remark referring in any way to a no-hit game is sure to bring an immediate hit from the enemy bats.

The 1927 Yanks, that greatest slugging team of all, came to consider factory whistles good omens because, on days when some pitcher succeeded in keeping their bat pile mute for five or six or seven innings, the five o'clock snort from some near-by factory usually broke the spell, heralding five or six or seven Yankee runs all in a cluster.

Some pitchers have a sort of dread about stepping on the foul line they have to cross on their way to and from the box. Chief Bender, like many another pitcher, hated standing for his camera portrait on the day he pitched.

In fact, he wouldn't stand for it. One day an intrepid sharpshooter defied the Chief's warning. The Chief, who was warming up at the time, gave his control a little practice by bouncing a ball against the camera's eye, thus ending picture taking for the day.

Clarke Griffith, in his pitching days, didn't like to score a shut-out. If he had a team beaten by more than one run going into the ninth, they could always count on scoring a run in their last inning, provided they had none up to then. Later, as Washington manager, Grif always carried at least one Cuban ball player on his roster.

The Red Light Means Go for the A's

The complete catalogue of breaksism down through baseball ages, could it be compiled, would add something to the literature of primitive theism. Taking the present world's champions, the Philadelphia Athletics, as a fair sample of a successful ball club, we can get a good composite picture of the thing in practice.

The Athletics do not attribute their success to the pixies, but, on the other hand, they are not going to be caught napping by any prowling jinxes. The team's infield practice always begins the same way—with Kid Gleason bouncing the ball on the home plate. Practice never starts until Mickey Cochrane is up at home plate to handle the ball there. When Lefty Grove is pitching he won't let any infielder except Foxx throw the ball to him. Lefty likes to pitch opening games and morning games. For no reason at all he is at his best on such occasions.

George Earnshaw, blue-blood and college man, who likes to twit less literate team mates with polysyllabic terms and Latin phrases, a prosperous insurance broker in his own right, refuses to warm up at the start of an inning unless the working catcher is there to receive the ball. If some team mate volunteers to fill in while the regular catcher is donning his accouterments, Earnshaw will either refrain from warming up at all or will toss the ball to first base.

Dykes never speaks to bat boys. He holds that a certain traffic light in Detroit, at the first corner as you go from the Hotel Detroit-Leland toward Navin Field, has a special significance for the Athletics. It was green only twice last year when he came to it on his way to the game, and both those days the Athletics lost. Every time it showed red the Athletics won, even one day when the Tigers gained a five-run lead.

But the players all rank second as breaksists to the above-mentioned Collins, team captain, once the greatest second baseman extant, member of seven pennant-winning teams and five world's-championship teams, manager for a few years of the Chicago White Sox.

A Homer to Sing of Homers

Collins, besides his chewing-gum trick, practices precedent worship to the *n*th degree. He is a star repeater. The day the A's win he remembers every detail of his regimen—what he had for breakfast, what route he used in going from home or hotel to the ball park, where he hung his hat. Next day he copies this routine to the last detail. He warms up before the game with the same man he warmed up with the day before. And they exchange exactly the same number of tosses back and forth. Woe betide the luckless oaf who in gross ignorance strays in between Collins and the man he is warming up with.

Woe also betide any oaf, luckless or otherwise, who spills anything in Collins' corner. Eddie's seat in the Athletics' dugout is at the extreme right-hand end, and in this narrow precinct he practices the speckless housekeeping habit first made famous by Stallings. No scrap of paper, no lump of clay from passing spike, no extraneous object or fragment whatsoever is allowed in Collins' corner. He sweeps it clean before each game and keeps it spotless as a Dutch kitchen the while the battle tide rages and tosses on the campus hard by. Other devout breaksists on the team regard him as a sort of shaman, a boss medicine man, in close touch with the unseen powers.

What does it all mean? When we watch a ball game, are we seeing only the gross material stumblings of mortal puppets while the real fight is raging invisibly between the elves, the pixies, the brownies, the sprites, the ogres, the demiurges presiding in the pebbles, the foul lines, under home plate? Are there mighty feuds working among the wood nymphs and dryads inhabiting the bats? Does jinx wrestle with Wami, dealing death blows with horrid cries too subtle for mortal ears?

If some blind poet with eyes for the unseen comes along to interpret the breaks properly, wide-eyed generations to come may read of our world's-series classics as we read Homer, in terms of gods and demigods riding the diamonds and prancing the base lines, as did Apollo and Ares and Pallas Athene the Trojan terrain, disguised as lightning, cloudbursts and other facts of Nature.

Not this poet, though. Not blind enough, in the first place; and in the second place, dactylic hexameters always gave me indigestion. And in the third place—phew, I just happened to remember that the surest way to get a jinx in your hair is to talk or write about the breaks!

The Only Fair Way

A few concise points on Retail Prices

by

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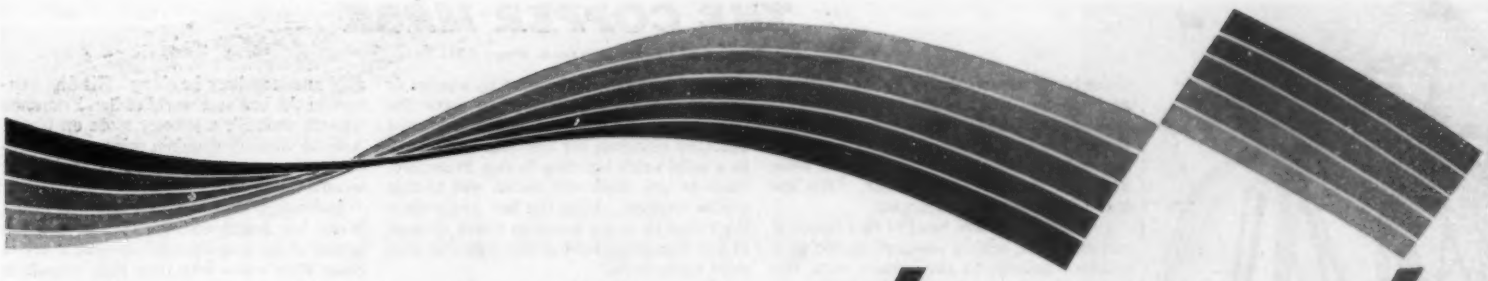
Larger bodies·· *124 inch wheelbase*
Greater power···*101 horsepower*
More luxurious interiors···*plus* one of the greatest engineering advancements in 19 years···
free wheeling!

New Series



ing is here!

THIS brings you news of one of the mightiest automotive engineering achievements in a generation—free wheeling!

The new sensation of it—the utter simplicity and easy application of it—will stir you as nothing in your motoring experience has done.

In the year and at the very time when other manufacturers are introducing new, unseasoned Eights to replace Sixes, Studebaker offers *seasoned* Eights—the world champion President, the world famous Commander—plus free wheeling.

Studebaker Triumph

FREE wheeling is a triumph of that same Studebaker progressiveness that pioneered the popular priced Eight—tested it, seasoned it and proved it to the satisfaction of over 100,000 owners. Today the whole industry is following the popular priced Eight trend that Studebaker three years ago inaugurated.

Devised and perfected by Studebaker—available in America only in Studebaker's brilliant New Presidents and Commanders, free wheeling makes a car do things that seem like miracles, even to sophisticated automobile engineers.

Incredibly Different

PREPARE to drive the most unfettered, yet most obedient car in the world—a car that literally floats along, in gear and fully controlled, yet free and silent as though there were no gears!

Every moment of motion is cushioned and hushed. You shift with silence, safety and precision, from high to second, back and forth, at any speed—forty, fifty miles an hour—*and never touch the clutch!*

The instant you lift your foot from the throttle, no matter how swiftly you may be traveling, your engine drops to idling speed—with none of the usual forcing of the engine by car momentum—with no sensation of "piling up."

Tremendous Power

YOU know, of course, that Studebaker Eights hold many world and international records for speed and endurance, and more American stock car records than all other makes combined. And you are ready to expect the unusual.

But the *increased* power of the great Studebaker Eight engine which drives this new car is a thrilling revelation.

You marvel at the smoothness made possible by the nine-bearing crankshaft, balanced both statically and dynamically. It is power and smoothness so instantly responsive that you find at least half the footwork of driving gone. Your muscles and your mind remain unstrained throughout the longest drive.

The New Series

PRESIDENT EIGHT

$1850 to $2600 at the factory

New 122 Horsepower—130- and 136-inch wheelbase

The New Series

COMMANDER EIGHT

$1585 to $1785 at the factory

New 101 Horsepower—124-inch wheelbase

Remarkable Economy

YOU save 12% on gasoline, 20% on oil—and the heavier the traffic, the greater the saving. Carbon is reduced. The terrific reversional strains thrown on rear axle, universal joints, clutch and transmission of an ordinary car are unknown.

You are ready for any emergency of road or traffic on the instant. Apply the brakes. No sudden grabbing—no swerving. Instead, a smooth and reassuring drop in speed—swift as your need dictates.

Your steering gear rights itself after a turn—automatically the car swings to "straight-ahead"—holds its course true without your tugging at the wheel.

Your car, floating at each spring-end on oil-sealed ball bearings, rides friction-free.

New Appearance

ALL these new delights of free wheeling are yours at the traditional Studebaker thrift standards.

They are yours in new, beautifully designed bodies—the most distinctive bodies that any maker in the Studebaker price field ever offered.

Bodies that are utterly bewitching in eye appeal, from new type radiator to rear bumper. With new Ovaloid headlamps. With new parking lights, glimmering on the broad, sweeping fenders. Bodies that have been designed to interpret the very spirit of free wheeling.

The Thrill of Your Life

VISIT the nearest Studebaker showroom. Drive one of the New Series Studebaker President or Commander Eights. Get a first hand experience with free wheeling.

NEW PRESIDENT EIGHT

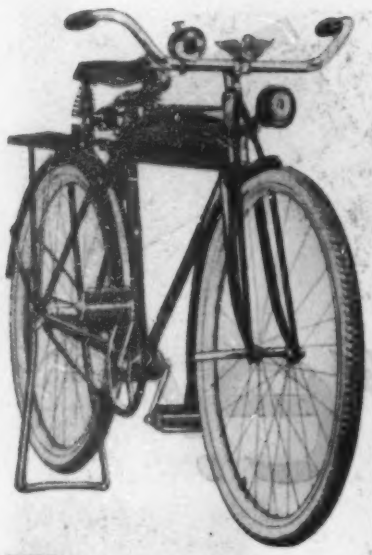
Longer wheelbases···*130 inch and 136 inch*
World Champion engine increased to 122 horsepower··More luxurious interiors —plus *a revolutionary innovation...*

free wheeling!

New beauties of coachcraft, within and without—new ultra-modern radiator treatment—new Ovaloid headlamps—new fender parking lamps—new harmonies of color—nine-bearing crankshaft—more efficient temperature control—silent fan—new anti-wheelfight spring suspension—Le Modern bumpers—new self-righting steering gear—duplex carburetion—full-power muffler—non-glare windshield with safety glass—new Duo Servo brakes with molded lining—Lanchester vibration damper—ball bearing spring suspension—high turbulence radiator air deflectors—one-piece steel core safety steering wheel.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

STUDEBAKER EIGHTS



Boys!

Win a Bike!

When your pals see you come speeding down the street, their eyes'll pop! 300 other nifty prizes, too!

SURE, you want a bike—Boy Scout equipment—athletic goods—what red-blooded boy doesn't! They're easy to earn, if you become a Curtis boy salesman.

What To Do

We need a live-wire boy salesman like you to serve regular customers near your home with *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You'll earn spending money along with these wonderful prizes too! Talk this over with Dad and Mother, get their consent—then mail the coupon below today!

The Curtis Publishing Company
878 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Prize Man: I want to earn money and prizes. Please send me my first copies and full instructions quickly.

Your Name ..... *Age* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(*Have one of your parents sign the following statement*)

I am glad to have my boy take advantage of your business training.

(*Signed*) .....

THE COPPER MASK

(Continued from Page 52)

sluice boxes, else we shall give back to earth an important share of the treasure."

When the first sluice boxes were set and the spillways dug away from them so that the water-borne débris would, for a little while, be carried in the clear, "We are ready," Wong Lee announced.

Under an effective head of two hundred and fifty feet, with a pressure exceeding a hundred pounds to the square inch, the first hydraulic mining in the California placer fields was begun.

For the first hour everything went well, and then a thin board in the wooden penstock gave way and flooded the works before the water in the ditch above could be diverted to a side channel. The repairs consumed a day of time, but there was no lack of spirit in the crew that worked around the broken penstock, because the clean-up from the first hour's work was more than four pounds of coarse gold.

The clean-up for the first ten days was in excess of seventy thousand dollars. "*Shan in shan pao*—to virtue is great recompense," Sung Mow said, in council with Wong Lee and three more of the leaders of the Chinese crew.

Sung Mow spoke of virtue, but in his heart a sudden black ambition had been born.

Not realizing for a moment the full import of his thought, "The face of a man, the heart of a beast," Wong Lee reflected. Some quick instinct had turned him against the master of the treasure chest. Questioning himself, "Where is the Lost Harmony? *Chiu pen-fen*—to do one's duty—that is payment of a man's obligation to life. He has done his duty. Why should I suspect him?"

Presently there was more reason to suspect the changed heart that beat with a new ambition in Sung Mow's breast. "We had at one time seventy thousand dollars in the treasure chest. Is it necessary for half of our men to send their share of the wealth to their families in the Central Kingdom?" Sung Mow protested to Wong Lee.

"Their share of the treasure is their property, to do with as they will," Wong Lee returned.

"Aye, but how can we know that the white messengers who undertake to forward this money across the sea are to be trusted?"

"There are white men who can be trusted, not alone with treasure but with matters of life and death," Wong Lee advised. "The white messengers will not betray you. They are honest men. Their business tong is world-wide."

In a little while the master of the treasure chest was again in possession of yellow dust and slugs of coarse gold well in excess of a hundred thousand dollars. Sung Mow spent an hour alone, weighing the treasure, and when he had finished, avarice raged and flamed within him. He buried the box that held the gold. He lighted a little fire above the spot so that its ashes would mask the hiding place of the treasure chest. He walked up the mountainside, then, and made his way along the water ditch, seeking a solution to a problem that had become the chief element of a new plan that had developed in his mind.

That night, in company with Wong Lee, "Presently we shall have enough gold," Sung Mow said. "What then?"

"Then a returning to the Central Glory," Wong Lee answered. "Last night I dreamed of a singing fountain in a cool courtyard. A family of sons sat about me, and a lady whose beauty dimmed that of the silver moon in the jade-green sky that lifts above the Palace Lake beyond Heaven Hill, sat at my right hand. A nightingale whispered a love song, and above the gate of the courtyard was a jade tablet which bore my ancestral name. Briefly, I dreamed of a large recompense for small virtue unequaled in the celestial annals of reward."

"A grain of sand can hide a mountain." Sung Mow smiled grimly. "I, too, have enjoyed such visions, inspired by a pellet or two of the black gum whence come the vapors of delight. More sensibly, I see a practical residence for the Gods of Fortune in a solid brick building in San Francisco. Soon or late there will be an end to this golden harvest. After the last day's reaping I shall be in my house on Grant Avenue in San Francisco, behind iron doors set into solid brick walls."

"You cannot purchase much of a fortress with your present share of the treasure," Wong Lee suggested. "Six or eight thousand dollars will not build much of a barricade against the Demons of Distress."

"There will be more," Sung Mow predicted.

"There will be more," Wong Lee agreed. To himself, again, "The face of a man, but the heart of a beast," he reflected. Aloud: "Now our evening rice, and then sleep to regain strength for tomorrow's work."

"That is well," Sung Mow answered.

Presently, in the smoke-filled hut, Wong Lee lay asleep, but Sung Mow was awake. For an hour he reviewed a plan whose success would enable him to build his fortress of fortune on Grant Avenue in San Francisco. He sought for a flaw in the scheme, and found none.

A week later, at midday, when all of the Chinese crew were taking their noonday rice and tea under the face of the towering gravel cliff that lifted above them, the solid earth trembled for three seconds, and then an avalanche of rock and gravel buried the crew in a common grave where they still lie sleeping.

The first cut that left the scar on the mountainside was made by Sung Mow, and his knife of death was a minor stream from the pent waters that flowed through the wooden penstock high above the site of his countrymen's labors.

When the leak in the penstock had softened the compacted structure of the cliff, the loosened avalanche of gravel sought its angle of repose. When it had quieted it had become the tomb of Sung Mow's crew, dead by his hand.

Viewing his work, Sung Mow called it good. Then he surrendered to an involuntary spasm of maniac laughter from which recovery seemed impossible until the sight of Wong Lee, walking slowly out of a forest of pine trees from the upper mountain, calmed him. Here was a casual miscarriage of a detail in his plans.

"Heaven disposes," he said quickly to Wong Lee in greeting. "Our brothers are destroyed. My heart is a world of darkness."

"The face of a man, the heart of a beast," Wong Lee whispered to himself. Then: "Our present duty is to the families of our dead countrymen. After appropriate ceremonies of sorrow we must forward the dead men's treasure to their people."

II

SUNG MOW established himself in San Francisco, behind iron doors on Grant Avenue, with an embezzled residue of more than forty thousand dollars that remained after his obligation to the families of the dead had been evaded. On the same street, working as a partner in a Chinese grocery store, Wong Lee earned his rice with his daily labor. Visions of great wealth had departed from Wong Lee's mind. "Sweet water to drink, clean rice to eat, one's bended arm for a pillow—that is happiness." Wong Lee's dreams were tranquil, but through each new night Sung Mow's soul was dragged into some new corner of hell.

"Sung Mow is a rich, important man," Grant Avenue said. "He scowls perpetually, planning new favors for the Goddess of Fortune."

Sung Mow scowled perpetually, remembering the twisted bodies of his countrymen that lay deep under tons of débris against the north wall of Treasure Mountain. Gold and treachery had made him rich, and to gold and treachery he clung. His first venture in the business world of San Francisco was to establish a jewelry store on Grant Avenue wherein drunken miners and careless countrymen could exchange their solid wealth for tinsel ornaments.

Increasing dread of the moment when Wong Lee might discover that he was the genius of his countrymen's murder marked Sung Mow's face with lines that bespoke a tortured mind.

After a while another chapter of the past rose up to complicate the evils of the killer's life. From China, following the slow eastward drift of news concerning the disaster at Treasure Mountain, relatives of the dead men began to ask embarrassing questions.

With a dozen letters from as many bereaved families in China, Wong Lee arranged one of his now infrequent conferences with his former companion of the gold hills.

"What of the share of gold that should have gone to the family of Yin Yang?" the inquisitor asked. "Here, too, are letters from the widow Pan Yeun, from the father of Chin Chang, and from the families of several more of our dead companions. They have received no part of the share of the treasure that belonged to their dead. You forwarded it as you were pledged to do?"

"To the family of each man I sent his share of the gold." Sung Mow lied boldly, knowing that proof of his theft would yet be long delayed. Temporizing, "Long ago I said that the white messengers of the express tong could not be trusted," he suggested.

Wong Lee nodded briefly. "Perhaps you are right," he said. Then, with more felicity: "Your business affairs progress satisfactorily?"

Sung Mow, instantly assuming a mask of politeness, answered with equal suavity. "To virtue there is great recompense. And you?"

"I prosper," Wong Lee announced. "I have become the principal partner of the Pagoda of Plenty."

"I note that you have added the adjoining premises to your store." Sung Mow smiled a thin smile and continued: "It is too early, perhaps, to congratulate you upon your election as chairman of the executive council of the Six Tongs?"

Wong Lee acknowledged the compliment with nothing more than a quick inclination of his head. "An honor not deserved, save, perhaps, that I have had greater experience in the Gold Hills than some of the other members. Our countrymen's problems in California are becoming somewhat more localized."

"Aye," Sung Mow agreed. "Between the rabid mongrel desperadoes of San Francisco and the hungry tax thieves of the hills, there is a tiger awaiting men of the Central Kingdom at every turn in the road. We enjoy a double portion of distress."

In spite of the cargo of distress with which he was laden by the agents of malignant gods, Sung Mow's wealth increased until he became the richest man in Chinatown. He owned, first of all, the Golden Treasure Jewelry Store, wherein a dozen workmen were employed. Above this store were his living quarters. The world at large knew that he owned this much property. What few men knew, however, was that a major portion of his income came from four gambling houses on Ross Alley and three opium resorts on Duncombe Street.

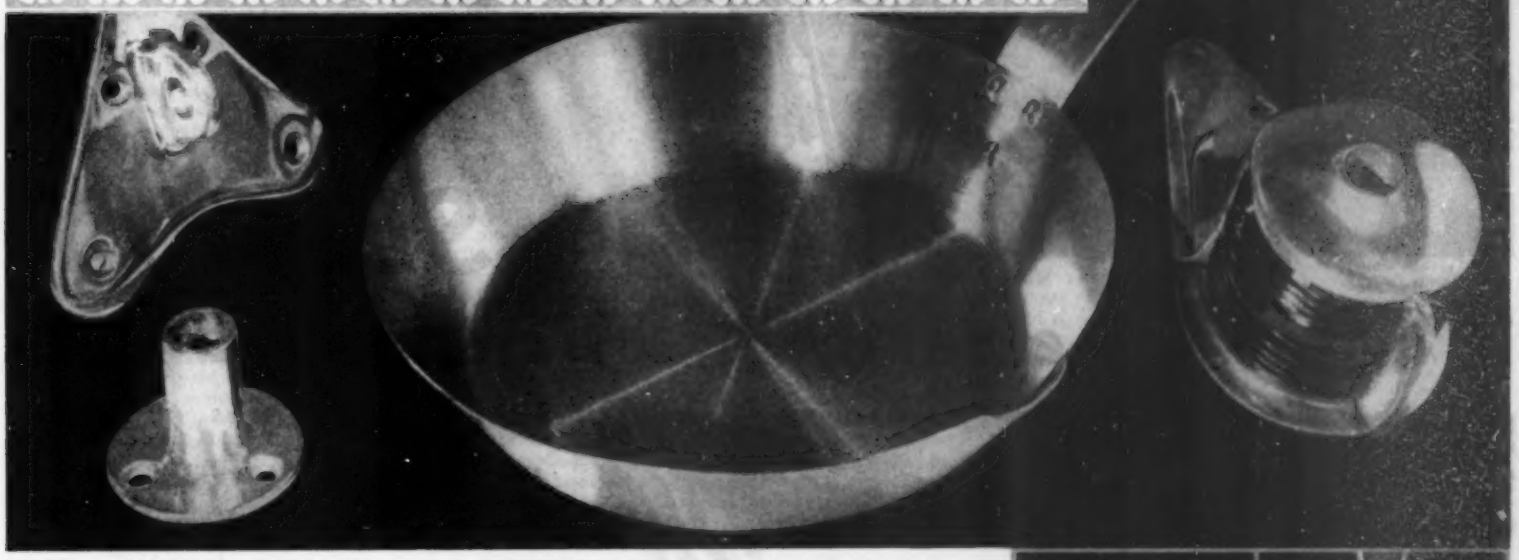
III

PRESIDING at a council of the Six Tongs, Wong Lee listened while a grave and dignified member of the executive council addressed his countrymen. The theme of his address was an indictment, and Sung Mow was the target of his accusations. "Riches lead to vice, and a man's face cannot be altered with a mask of gold. Sung Mow is a tiger who has swallowed arsenic. He has an avaricious heart, and in

(Continued on Page 157)

For a thousand uses, from boats to frying pans,

THIS UNPLATED METAL STAYS PERMANENTLY BRIGHT



ALLEGHENY METAL is entering almost every field of human endeavor, applying its glorious brightness and phenomenal strength to countless uses.

Allegheny Metal is unplated, unrusting and unstaining. It is twice as strong as steel, though thoroughly workable. It was chosen to form the bright parts of the new Ford body types, not only because it lasts for a lifetime, but because it permanently retains its lustrous finish, requiring only the same simple care you give the windshield of your car.

It does not corrode. When it decorates the front of a building, a decade of rain and temperature can't mar its satin-like surface. For decorative work on interiors it is ideal because it remains bright without the use of any abrasive cleanser. It can be inlaid beside a painted surface and needs only the same cleaning treatment given the painted surface. In kitchen equipment it distinguishes itself above all other metals because it is immune to all the chemical reactions that accompany food preparation. It simply does not stain. It simply does not tarnish.

The uses of Allegheny Metal are legion. No one can foretell how widely it will spread its strong brightness. No one can prophesy the limit of its ability to make life easier, happier, and more beautiful.

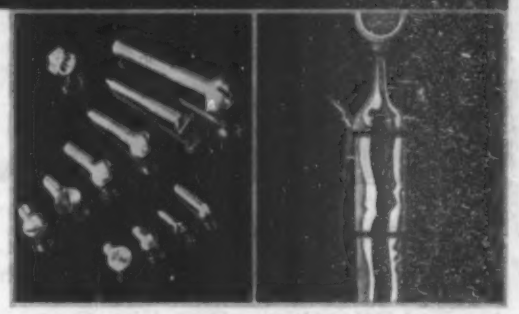
A letter on your business stationery will bring you full information about this wonderful new metal.

IMPORTANT FACTS

1. Unrusting . . . unstaining . . . untarnishing.
2. Immune to all but a few acid reactions.
3. Twice the tensile strength of mild steel.
4. Greater resistance to abrasion and denting than steel.
5. Will take any finish from dull to high lustre.
6. Maintains bright surface with same cleaning treatment as glass.
7. May be drawn, stamped, spun, machined and cast.
8. Immune to chemical reactions resulting from cooking and preparation of food . . . does not affect flavor, color or purity of any food.

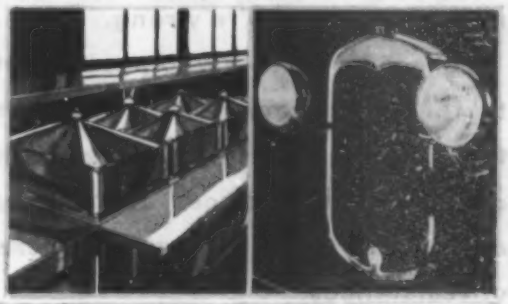
ALLEGHENY STEEL COMPANY

Brackenridge, Pa. . . . *Offices:* New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Los Angeles. *Warehouse Stocks:* Joseph T. Ryerson & Son, Inc. — Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo, Boston, Jersey City, Philadelphia . . . In Canada: Samuel & Benjamin, Ltd., Toronto.



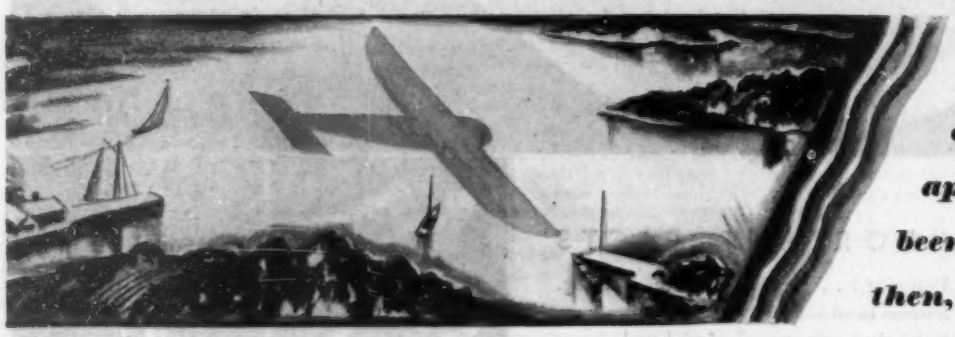
Because they, too, will not corrode, screws and bolts of Allegheny Metal are essential for assembling any product made of the metal.

On the bright parts of the new Ford and on gasoline pumps Allegheny Metal is used because it never rusts or stains, and stays bright.



ALLEGHENY METAL

SLOWLY it circled the lake, like a wounded bird



No propeller was at fault, no wing or guy wire was out of kilter, gas there was aplenty, and the engine had been working perfectly—and then, all of a sudden, - - - -

The oil pump broke!

A little thing, yet it brought them down. Little things are like that—unnoticed when they're right; very much noticed when they're wrong.

Take your radio—who pays attention to the inner parts when everything's functioning properly? But let something go wrong and chances are the repair man will go straight for the condensers or resistances.

So important are condensers and resistances to uninterrupted radio service that many great radio companies manufacturing in every price class, even those making the most popularly-priced sets, will use only the best of these parts. Over 80% of the industry select Polymet Products for incorporation in their sets on the advice of their engineering departments. Cabinets may differ; models, hook-ups, speakers vary; but for condensers and resistances — only the standard—POLYMET. Polymet-equipped sets cost no more so why not make sure on this point when buying?

AMONG LEADING SETS USING POLYMET PARTS

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POLYMET MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
829 East 134th Street - - New York City

(Continued from Page 154)

his search for wealth he is like a snake attempting to swallow an elephant. A nation can be crushed by the weight of a man's tongue, but so far we have been unable to rid our colony of this vermin. He has as much talent as a first-honor man. For months he has been standing with his feet on two boats, but with the aid of his malignant gods he has retained his balance. His evil deeds are as corpses buried in the snow. I had a beard before he had eyebrows. His protestations of repentance remind me of a pirate's prayers. His words are oily, but his heart is a knife. It is time that this hunted tiger leaped the wall of life. Big chickens do not eat small rice, but he has attained a stature of evil worthy of our best weapons."

Wong Lee bowed low when the speaker had finished. "We owe you our gratitude. Everything fears the earnest man. Sung Mow is a dwarf of virtue carrying a giant's burden of evil. The cats have slept too long beside the rat. Men of the Central Empire, what is your decree?"

An elder from Shantung spoke then. "Blue heaven rests upon the heads of the good. A clever man understands a nod, but a stone tiger does not fear the rain. An ape may sit on a throne—but not forever. Sung Mow is a blind man carrying a looking-glass. Good medicine is bitter to the taste. I propose that the chairman of the Six Tongs act as the agent through whom the gods may convey to Sung Mow a payment that will balance the ledgers of his life."

After this, for a moment, there was silence. Then, bowing to his fellows, "An intelligent man recognizes the will of heaven," Wong Lee said. "The eyebrows of youth cannot compare with the beard of age. I accept your mandate. A serpent cannot creep without a head. I realize, my brothers, that time is like an arrow. At our next meeting, on the fourth day of the Second Moon, I shall have the honor of meeting with you, here, again."

That night, contemplating his problem, "Only a dead snake is straight," Wong Lee reflected. "The flames of regret can never reach the gold of right conduct. Alas, that the Middle Path should forever lead over the roughest mountains."

Within the week, to Sung Mow's jewelry shop came Tin Bow, an artisan in metal who had learned his trade on Gold Road in Tak-hing.

"Good men come from Tak-hing," Sung Mow conceded when Tin Bow, applying for a job, named the village of his birth. "There is a place for you in this shop. What can you do best?"

"My masterpiece was a copper mask," Tin Bow explained, with some pride. "I wrought it in great detail, for the family of Wang Shen after his death."

"I knew of him in Canton. He was a great mandarin," Sung Mow replied.

"His family thought so," the mask maker said. "They spent a princely sum upon a statue of their departed lord. Some of the greatest artists in the Central Kingdom were engaged upon this work. To me was intrusted the mask of Wang Shen's face. After I had made it, a man expert with enamels painted the lighter areas of the great man's eyes, the darker areas of his hair, the full color of his lips. Following this, with lesser heats, I colored the copper image of Wang Shen's face until, ten feet away, his own sons, seeing it, still believed that their father lived. In the beaten metal wrought by my hands the face of Wang Shen will live for ten tens of centuries."

Vanity and an instinctive longing for immortality inspired Sung Mow's response: "The first work that you shall do for me is to fabricate a similar image of my countenance. It pleases me to command that your skill be at once directed to this task."

A month after the artisan in copper commenced work on the mask of Sung Mow's face, reporting in council to the Six Tongs, Wong Lee confessed that the important task with which he had been intrusted was not, as yet, accomplished. "I ask, my elders, gentlemen of this council, that a little more time be granted me."

"More time is granted you," an old man conceded. "Let thy work be done as promptly as possible. We know that you have to solve some additional problems—the bodyguard of six men, for instance."

"The bodyguard of six men," Wong Lee repeated—"that and other stones that have been discovered in my pathway."

Attracting local inhabitants of Chinatown to Sung Mow's jewelry shop, word went out along Grant Avenue that a marvelous image of Sung Mow was being exhibited in his establishment. "Posed and adorned with robes draped about a bulk that duplicates his figure," the gossips announced. "His face reproduced line for line, he sits on a throne under the name tablets of his store, so lifelike that one must touch the metal mask to realize that it is not, indeed, Sung Mow himself."

To view this curious bit of sculpture with his own eyes, Wong Lee visited Sung Mow's house. He timed his visit to follow the hour of evening rice. He found Sung Mow taking his ease in a room away from the apartments occupied by Sung Mow's several wives.

"A cup of wine?" Sung Mow invited, greeting his companion of the departed days.

Both men recalled, for the moment, the days that had been spent in the shadow of Treasure Mountain.

"With pleasure," Wong Lee consented. "Let us drink to the old days."

The heavy wine lay black against the white rim of the jade cup in Wong Lee's hand. For an instant, as he looked at Sung Mow's face, Wong Lee suspected that the Middle Way might end, for him, in the white-jade wine cup.

He smiled at Sung Mow so that his narrowed eyes might mask his sudden need for reading whatever treachery might lie in Sung Mow's heart. He realized that the core of Sung Mow's heart was locked against discovery. He bowed to his host.

"*Feng nien*—plenteous years," he said. He lifted the cup of wine to his lips and drank it. "I have emerged from the place of death," he reflected, sensing no bitter flavor in the wine.

A moment later, "Let me fill your cup," Sung Mow again invited. "This wine would not long have sought an owner in the days when we searched for treasure in the Gold Hills. Do you recall the frozen winters, the raging waters, the burning suns?"

"I have forgotten nothing of those days."

"For us, calamity has changed into blessing," Sung Mow declared.

"Aye. To virtue there is great recompense." Wong Lee looked intently at Sung Mow. "Happiness is one of your present treasures?" he asked.

"Depending on one's definition of happiness."

"And for the future?"

"No man may look beyond the Curtain."

"True," Wong Lee agreed. "From our camp at Treasure Mountain we could not see this far." Abruptly, then: "I have heard of the marvelous image of your countenance that one of your workmen made. I have heard that one can scarcely distinguish the false from the true."

"Perhaps. A Tak-hing man made it for me. His name is Tin Bow. I will get it and show it to you."

Returning with the mask, "Perhaps I should have posed beside the figure, wearing a counterpart of the robes with which it is dressed," Sung Mow said.

"The mask is of chiefest interest to me."

Sung Mow placed the thin copper mask on the teakwood table that stood in the center of the room. He supported it against a jade vase. He sat beside the teakwood table. "Observe the nicety with which the artisan duplicated each furrow, each wrinkle of my face. A North China man would have indulged in flattery. Not so with Tin Bow. His hammers beat the truth out of this stubborn metal."

Wong Lee let his critical gaze play between the mask and Sung Mow's face for a moment. Then, "Here in an imperfect world appears to be perfection," he said. "It fairly breathes with life. It needs but the breath of life to be Sung Mow himself. As closely as my eyes can measure, there is no variation between the contours of the mask and the areas of your countenance; save that perhaps the mask smiles constantly, whereas now and then one of clear perception may read a reminiscence of regret upon your face. You have nothing to regret, have you, Sung Mow, save the common fate that is the heritage of all mankind? In your heart, is there a well of darkness? Having the power to change the past, would you revise a single chapter of your life, or would you duplicate your days even as this rigid mask duplicates the lineaments of your features? . . . What marvelous precision! How closely it follows every line. Wearing it, each bit of its metal would find contact with an appropriate area of your living flesh. Have you enjoyed the experiment of wearing it?"

"I have not worn it. The eyes of the mask are solid enamel. No provision is made so that the wearer might breathe. The nostrils are not punctured. The lips are sealed."

"Aye. One cannot enjoy the wine of life with sealed lips."

"Permit me to fill your cup."

"Thank you." Wong Lee lifted his white-jade wine cup. "I drink to the brotherhood of Treasure Mountain, sleeping now in peace after their crisis of torture."

Hard lines lay suddenly on the brow of Sung Mow, but he lifted his cup. "To the sleeping brotherhood of Treasure Mountain," he whispered.

Wong Lee set down his empty cup on the jade tray that lay on the teakwood table beside the copper mask. He lifted the mask and regarded it without speaking for ten seconds. He looked then at Sung Mow.

"This is indeed a treasure of perfection. Its expression seems to follow yours. As you frown, as the lines appear in your brow, I could swear that this mask frowns with you. . . . There—as your countenance becomes serene, the smile returns to this mirror of the truth. Wear the mask for a moment, Sung Mow. It is a living miracle in metal!"

Wong Lee placed the mask against Sung Mow's face. "Wear it for a moment, that I may see life animate this bit of inert metal."

"Gently, then," Sung Mow said. "Let it not be prolonged."

These were the last intelligible words that Sung Mow spoke in life. With all his strength, for eighty seconds, Wong Lee held the mask against Sung Mow's face. After that Sung Mow sat quietly in his chair.

Regarding the inert figure, "Only a dead snake is straight," Wong Lee whispered. He walked out of the room. "The artisan, Tin Bow, must be rewarded for his perfect work," he reflected.

Encountering one of the servants of Sung Mow's house, "Thy master wears a copper mask," he announced. "The edges of the stubborn metal seem to have locked about the angles of his jaw; lacking the breath of life—he is dead."

PHOTO. BY E. S. P. MURPHY

A Country Lane in Pennsylvania

CORNS

ONCE GONE-NEVER RETURN

You will never again be afflicted with corns or sore toes if you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Their soothing, healing medication ends pain *in one minute*. Their cushioning feature *removes the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes. Once gone, corns *never come back* if you apply Zino-pads at the first sign of irritation from new or tight footwear.

Cutting your corns may lead to blood-poisoning. Harsh and caustic preparations often cause sore toes. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are absolutely safe, sure. Small, thin, dainty, protective.

Sizes for CORNS, SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS

At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores—35c box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Neat as Dad's

JUNIOR'S hair is no longer plastered down with a gummy, shiny paste. Like Dad's, it is obedient to a few drops of liquid Glo-Co. Glo-Co imparts no unnatural gloss and stops dandruff as effectively as it keeps hair in order. 50c & 75c at your Drug Store. Glo-Co Company, Los Angeles, Calif.

GLO-CO

Unscented

LIQUID Hair-Dressing

BOOTT Lowell MILLS Mass.

SCRIM CURTAINS

are individually packed and reach you • fresh and unwrinkled •

$50 EXTRA MONEY! Add To Your Weekly Income!

Sell Hartel Christmas Cards Weekly-Pay Monthly Bonus. Write today. The John Hartel Co., 328 W. Washington, Dept. 710 E, Chicago

Made with the *Leica*

ONLY AN EXCEPTIONAL CAMERA CAN DO THIS

A SUDDEN flash out of a darkened sky—and the Leica records it with astonishing clarity.

Here is a camera of scientific precision chosen by scientists, explorers, professional photographers and amateurs who know and appreciate true photographic excellence. Eleven Leicas accompanied the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. Others were used on the Graf Zeppelin's World Cruise. A compact camera, mechanically and optically perfect. The Leica insures clear, sharp negatives even under adverse conditions of light, weather and temperature. Ideal for snapshots, indoor portraits, sports and action pictures.

The Leica is not a low-priced camera, but a far superior one. The smallest roll film camera with a focal plane shutter, with lens speeds of 1/20 to 1/500 of a second. Weighs less than a pound, fits vest pocket or purse. A single roll of cinema film takes 36 pictures double frame size, and enlargements to 12 x 18 inches or more preserve every detail with amazing beauty and clarity. See this unusual camera at your dealer's—or write for catalog 1174. E. Leitz, Inc., Dept. 3P, 60 East 10th Street, New York, N. Y.

HEATS ANYTHING OUTDOORS!

Boils . . Fries . . Broils . .

SPECIAL STERNO STOVE 10¢

STERNO is ideal for picnics and camping. Scores of other uses indoors and outdoors. Heats curling irons, water for shaving, baby's bottle. Can be used aboard boat. Invaluable in sick room. Sterno Canned Heat is *safe*—burns solid, no smoke, sparks, cinders.

Your dealer has received the new Sterno 3-in-1 Combination—improved enameled stove, cooking pot, Heat, extinguisher—all for 98¢. For introductory Sterno Stove and new Cook Book, mail 10¢ to Dept. 117, Sterno Corp. (Est. 1887), 9 East 37th Street, New York City.

Licensed by U. S. Govt. for use only as fuel

KANT SINK
LIFESAVING EQUIPMENT

OUTBOARD BOATMEN

—take no chances. They depend on the security of KANTSINK SPEEDBUOY Vests. Admiral Byrd equipped his Antarctic expedition with these vests. Kantsink vests, belts and cushions are standard equipment on watercraft. Filled with Cohoes, the most buoyant material known. If your dealer cannot supply you we'll send you the name of one nearby who can.

SLEEPING ROLLS
BOG MATS

SPEEDBUOY $5.00 up

KAPO PRODUCTS COMPANY
101 SECOND ST., E. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Built for Comfort!

Genuine black kid. Soft, easy fitting, comfortable. Strongly built for long wear. Placed-right Arch Support relieves ailments, ends pain. Snug-fitting heel; foot-conforming last. No wrinkled lining during life of shoe. Features you've long wanted at a price you know is right. Sizes 3 to 13. Ask your dealer.

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$5 Pair. Cost $3.50. *Little more for sizes 13, 14, 15*

Arch Support

"Tom"

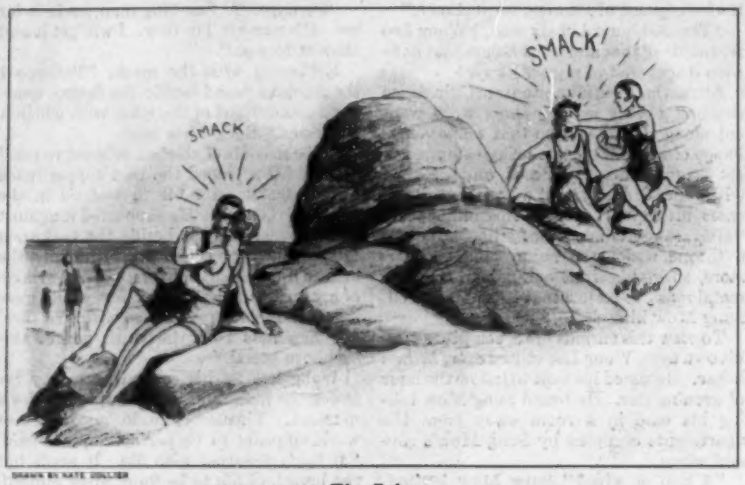
M. T. SHAW, Inc.
Dept. 7, Coldwater, Mich.

Shoe Dealers write at once!

APLETS
"The Confection of the Fairies"

AN exquisite apple-walnut candy. A Tantalizing flavor. Unexcelled for gifts—parties. 1, 2, 3, 5 lb. packages $1 per lb. prepaid. At your dealers or write Liberty Orchards Company, Cashmere, Washington.

Cartoon and Comedy



The Echo

"You Can't Come Over Tonight, Gabbo? Well, We're Awfully Sorry to Hear That; We Were Looking Forward to Having You With Us"

Mo Hen: "—And Remember, Dear, DON'T Speak to Strangers!"

There's MONEY in It!

Increase your income! Start a business of your own! Be your own boss!

Would life be happier if you could earn more money? We'll tell you how.

Would you like to run your own business? If so, you can!

You can turn the spare hours you now have into cash. Or you can lay the foundations for a permanent, profitable, full-time business.

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It makes no difference what your age, your experience, whether you live in a large city or a small town. And you positively need no capital to start. You can earn more money the very first day you hear from us.

The coupon below will start things coming your way.

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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(Please print your name and address)

Street.....

City.....

State.....

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"STROMBOS"
MOST POWERFUL OF ALL SIGNALS

Audible Range 2 MILES
Air Operated

PATENTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

FINEST AUTOMOBILE HORN MONEY CAN BUY!

70 miles an hour and a *cleared* road ahead! There's a thrill!—and Safety (for all) at such speeds is assured by the marvelous Strombos signal. Its pleasing tone carries a mile and more—around curves—pierces fog, wind and storm—protects slow-moving traffic ahead. Duplex type shown, complete with air-operating equipment (silent and sure) now available to car owners who want the finest horn. Chromium plated. Price $122.00 complete. Strombos signals are used by U. S. Navy and Coast Guard, 85 railroads, many leading bus lines.

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PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

Springeezed Oil is recommended by car dealers and manufacturers for both "breaking-in" and continued use.

Since we have adopted the use of 25% Springeez Oil in both our new and reconditioned automobiles, we have enjoyed a new sensation in motor performance. Tight motors of new cars perform with smoothness and flexibility, permitting speeds heretofore impossible until miles had been put on the automobiles. Springeez Oil in 25% proportion makes perfect lubrication. Cold weather also holds no terrors to the salesmen demonstrating with a stiff motor.

Updyke Auto Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Carl F. Haas, *Service Manager*

We have never delivered a new car either wholesale or retail at any time, without 25% Springeez Oil in the crankcase.

Auburn-Douglass, *Distributors*
Kansas City, Mo.
C. A. Kelley

We recommend Springeez Oil very highly for use in the new and reconditioned motor during its breaking-in period.

Kimball Chevrolet Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.
By Edwin J. Johnson

Since we have opened up this new branch we have used Springeez Oil in our new car servicing and repairing and find that it has no equal. Will be glad to give it the highest of recommendations, as it has done everything that you claim it to do.

Palma Motor Sales & Service Corp.
Ford Products
Staten Island, N. Y.
John J. Roth, *Manager*

On a day when the temperature ranged from 100° to 118° we drove a comparatively new Graham-Paige car a distance of 450 miles, using Springeez Oil in the motor. Several times we drove at a speed of 80 miles an hour for long distances, but the water in the radiator maintained an average temperature of 180°. The motor, although new and stiff, ran with noticeable quiet and smoothness. We feel that Springeez Oil, used in the crankcase with other motor oil, was greatly responsible for the very favorable results of this test.

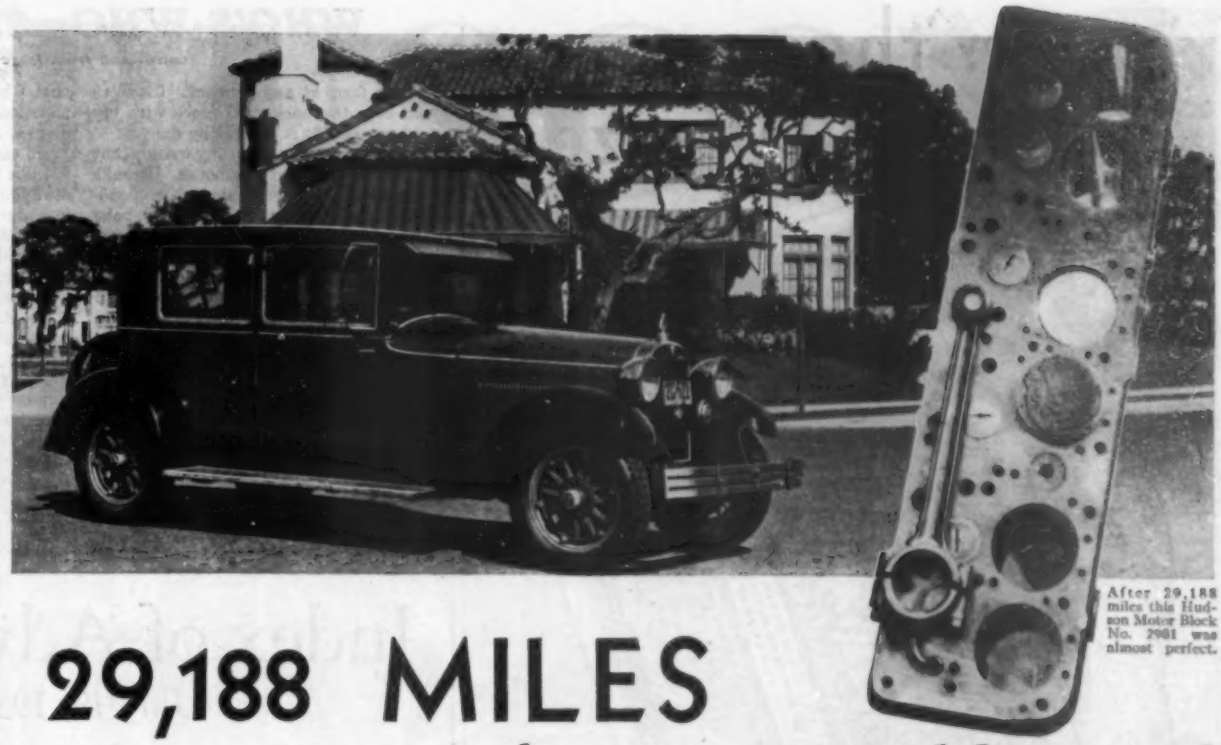
Graham-Paige Company
of Southern California
Factory Branch, Los Angeles, Calif.
Harry H. Jones, *Service Manager*

We have been using Springeez Oil for the past four months in all new cars before delivery and have found these cars were much better broken in after 500 miles than can be done otherwise. It does all that you claim for it.

J. E. French Co.
Chrysler Motor Products
Oakland, Calif.
J. D. Coning, *Shop Foreman*

To Filling Stations, Car Dealers, and Garages

Take advantage of the big immediate demand for this modern lubricating principle. If your automotive jobber can't supply you, send us his name.



After 29,188 miles this Hudson Motor Block No. 2981 was almost perfect.

29,188 MILES

. . . with no perceptible wear!

. . . result of 10 months' test of well-known breaking-in oil in motor amazes engineers

"WHY, that motor is barely broken in!" exclaimed the engineers. And yet the speedometer showed 29,188 miles . . . through scorching heat of summer and bitter cold of winter!

This remarkable achievement in motor lubrication was made possible by *Springeezed* Oil . . . a blend of 25% Springeez Oil and 75% regular motor oil.

Widely Used Breaking-in Oil

Springeez Oil has long been recognized as the unsurpassed "breaking-in" oil for new and reconditioned motors. A mixture of 25% Springeez Oil and 75% of any good motor oil gives high speed, high compression motors a degree of protection never before attained . . . prevents scoring and seizing . . . assures thorough lubrication of tightest bearings in cold weather . . . keeps motor cooler in hot weather.

During the first hundred miles of the breaking-in period, the Hudson car pictured above was driven as fast as 70 miles per hour.

The qualities that make Springeezed Oil so efficient for breaking-in purposes are the same that make it the unsurpassed year-round high-speed lubricant.

Because of its remarkable activity, *Springeezed* Oil prevents sticking valves, and replaces itself on cylinder walls and wearing surfaces faster than has ever been thought possible.

Hundreds of the country's foremost automobile dealers, including Auburn, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Ford, Lincoln, Marmon, Packard, Pierce-Arrow, and many others, use *Springeezed* Oil in the crankcase of every new and rebuilt motor to insure long life and economical operation.

Leading automobile manufacturers, such as Auburn, Jordan, Marmon, and Peerless, instruct their distributors to use *Springeezed* Oil in all new cars delivered to customers.

Use 25% Springeez Oil with 75% Regular Motor Oil

Such a blend with your favorite oil assures all the active protecting qualities of Springeez Oil. It will keep your motor cooler in hot weather.

Break in your new or reconditioned motor with 25% Springeez Oil in the crankcase. Use *Springeezed* Oil continuously throughout the life of your car. It costs but a few cents more per quart.

Ask your car dealer, filling station, or garage man for Springeez Oil. If he can't supply you, send us his name and address.

HALSTEAD OIL COMPANY, Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio

Read Owner's Letter

"This Hudson car was purchased by me on August 15th, 1927. 25% Springeez Oil was immediately placed in the crankcase. Before the car was 18 hours old, I drove it from Cleveland to Chicago — a distance of 385 miles — in 10 hours and 40 minutes. Reached at times a speed of 70 miles an hour.

"After 29,188 miles, the motor was disassembled. Micrometer readings were made by Fanger Research Laboratory, Oakland, Cal."

Above statement made and sworn to before Dave L. Wilson, Notary Public, Alameda County, California, May 1, 1930.

Micrometer Readings

Following are the measurements of this motor block as made and reported by Fanger Research Laboratory, Oakland, California, on April 15, 1930.

Cylinder block (all six bores)	
Wear at bottom of bore	none
Wear at approximate center of Upper Ring Travel (right angles to crankshaft C L)	.00225
Same (Parallel to Crank Shaft C L)	.00175
Out of round	.0005
Wear of Pistons (Measured opposite upper strut)	none
Wear of Piston Pins	.00025
Wear of Valve Stem	.001

SPRINGEEZ OIL

LUBRICANT SUPREME

Springeezed Oil gives lubrication that no car ever had before

HOW TO USE SPRINGEEZ OIL — One part Springeez Oil + Three parts regular oil = SPRINGEEZED OIL

Look for this signature
Griffin Halstead

in the new dollar size . .

Actual size of the new Mellon Travelers Cheques, the same size as the new dollar bill.

FOR your convenience, the Mellon National Bank is now issuing Mellon Travelers Cheques in the same size as the new United States currency . . . Mellon Travelers Cheques have been used by travelers for twenty-five years. They are "as good as gold". The new size is now obtainable at banks throughout the United States in convenient denominations, bound in neat little wallets . . . The premium is only 25 cents per $100 . . . Mellon Travelers Cheques are issued and guaranteed by MELLON NATIONAL BANK, Pittsburgh, Penna. . . . Capital and Surplus $21,000,000

MELLON *Travelers* CHEQUES

25 CENTS PREMIUM PER $100

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 38)

go to the farm at any moment. I love to gossip over the back-yard fence with my neighbors, and do it practically daily.

I am conscientious about my writing, but temperamental about my house. I make great resolves, clean everything to a resplendent spick-and-spanness, and rise early, bake and sweep and sew, and am a model housewife for varying periods, now and then. But the reaction is sure to come, and I slump, read a great deal, and waste time until I am shamed into another interval of good behavior.

Since my girls have reached the vast ages of seven and nine, I do not keep a maid in the house, for small daughters are fine at wiping dishes, making their own beds and sweeping the walk, and we find we are happier alone. There seems such a little time for the children, when they are in school all day and have to go to bed at eight every evening, that I have found the best friendship and affection, and the most endearing confidences, are made in the sharing of these small tasks.

I like to write, and, although I am nearly always disappointed in the finished product, it is a great outlet and happiness to me. I am fond of the radio, the talkies, baseball and bridge, like to drive or ride in a car, enjoy my children and the casual life that abounds in any household where there are three of them, and the accompaniment of dogs, cats, canaries, rabbits and picnics.

I am partial to the Middle West, particularly Indiana. The hot sunshine of our summers suits me perfectly. The All-American population of the small town where we live—there is only one foreign-born citizen here, an ancient German who came to sweet Owen County fifty years ago—makes

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TRUSCON

if it is made in Steel-Truscon can make it

The factories of Truscon are equipped with the most advanced machinery for the mass production of quality steel products. All these machines, except some standard equipment, were invented, designed and built in the Truscon Shops. Its outstanding facilities and service have made Truscon the world's largest manufacturer of diversified steel products.

Descriptive literature on request.

Large presses for blanking, forming and drawing steel sections.
Complete diversified equipment of immense presses
The largest cold-rolling equipment in the country.
Every modern facility for fabricating building products.

Steel Casements and Screens
Double-Hung Steel Windows
Projected Steel Windows
Folding Steel Doors
Slide and Swing Steel Doors
Hangar Steel Doors
Door Frame and Trim
Reinforcing Steel
Metal Lath
Steel Joists
Steeldeck Roofs
Steel Poles and Towers

Standard Buildings Pitched Roof
Standard Buildings Flat Roof
Standardized Hangars
Welded Steel Fabric
Road Forms
Highway Guards
Tunnel Liner Plates
Skid Platforms
Steel Boxes
Factory Trucks
Foundry Flasks
Brake Drums
Step Hangers
Axle Housings
Automobile and Truck Frames
Pipe Line Supports

Main Plant at Youngstown, Ohio
Other factories in Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Canada and Japan

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO ~ PRESSED STEEL DIVISION, CLEVELAND

Engineering and Sales Offices in Principal Cities. Truscon Steel Co. of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont. The Truscon Laboratories, Detroit

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

TRIAL BY FIRE

RIBBONS of Valet steel are given a merciless trial by fire—triple-hardened in specially built furnaces. Standards are rigid—inflexible. Inspection is relentless—uncompromising. Quality is safeguarded in every department until the finely finished Valet blade wins the unreserved approval of one expert after another.

No wonder the Valet blade is the choice of men who know steel—the world's severest critics. No wonder dermatologists—the men who know faces—prescribe the new Valet to correct skin troubles caused by harsh shaving with inferior razors. Held at a friendly angle by the AutoStrop Razor, this marvelously keen blade glides lightly and smoothly across your face—leaves it cool, clean and refreshed. Every Valet shave is uniformly smooth, easy and kind to the skin. Automatic manufacture and magnifying-mirror inspection assure that only perfect Valet blades can ever be packed for shipment.

The new Valet blade is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—the only razor that does not require removal of the blade before or after stropping, shaving or cleaning. One trial will show you why men who know steel and men who know faces are loyal to this incomparable shaving equipment. Begin tomorrow morning to enjoy the matchless shaving comfort provided by the amazing new Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET AutoStrop BLADE

(Continued from Page 160)

a fine atmosphere, and I am extremely fond of the friendly, casual, upright manners and methods of my fellow townsmen. In fact, I am Middle Western, middle-class, small-town and Hoosier, and proud of it!

I like comfort and convenience, am proud of my electric ice box and my electric stove, and particularly of a small automatic egg beater my husband bore proudly home to me one day. It annoys me to have the children quote the school nurse to me, telling me something which I have been dinging at them for years, as though they had never heard it before!

I am continually making resolves to rise early, to save some money and to go on a reducing diet, but I have never yet achieved any noticeable success in any of these efforts.

I was one of a large family of children brought up by a father who was an editor and writer, and a mother who thought telling the truth the most important thing in the world. My ancestors pioneered and helped to settle the Middle West. They were farmers and coopers and school-teachers and plain people, and I think if I had had the world to pick from I couldn't have chosen a finer lot.

We manage to be busy and healthy and to keep on good terms with our next-door neighbors. Like all other women, I have found that it is wise to do my loafing in private, and to rush around and bang the pots and pans when the man is in the house. I know nothing that gives any husband greater pleasure and satisfaction, and makes him more confident of the future than the sight of his wife at work—or what looks like it! Mr. Jackson is very much interested in all that I write, and we have been known to quarrel violently over my too-frequent use of adverbs.

I have been addicted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST since adolescence, and feel that I have been brought up by Corra Harris, Joseph Hergesheimer, Harry Leon Wilson and Stewart Edward White, whose fiction I admire tremendously. The day I sold my first story to THE POST was my happiest day except those three important occasions when the doctor said, "The baby is perfectly normal."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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This is remodeling year. See how this bathroom has been given new and added beauty, with Upsonized walls and ceiling. You can easily duplicate its charm in your home by sending for the helpful booklets offered below.

How you can transform an old bathroom or add that needed "extra bath"

RENEW and glorify that dingy old bath or kitchen.

Give these much used rooms the charm of joyous color . . . washable color that is easily kept clean.

Colorful Upson Fibre-Tile can make this transformation in a very few days. The big, sturdy panels are quickly installed by any good carpenter—over wainscot or cracked plaster.

Then finish the tile-like surface in rich shades or delicate tints . . . like the suggestive color tiles shown here.

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Thousands of home-owners have modernized an unsightly bathroom or cheerless kitchen with Upson Fibre-Tile. Upsonizing is economical modernizing. It makes homes more livable . . . and more saleable.

Most homes need "another bath"

Let Upson Fibre-Tile make a second bath out of waste space. It is much easier than you suppose. Upson Fibre-Tile eliminates the muss and delay of plastering.

Upson Board and Fibre-Tile excel in resistance to jars, blows, heat, cold—even ordinary leaks—compared to other boards tested.

Upsonize one room that has made your house look old before its time. Then you will want all your rooms renewed with Upson Board.

Tune in on the red network of the National Broadcasting Co., every Wednesday morning at 10:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, for helpful remodeling suggestions.

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"Distinction in Home Decoration," shown below, is a condensed course by Henrietta Murdock, director of the Upson Studios of Decoration and Color.

Tells how to decorate successfully any room, how to reflect character and knowledge of home decoration. Covers the treatment of walls and ceilings, color harmony, selection of furnishings—with tables of suggestive color schemes, etc. Sent on receipt of $1.00. Can save its cost in decorating one room.

UPSON PROCESSED BOARD *and* FIBRE-TILE

THE UPSON COMPANY, 730 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.

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Offer No. 2: ☐ Enclosed find one dollar for copy of "Distinction in Home Decoration," shown at the left, and offer No. 1 FREE. Money refunded if I am not satisfied.

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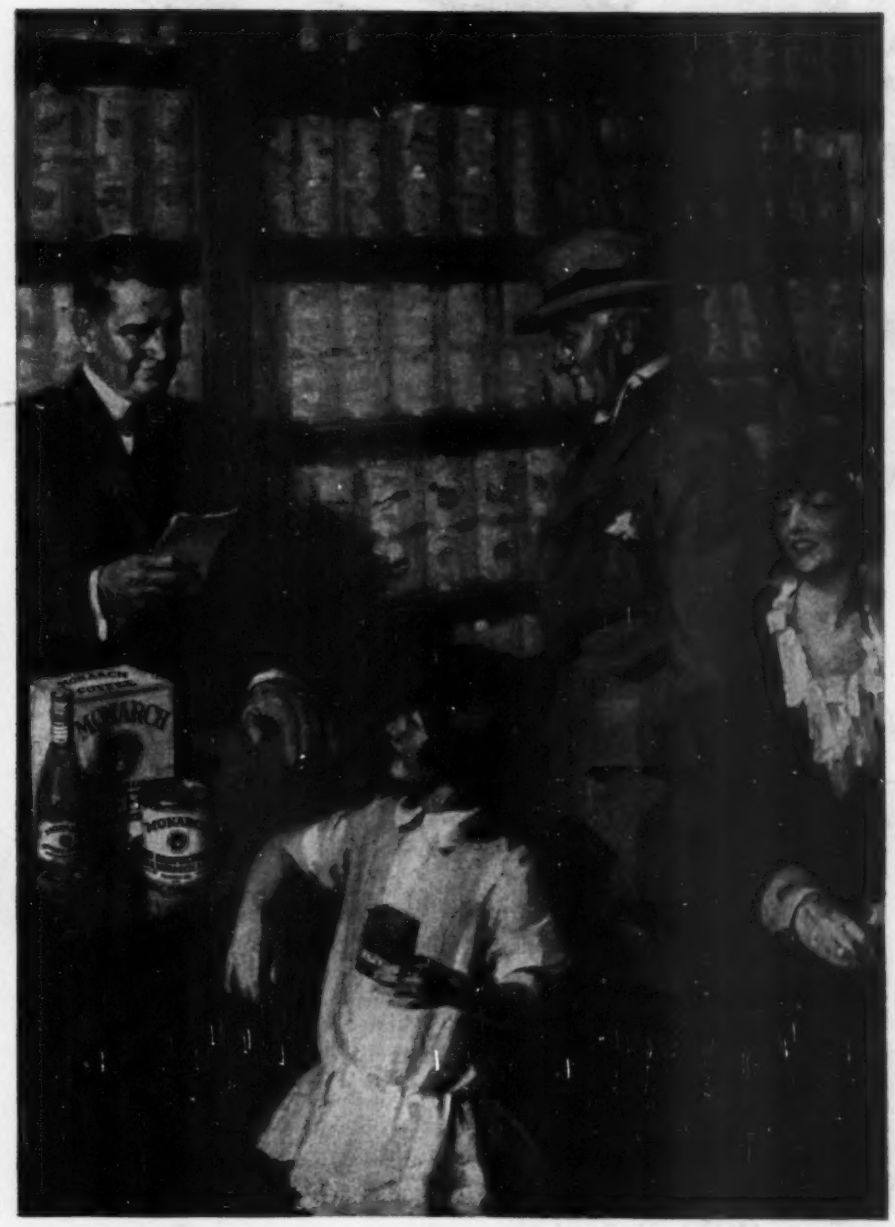

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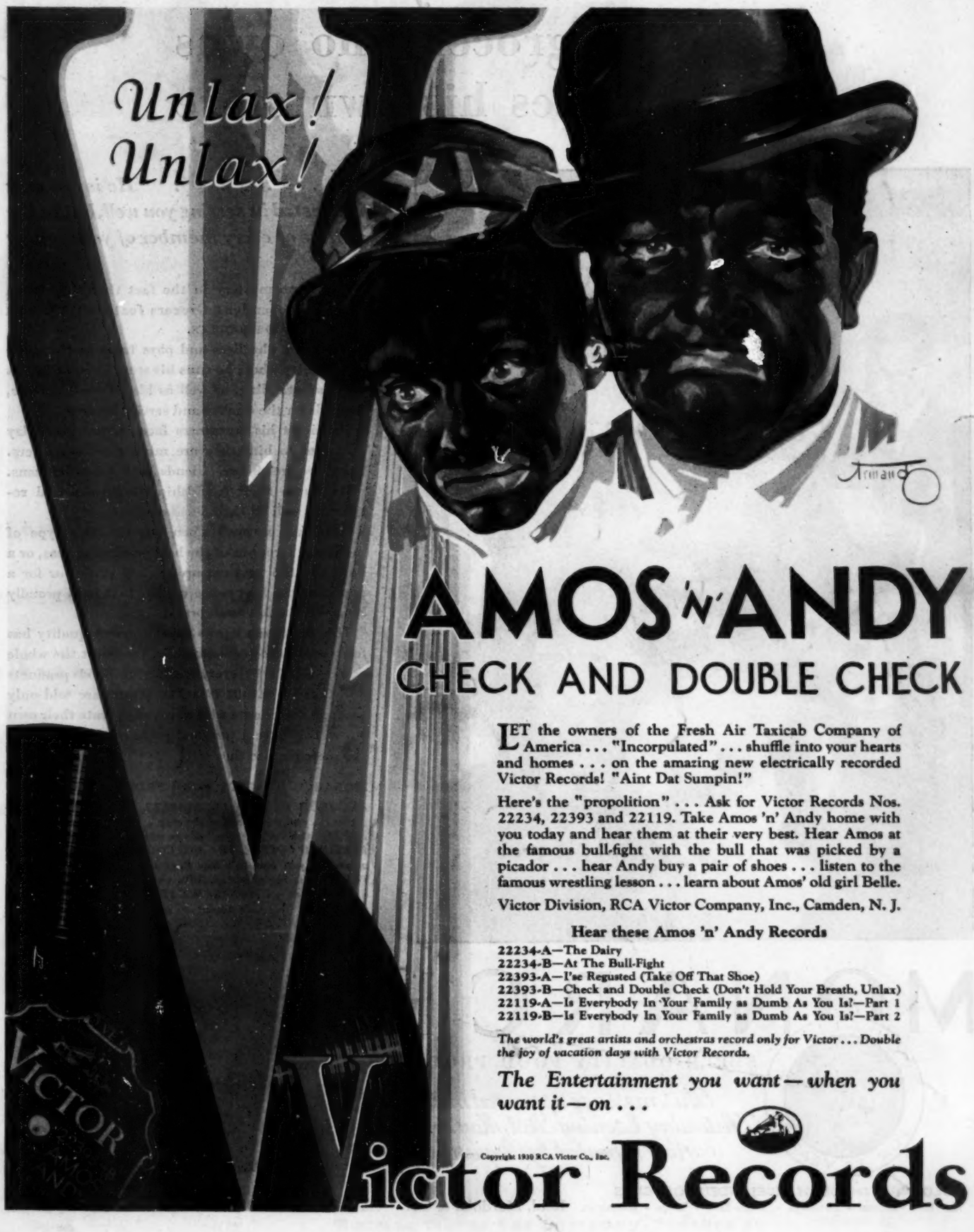

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